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THE BOOKMAN

"A CLERGYMAN"

BY MAX BEERBOHM

FRAGMENTARY, pale, momentary —almost nothing—glimpsed and gone—as it were, a faint human hand thrust up, never to reappear, from beneath the rolling waters of Time, he forever haunts my memory and solicits my weak imagination. Nothing is told of him but that once, abruptly, he asked a question, and received an answer.

This was on the afternoon of April 7, 1778, at Streatham, in the well-appointed house of Mr. Thrale. Johnson, on the morning of that day, had entertained Boswell at breakfast in Bolt Court, and invited him to dine at Thrale Hall. The two took coach and arrived early. It seems that Sir John Pringle had asked Boswell to ask Johnson "what were the best English sermons for style". In the interval before dinner, accordingly, Boswell reeled off the names of several divines whose prose might or might not win commendation. "Atterbury?" he suggested. "JOHNSON. 'Yes, Sir, one of the best.' BOSWELL. 'Tillotson?' JOHNSON. 'Why, not now. I should not advise anyone to imitate Tillotson's style; though I don't know; I should be cautious of censuring anything that has been applauded by so many suffrages.—South is one of the best, if you except his peculiarities, and his violence, and sometimes coarseness of language.—Seed has a very fine style; but he is not very theological.—Jortin's sermons are very elegant.—Sherlock's style too is very elegant, though he has not made it his principal study.—And you may add Smalridge.' BOSWELL. 'I like Ogden's Sermons on Prayer very much, both for neatness of style and subtilty of reasoning.' JOHNSON. 'I should like to read all that Ogden has written.' BOSWELL. 'What I want to know is, what sermons afford the best specimen of English pulpit eloquence.' JOHNSON. 'We have no sermons addressed to the passions, that are good for anything; if you mean that kind of eloquence.' A CLERGYMAN, whose name I do not recollect. 'Were not Dodd's sermons addressed to the passions?' JOHNSON. 'They were noth-

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ing, Sir, be they addressed to what they may.'"

The suddenness of it! Bang!—and the rabbit that had popped from its burrow was no more.

I know not which is the more startling—the début of the unforeseen clergyman, or the instantaneousness of his end. Why hadn't Boswell told us there was a clergyman present? Well, we may be sure that so careful and delicate an artist had some good reason. And I suppose the clergyman was left to take us unawares because just so did he take the company. Had we been told he was there, we might have expected that sooner or later he would join in the conversation. He would have had a place in our minds. We may assume in the minds of the company around Johnson he had no place. He sat forgotten, overlooked; so that his self-assertion startled everyone just as on Boswell's page it startles us. In Johnson's massive and magnetic presence only some very remarkable man, such as Mr. Burke, was sharply distinguishable from the rest. Others might, if they had something in them, stand out faintly. This unfortunate clergyman may have had something in him, but I judge that he lacked the gift of seeming as if he had. This deficiency, however, doesn't account for the horrid fate that befell him. One of Johnson's strongest and most inveterate feelings was his veneration for the Cloth. To any one in Holy Orders he habitually listened with a grave and charming deference. Today, moreover, he was in excellent good humor. He was at the Thrales', where he so loved to be; the day was fine; a fine dinner was in close prospect; and he had had what he always declared to be the sum of human felicity, a ride in a coach. Nor was there in the question put by the clergyman anything likely to enrage him. Dodd was one whom Johnson had befriended in adversity; and it had always been agreed that Dodd in his pulpit was very emotional. What drew the blasting flash must have been not the question itself, but the manner in which it was asked. And I think we can guess what that manner was.

Say the words aloud: "Were not Dodd's sermons addressed to the passions?" They are words which, if you have any dramatic and histrionic sense, *cannot* be said except in a high thin voice.

You may, from sheer perversity, utter them in a rich and sonorous baritone or bass. But if you do so they sound utterly unnatural. To make them carry the conviction of human utterance, you have no choice: you must pipe them.

Remember, now, Johnson was very deaf. Even the people whom he knew well, the people to whose voices he was accustomed, had to address him very loudly. It is probable that this unregarded, young, shy clerygman, when at length he suddenly mustered courage to "cut in", let his high thin voice soar *too* high, insomuch that it was a kind of scream. On no other hypothesis can we account for the ferocity with which Johnson turned and rended him. Johnson didn't, we may be sure, mean to be cruel. The old lion, startled, just struck out blindly. But the force of paw and claws was not the less lethal. We have endless testimony to the strength of Johnson's voice; and the very cadence of those words, "They were nothing, Sir, be they addressed to what they may," convinces me that the old lion's jaws never gave forth a louder roar. Boswell does not record that there was

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any further conversation before the announcement of dinner. Perhaps the whole company had been temporarily deafened. But I am not bothering about *them*. My heart goes out to the poor dear clergyman exclusively.

I said a moment ago that he was young and shy; and I admit that I slipped those epithets in without having justified them to you by due process of induction. Your quick mind will have already supplied what I omitted. A man with a high thin voice, and without power to impress any one with a sense of his importance, a man so null in effect that even the retentive mind of Boswell did not retain his very name, would assuredly not be a self-confident man. Even if he was not naturally shy, social courage would soon have been sapped in him, and would in time have been destroyed, by experience. That he had not yet given himself up as a bad job, that he still had faint wild hopes, is proved by the fact that he did snatch the opportunity for asking that question. He must, accordingly, have been young. Was he the curate of the neighboring church? I think so. It would account for his having been invited. I see him as he sits there listening to the great Doctor's pronouncement on Atterbury and those others. He sits on the edge of a chair, in the background. He has colorless eyes, fixed earnestly, and a face almost as pale as the clerical bands beneath his somewhat receding chin. His forehead is high and narrow, his hair mouse-colored. His hands are clasped tight before him, the knuckles standing out sharply. This constriction does not mean that he is steeling himself to speak. He has no positive intention of speaking. Very much, nevertheless, is he wishing in the back of his mind that he *could* say something — something whereat the great Doctor would turn on him and say, after a pause for thought, "Why yes, Sir. That is most justly observed," or "Sir, this has never occurred to me. I thank you"— thereby fixing the observer forever high in the esteem of all. And now, in a flash, the chance presents itself. "We have," shouts Johnson, "no sermons addressed to the passions, that are good for anything." I see the curate's frame quiver with sudden impulse, and his mouth fly open, and— no, I can't bear it, I shut my eyes and ears. But audible, even so, is something shrill, followed by something thunderous.

Presently I reopen my eyes. The crimson has not yet faded from the young face yonder, and slowly down either cheek falls a glistening tear. Shades of Atterbury and Tillotson! Such weakness shames the Established Church. What would Jortin and Smalridge have said?—what Seed and South? And by the way, who *were* they, these worthies? It is a solemn thought that so little is conveyed to us by names which to the palæo-Georgians conveyed so much. We discern a dim composite picture of a big man in a big wig and a billowing black gown, with a big congregation beneath him. But we are not anxious to hear what he is saying. We know it is all very elegant. We know it will be printed and be bound in finely-tooled full calf, and no palæo-Georgian gentleman's library will be complete without it. Literate people in those days were comparatively few; but, bating that, one may say that sermons were as much in request as novels are today. I wonder, will mankind continue to be capricious? It is a very

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solemn thought indeed that no more than a hundred and fifty years hence the novelists of our time, with all their moral and sociological outlook and influence, will perhaps shine as indistinctly as do those old preachers, with all their elegance, now. "Yes, Sir," some great pundit may be telling a disciple at this moment, "Wells is one of the best. Galsworthy is one of the best, if you except his concern for delicacy of style. Mrs. Ward has a very firm grasp of problems, but is not very creational. Caine's books are very edifying. I should like to read all that Caine has written. Miss Corelli, too, is very edifying. And you may add Upton Sinclair." "What I want to know," says the disciple, "is, what English novels may be selected as specially enthralling." The pundit answers: "We have no novels addressed to the passions, that are good for anything; if you mean that kind of enthralment." And here some poor wretch (whose name the disciple will not remember) inquires: "Are not Mrs. Glyn's novels addressed to the passions?"—and is in due form annihilated. Can it be that a time will come when readers of this passage in our pundit's Life will take more interest in the poor nameless wretch than in all the bearers of those great names put together, being no more able or anxious to discriminate between (say) Mr. Wells and Mrs. Ward, or Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Caine, than we are to set Ogden above Sherlock, or Sherlock above Ogden? It seems impossible. But we must remember that things are not always what they seem.

Every man illustrious in his day, however much he may be gratified by his fame, looks with an eager eye to posterity for a continuance of past favors, and would even live the remainder of his life in obscurity if by so doing he could insure that future generations would preserve a correct attitude toward him forever. This is very natural and human, but, like so many very natural and human things, very silly. Tillotson and the rest need not, after all, be pitied for our neglect of them. They either know nothing about it or are above such terrene trifles. Let us keep our pity for the seething mass of divines who were *not* elegantly verbose and had no fun or glory while they lasted. And let us keep a specially large portion for one whose lot was so much worse than merely undistinguished. If that nameless curate had not been at the Thrales' that day, or, being there, had kept the silence that so well became him, his life would have been drab enough, in all conscience. But at any rate an unpromising career would not have been nipped in the bud. And that is what in fact happened, I'm sure of it. A robust man might have rallied under the blow. Not so our friend. Those who knew him in infancy had not expected that he would be reared. Better for him had they been right. It is well to grow up and be ordained, but not if you are frail and sensitive and happen to annoy the greatest, the most stentorian and roughest of contemporary personages. "A Clergyman" never held up his head or smiled again after the brief encounter recorded for us by Boswell. He sank into a rapid decline. Before the next blossoming of Thrale Hall's almond trees he was no more. I like to think that he died forgiving Doctor Johnson.

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LORD FISHER'S REVELATIONS

BY JAMES C. GREY

A LOVELY woman sent Admiral Fisher the following riddle:

"Why are you like Holland?"—"Because you lie low and are dammed all round."

That was before Armageddon. "Jellicoe will be admiral when Armageddon comes along," Fisher wrote in 1912, "and everything that has been done revolved around that, and no one has seen it."

Since then, the stars of the political heaven have fallen to the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken by a mighty wind; and that heaven itself has departed as a scroll when it is rolled together, and Admiral Fisher has heard a voice saying "Speak!" and he has lifted up his voice like a trumpet in two volumes of revelations (very soon to be published in America) which he calls "Memories" and "Records", the outpourings of a mind that scorns urbanity and knocks its adversary down by sheer force of its genius, without resort to logic or irony. The Reformation, it has been said, was the inauguration of free thought; but only the inauguration. Criticism was yet unborn. Fisher never criticizes, but like the men of the Reformation and the century that followed, he has a bull's ferocity and is a good hater. Elegance and sequence are unknown to him. His brain is a thorny thicket through which the mind within strives to beat a path, and the result is unusual in the world of books: "Better the fragrance of the picked flower than trying to get more scent out of it by adding hot water afterwards," he writes in his preface.

If history is nature's drama and the historian a dramatist; and if as Froude tells us, there are periods—and those periods for the most part of greatest interest to mankind—the history of which may be so written that the actors shall reveal their characters in their own words; and the great passions of the epoch not simply be described as existing, but be exhibited at white heat in the souls and hearts possessed by them, where the power of the man is seen either stemming the stream till it overwhelms him, or ruling while he seems to yield, —then these "Memories" and "Records" of Admiral Fisher are history. Fisher is conscious of all this himself, and he shows it in his eagerness to get face to face with his readers. "It is the personality of the soul of man that has an immortal influence," he says. "Printed and written stuff is but an inanimate picture. Fancy seeing the Queen of Sheba herself, instead of reading of her in Solomon's print!... I compared this morning early what I said to you yesterday in my peripatetic dictation and I can't

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recognize what is in type for the same as what I spoke."

Nevertheless, these "Memories" and "Records" are fascinating reading. Fascinating to the general reader of history, and instructive as well as fascinating just now to the American who is interested in the future of America's army and navy, in the plans for an army and navy staff, and the pleas from Admiral Sims for constructive criticism within the navy itself. "What's wrong with the navy?" asks Admiral Sims. Read Fisher's "Records", and see what he found wrong with the British Navy and how he righted it. "In 1886 I became Director of Ordnance of the Navy, and after a time I came to the definite conclusion that the ordnance of the Fleet was in a very bad way, and the only remedy was to take the whole business from the War Office who controlled the Sea Ordnance and the munitions of war. A very funny state of affairs." And again: "When are we going to have the great Army and Navy Cooperative Society which I set forth to King Edward in 1903—that the Army should be a reserve for the Navy? When shall we be an amphibious nation?" They are talking that way in Washington just now, as a result of the Great War. If you would know what Fisher did, read his letters to Lord Esher.

* * * *

John Fisher's father was a captain of the 78th Highlanders, who married a London beauty, a Miss Lambe, whose people were in trade, and the Fishers bitterly resented the alliance—for were not the Fishers gentlefolk in Warwickshire in the Dark Ages? And had not a Fisher been killed beside the Duke of Wellington on the field of Waterloo? Young Fisher had a hard time in his youth, but wild horses won't make him say much about those early years when he lived with his maternal grandfather who was driven through the artifices of a rogue to take in lodgers.

"I was born in 1841, the same year as King Edward VII. There was never such a healthy couple as my father and mother. They did not marry for money—they married for love. They married very young, and I was their first child. All the physical advantages were in my favor, so I consider I was absolutely right, when I was nine months old, in refusing to be weaned.

> She walks in beauty like the night
> Of cloudless climes and starry skies....

these lines were written by Lord Byron of my godmother, Lady Wilmot Horton, of Catton Hall, Burton-on-Trent. She was still a very beautiful old lady at seventy-three years of age, when she died.

"One of her great friends was Admiral Sir William Parker (the last of Nelson's captains) and he, at her request, gave me his nomination for entering the navy. He had two to give away on becoming Port Admiral at Plymouth. He gave the other to Lord Nelson's own niece, and she also filled in my name, so I was doubly nominated by the last of Nelson's captains, and my first ship was the 'Victory', and it was my last! In the 'Victory' log book it is entered: 'July 12, 1854, Joined Mr. John Arbuthnot Fisher' and it is also entered that 'Sir John Fisher hauled down his flag on October 21, 1904, on becoming First Sea Lord.'"

He laments the changes that have come over the British Navy since then. All the entrance examination he had was to write out the Lord's Prayer, do

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a rule of three sum, and drink a glass of sherry. "I remember so well, in the Russian War (1854-5, he was then thirteen years old) being sent with the watering party to the island of Nargen to get fresh water, as we were running short of it in this old sailing line of battleship I was in (there was no distilling apparatus in those days). My youthful astonishment was how on earth the Lieutenant in charge of the watering party discovered the water. There wasn't a lake and there wasn't a stream, but he went and dug a hole, and there was the water. It may be that he carried out the same delightful plan as my delicious old Admiral in China. This admiral's survey of the China Seas is one of the most celebrated on record. He told me himself that this is how he did it. He used to anchor in some convenient place every few miles, right up the coast of China. He had a Chinese interpreter on board. He sent this man to every fishing village and offered a dollar for every rock and shoal. No rock or shoal has ever been discovered since my beloved Admiral finished his survey. Perhaps the Lieutenant of the watering party gave rubles."

As a young Lieutenant, Fisher was sent to the Hythe School of Musketry, where, at the viva voce examinations, "we had some appalling questions. 'What do you pour the water with into the barrel of a rifle when you are cleaning it?' Both my answers were wrong. I said, 'With a tin pannikin' or 'The palm of the hand'. The right answer was, 'With care'."

When he was in the West Indies, a French frigate came into the harbor with yellow fever aboard. The Admiral asked the Captain of the English man-of-war what kindness he had shown the Frenchman. The Captain replied he had sent him the keys of the cemetery.

Commander of the China flagship, head of the Torpedo School of the Navy, flag captain to Sir Leopold McClintock in the North American station,—were steps to his appointment to command the "Inflexible", which he did in 1882 at Alexandria, where he was struck down by dysentery and invalided home, to come under the notice of Queen Victoria who invited him to Osborne. There he met the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII, and in the main these "Memories" and "Records" are a chronicle of the political events of the reigns of King Edward and King George. Personally devoted to King Edward, whom he calls a "blessed friend", he never mentions King George's name; but there is one passage eloquent by its omission: "The only way the masses of the people can act effectively is by means of republics. In a republic we get government of the people, by the people, for the people." Is it any wonder all England is asking what Fisher will say next?

"Nothing in these volumes in the least approaches the idea of a biography," he bluntly assures his reader. "Facts illumined by letters, and the life divided into sections to be filled in with the struggles of the ascent, seems the ideal sort of representation of a man's life." Take the headings of some of the chapters in these amazing volumes which are assuredly not an autobiography but a collection of episodes of a "lifelong war against limpets, parasites, sycophants, and jellyfish": "King Edward VII"; "Abdul Hamid and the Pope"; "Jolly and Hustle" (Fisher's name for an American contractor); "The Dardanelles"; "The Bible"; "Democracy";

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"The Navy in the War"; "Submarines"; "Notes on Oil Engines"; "The Essentials of Sea Fighting". The impression left by reading them is bewildering. It is like witnessing a hand to hand fight or a battle of his own dreadnoughts in which every blow is struck for the efficiency of that Navy to which his life was dedicated and which he was building up against the Armageddon to come. He sets it all down here, as he tells us, because he wishes to

a) Avoid national bankruptcy,

b) Avert the insanity and wickedness of building a navy against the United States,

c) Establish a union with America, as advocated by John Bright and Mr. Roosevelt,

d) Enable the United States and British Navies to say to all other navies, "If you build more, we will fight you, here and now. We'll 'Copenhagen' you without remorse".

Railing and whimsical by turns, he assails the Departments, the public men and the politicians, and his letters to Lord Esher reveal a genius that borders on prophecy. "Youth, youth, youth; we must have youth!" is his cry. "Every one of the old gang must be cleared out, lock, stock and barrel, bob and sinker."

* * * *

Here is a letter written in 1907 to King Edward:

"...I don't mean to say that we are not menaced by Germany. Her diplomacy is, and always has been, infinitely superior to ours. Observe our treatment of the Sultan as compared with Germany. The Sultan is the most important personage in the whole world for England. He lifts his finger, and Egypt and India are in a blaze of religious disaffection. That great American, Mr. Choate, swore to me before going to the Hague Conference, that he would side with England over submarine mines and other naval matters, but Germany has diplomatically collared the United States absolutely at The Hague.

"The only thing in the world that England has to fear is Germany, and none else.

"We have no idea at the Foreign Office of coping with the German propaganda in America. Our Naval Attache in the United States tells me that the German Emperor is unceasing in his efforts to win over the American official authorities, and that the German Embassy at Washington is far and away in the ascendant with the American Government."

And here are passages from letters to Lord Esher in 1910 and 1911:

"...Two immense episodes are doing Damocles over the Navy just now. ... 1) Oil Engines and Internal Combustion, about which I so dilated at our dinner and bored you. Since that night (July 11) Bloom and Voss in Germany have received an order to build a motor liner for the Atlantic Trade. *No engineers, no stokers, and no funnels, no boilers! Only a d...d chauffeur! The economy prodigious!* as the Germans say *'Kolossal billig!'* But what will it be for war? *Why! all the past pales before the prospect!!!*

"The Second is that this democratic country won't stand 99 per cent at least of her Naval Officers being drawn from the 'Upper Ten'. It's amazing to me that anyone should persuade himself that an aristocratic Service can be maintained in a democratic State...."

"...I want you to think over getting the Prime Minister to originate

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an enquiry for a great British Governmental Wireless Monopoly, or rather I would say 'English Speaking' Monopoly! No one at the Admiralty or elsewhere has as yet any the least idea of the immense revolution both for Peace and War purposes which will be brought about by the future development of Wireless!... The point is that this scheme wants to be engineered by the Biggest Boss, i. e. the Prime Minister.... Believe me, the wireless in the future is the soul and spirit of Peace and War, and therefore must be in the hands of the Committee of Defense! *You can't cut the air!* You can cut a telegraph cable!"

All the great political figures of the past twenty years are whirled before the reader in turn in these letters: Asquith and Balfour and Botha (Fisher was a pro-Boer); Campbell-Bannerman and Churchill; Lord French, Gladstone, and the German Emperor; Jellicoe and Kitchener; Labouchere and Stead (Fisher tells some wonderful Labouchere stories!); Lloyd George and Tirpitz (there is an amazing letter to Tirpitz which the English press refused to print).

All the great political events in the past twenty years are cast on the white screen of his memory and illuminated; Agadir and the Battle of Jutland; the Dardanelles and the Dogger Bank incident; Haldane's visit to Berlin and the "hush-hush" ships; the Kiel Canal and diplomacy on the Golden Horn; the unreadiness at Scapa Flow and the massacre at Zeebrugge, of which he writes: "No such folly was ever devised by fools as that operation divorced from military cooperation on land."

No such footnotes to contemporary history have appeared in our time, and no historian can afford to overlook those episodes in which the Admiral tells of Gladstone's resignation and how the Great War was carried on. But beyond their value to the historian, they are a document teeming with humanity. Were ever such frankly revealing chapters penned as "The Bible and Other Reflections", "Some Personalities", and "Things that Please Me"? Here are some of the things that please him:

"No one can hustle Providence."

"Never fight a chimney-sweep: some of the soot comes off on you."

"Tact is insulting a man without his knowing it."

"Hit first, hit hard, keep on hitting."

"The best scale for an experiment is 12 inches to a foot."

"Acknowledge the receipt of a book from the author at once: this relieves you of the necessity of saying whether you have read it."

"You've got no right to pray for rain for your turnips when it will ruin somebody else's wheat. The only prayer is for Endurance or Fortitude."

"Isn't it odd that those three great saints (John Wesley, Bishop Jeremy Taylor and Robertson of Brighton) each of them should have a nagging wife! Their home was Hell!"

Here is another side of the Admiral:

"I've never known what joy there is in nature," he writes in 1910. "Even beauteous woman fades in comparison. I've just seen the swans flying over the lake." ... "We have no poets nowadays like Pope, Goldsmith and Gay—only damned mystical idiots like Browning and Tennyson that want a dictionary and a differ-

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ential calculus type of mind to understand what they are driving at."

He opens his eightieth year by saying: "Thanks be to God, I believe I am now as well as ever I was in my whole life, and I can still waltz with joy and enjoy champagne when I can get it."

King Edward was his great hero—"a noble man and every inch a king; I don't either say he was a saint. I know lots of cabbages that are saints—they couldn't sin if they wanted to!"

On one occasion, Fisher was staying at Sandringham with a great party: "I think it was for one of Blessed Queen Alexandra's birthdays. As I was zero in this grand party, I slunk off to my room to write an important letter. Then I took my coat off, unlocked my portmanteau and began unpacking. I had a boot in each hand; I heard somebody fumbling with the door handle, and thinking it was the footman, I said: 'Come in, don't go humbugging with that door handle,' and in walked King Edward with a cigar about a yard long in his mouth. He said (I with a boot in each hand): 'What on earth are you doing?'—'Unpacking, Sir!'—'Where's your servant?'—'Haven't got one, Sir.'—'Where is he?'—'Never had one, Sir; couldn't afford it.'—'Put those boots down. Sit in that armchair,' and he went and sat in the other on the other side of the fire."

It was on another of Queen Alexandra's birthdays—her sixtieth—he calls her "the most beloved woman of the nation"—that Admiral Fisher was invited to lunch: "After lunch, all the people said something nice to Queen Alexandra, and when it came to my turn, I said to Her Majesty: 'Have you seen that halfpenny newspaper about Your Majesty's birthday?' She said she hadn't. What was it? I said: 'These were the words:

"The Queen is sixty today—
"May she live till she looks it!" '

Her Majesty said: 'Get me a copy of it' (such a thing didn't exist). About three weeks afterwards she said: 'Where's that halfpenny newspaper?' I was staggered for a moment but recovered myself and said: 'Sold out, Ma'am. Couldn't get a copy!' (I think my second lie was better than my first.) But the lovely part of the story yet remains. A year afterwards she sent me a lovely postcard which I much treasure now. It was a picture of a little girl bowling a hoop, and Her Majesty's own head stuck on, and underneath she had written: 'May she live till she looks it!' "

* * * *

To sum up, it is no exaggeration to say that these whimsical, earnest volumes reveal one of the most fertile brains of our generation. In naval affairs, Admiral Fisher has proved himself right so often that it is the part of wisdom to listen to him now, and his predictions are: oil is the future fuel of the Navy—battleships must be submersible—the wars of the future will be decided in and from the air.

Memories and Records. Two volumes. By Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Fisher. George H. Doran Company.

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LITERARY NEW YORK IN THE 'EIGHTIES

BY THE MARQUISE CLARA LANZA

FORTY years ago, when life was not so complex as it has since become, and when it was inclined to the simple and the unostentatious, fostered by a more ample leisure, New York possessed a literary society that has apparently vanished from the face of the earth, or else is so scattered and diffused by modern conditions that it may truthfully be said to be as dead as Pontius Pilate. As I look back upon those colorful days, tempered by a mild yet haunting charm, something akin to regret steals into my consciousness; for while society, literary and otherwise, may not occupy a higher plane in many respects, the close fellowship that once was its most attractive characteristic has long been a thing of the past. The city was then little more than an overgrown country town, where everybody knew everybody else, and formal evening functions began at eight-thirty and ended decorously at midnight. We absorbed our infantile pleasures slowly and in small doses, as one sips a strong liqueur that might go to one's head if indulged in too recklessly.

Yet even so, progress was creeping stealthily onward. The old Academy of Music, hallowed by memories of Patti and Nilsson, Campanini and Capoul, was abandoned for the newly completed Metropolitan Opera House, where, bursting with pride, we heroically began our Wagnerian education, dressed in the most modest of décolleté gowns. Those too were the days of Eastlake furniture and heavy dinners. I shudder when I recall those formidable festivities—a dozen courses, smothered in truffles and mushrooms, and washed down by as many kinds of wine, that in the present year of grace would land those of us who are still alive in the hospital. How it was possible to consume such quantities of food and survive is one of the mysteries that will never be solved, but we accomplished the feat and, what is yet more astounding, seemed none the worse for it. There were no suffragettes, bachelor girls, automobiles, moving-pictures, cabarets, or jazz bands, in the 'eighties. The "wireless" slumbered tranquilly in space, a trip to Europe was an event, the telephone a new and amusing toy that few people took seriously. As for the proprieties, we shrank to a degree that today would be laughable from doing anything calculated to excite comment, or that might be construed as bizarre. A wholesome horror of Mrs. Grundy was impressed upon us from infancy.

Provincial? Oh, yes, frankly and distressingly so, but we rather gloried in our shame, for as a class we were unique, romantic, and picturesque, and we certainly were happier in our ignorance and limitations than we appear to be now, with our motor-cars,

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palatial hotels and apartment houses, mammoth ships, Russian ballets, emancipated women, and all the rest of it. Of course nobody pretends that there are fewer really worth-while persons in New York in these advanced times. Doubtless there are many more. We meet them occasionally and revel voluptuously in their scintillations and achievements. But we do not rub elbows with them as we did three or four decades ago. They dazzle our senses for a moment, stimulate our flagging brains, and pass on to be swallowed up in the labyrinthian mazes, the intricate byways, the circles within circles, of which Greater New York is composed.

I remember as if it were yesterday the thrill that agitated the "intellectuals" of Manhattan when the Nineteenth Century Club was founded by the late Courtlandt Palmer, a man of wealth and a rabid disciple of Comte, whose spacious home in Gramercy Park speedily became the rendezvous for all the clever and distinguished people in town; and where, as a wag aptly observed, "the literary lights tried to be fashionable and the fashionable folk attempted to be literary". Later, when the club membership outgrew the parlors of a private residence,—we had parlors, and I blush to confess it, even back-parlors, at that period,—the bimonthly meetings were held in the American Art Galleries in East Twenty-third Street. There congregated for debate and social intercourse some of the most interesting personalities of the day—Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, infidel, free-thinker, and agnostic, the socialist and the dilettante, the society leader and the east-side girl in a second-hand evening frock, men and women of letters and the stage, artists, journalists, and the ubiquitous hangers-on whose sole object was to bask in the rays of reflected greatness. Naturally, there was a small contingent of gentlemen in business suits, heavy boots, and doubtful linen, and eccentric ladies with blowsy coiffures and æsthetic draperies of jade-green and sulphurous yellow. But on the whole it was a well-dressed, eminently correct assemblage, and I never saw anything in the least out of the way except once; when a certain much-read novelist, who shall be nameless, not finding the sandwich he was nibbling to his liking and fancying himself unobserved, surreptitiously cast it to the floor where it was promptly stepped upon by a magnificent dowager in white satin and diamonds, to whose immaculate slipper it adhered for the rest of the evening.

The platform of the Nineteenth Century was a free one, the more free the better; and no matter how radical might be the utterances of a speaker, nobody objected. The discourses rippled along smoothly, rarely with a note of venom or animosity, seldom with more than a pardonable degree of excitement or sarcasm; and it was no unusual spectacle to see men of such widely divergent opinions as Henry Ward Beecher, Robert G. Ingersoll, The Reverend Dr. McGlynn—the priest who gained notoriety by openly defying the Pope,—and Dr. Felix Adler, the apostle of ethical culture, pitted one against the other in lively argument. "Why didn't you come to my assistance?" inquired on one such occasion a Catholic monsignor of the rabbi who had also taken part in the discussion. "You and I are the only ones here who believe anything."

When the voices of the debaters were no longer audible on the field of battle, conversation became general and we talked of books and authors,

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royalties and publishers, how much Jones got for his short story which wasn't much of a story after all, and the weak points in So-and-So's play—as we partook chastely of light refreshments, feeling from the depths of our souls that since we were permitted this familiar communion with giant intellects, to see them as it were stripped of all glamour and illusion, life had indeed but little more to offer.

It was at the club that I came in contact for the first time with some of the literary celebrities of the hour, and others who had not then "arrived" but were destined to become famous afterward. Among the former the figure of Edgar Fawcett stands out prominently. What a big man we pen-and-ink fledglings thought him—almost, if not quite, the peer of James and Howells! Yet I doubt if his realistic studies of New York, his charming metropolitan portraitures, his graceful verses, are read or even recalled now, or if any of his books are to be found on the shelves of our public libraries. Surely, however, such finished productions and masterpieces of style as his "An Ambitious Woman", and "The Evil that Men Do", deserved to live.

Fawcett was short, stout, and stolid of mien, looking, as somebody remarked, "more like a butcher boy than a poet". He was nevertheless extremely witty and agreeable, and without being exactly snobbish, prided himself upon his social position, his family being one of means and standing. But his pet weakness was a hypersensitiveness to criticism; and whenever an unfavorable review of one of his works appeared, he would seize his pen and dash off a savage rejoinder to the editor of the offending paper or magazine, pouring out inky torrents of vituperation and invective that, for some cryptic reason, nearly always found their way into print, to the unholy delight of his friends. "I cannot tell you", he once said to me, "the agony I endure when my work, which costs me such labor and into which I put my very heart and soul, is belittled and misjudged by those who are incapable of creating a single page of fiction or poetry. It makes me see red, and my one thought is to strike back and inflict if possible a still deeper wound."

Fawcett's bosom companion was George Edgar Montgomery, the scholarly young dramatic critic of the "Times", although two more dissimilar characters and temperaments it would be hard to find. There was no hint of aggressiveness about Montgomery who, in fact, was shy and retiring, with placid blue eyes and the pink-and-white complexion of a girl. No one, however, could be more vitriolic than he when it came to passing judgment upon an inferior play or an actor who fell short of his ideal. The close intimacy between this ill-matched pair was at its height when I met them, and continued unabated until a quarrel—which a clairvoyant had predicted was inevitable sooner or later—not merely separated them, but engendered so bitter an animosity that neither ever missed an opportunity of insulting and abusing the other. Both died while still comparatively young, and without becoming reconciled. An amusing incident connected with them will, I think, bear repeating.

One evening the veteran poet and editor, Richard Henry Stoddard, was a guest of the club, and hearing that Fawcett was present, expressed a desire to meet him, for oddly enough they were utter strangers. Montgomery volunteered to go in search of his friend, and I chanced to be chatting

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with Fawcett when he approached and announced his errand. "Edgar, Mr. Stoddard wishes to make your acquaintance. He's on the opposite side of the room. Let me take you to him."

Fawcett glanced in the direction indicated and into his bovine eyes crept a glacial stare. "If Mr. Stoddard wishes to know me", he replied in freezing accents, "you may bring him to me. I certainly shall not cross the floor for the purpose of an introduction."

"But, my dear chap," Montgomery expostulated, "I couldn't ask him to do that. He would consider it beneath his dignity, and rightly so. Why, he is old enough to be your grandfather."

"It makes no difference, I shall not budge."

"Edgar, I implore you. He has been raving over your poems, comparing some of them to Shelley and Keats. And look at his white hair!"

"I *am* looking at it", retorted Fawcett imperturbably, peering through the crowd, "and it isn't the lovely, shimmering silver that inspires reverence, not at all. It is simply ordinary gray hair," and he turned his back, leaving Montgomery to proffer what feeble excuses he was able to invent.

Another habitué of the club was Julian Hawthorne, tall, muscular, athletic, and bearing an absurd resemblance to the portraits of his immortal father. Hawthorne occupied a villa on the Hudson that he had bought or rented, and which—his large brood of children being then at the noisy age,—he jocosely referred to as "the house of the seven gabblers". To the club came likewise George Parsons Lathrop, the author, who married Hawthorne's sister Rose, now Mother Alphonsa, a Dominican nun; while Lathrop's brother Francis, the artist,—a very small man who painted such enormous canvases that they had to be set up in barns and lofts, any ordinary studio being entirely inadequate,—was usually to be found in the wake of his relatives. I can see him now, stroking his brown Vandyke beard and murmuring dreamily: "I really don't see how I am to begin my new picture—dozens of figures, all heroic size, and not a spot large enough for my canvas. I suppose I shall have to *build* something."

The Norwegian novelist, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, was a regular attendant at the Nineteenth Century. Boyesen has been dead these many years, and I sometimes wonder what has become of his books; for he was a prolific writer, and it would not be easy to match his beautiful phrasing, or his ability to always hit upon *le mot juste* —something rare in one writing in a foreign language. Then there was Edgar Saltus,—a stripling in his early twenties with a white carnation always in the lapel of his faultlessly tailored coat,—already spoken of as a young man of extraordinary talent, whose sparkling epigrams were passed from mouth to mouth.

Among the women, the gifted Kate Field was conspicuous in a Persian shawl of as many colors as Joseph's coat, fantastically looped over a long black silk train; and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the new "poetess of passion", slim, girlish, and clothed in classic garments. Gertrude Atherton, a recent arrival from California with the manuscript of a novel in her trunk, was a personality that aroused instant attention. I recall vividly her initial appearance at the Art Galleries, and Saltus saying in his somewhat stammering speech, "Let me present a new author from San Francisco," as he halted beside me with an attractive-

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looking young woman on his arm—a smallish person in black velvet, cut square in the neck, with cool light eyes under a fringe of pale yellow hair.

Bret Harte I saw once. There was nothing in the least remarkable about him. My memory hovers around a rather undersized man in the middle thirties—though he may have been younger or older—who had not much to say and who might easily have been mistaken for a floor-walker in a department store. Henry George, florid, and sporting a veritable forest of fiery hair and whiskers, came now and then, and twice addressed the club. Andrew Carnegie was one of our vice-presidents, and I am reminded of a remark I once heard him make which gave me the key to his character as perhaps few other things could have done. He was speaking of a forthcoming journey to England when someone asked whether he intended seeking an audience with Queen Victoria. "No, sir," retorted the little iron-master, drawing himself up assertively. "If I did, I should be compelled to walk backwards and bend my knee, and that is a homage I shall never pay to any human being alive."

Courtlandt Palmer died prematurely in '89, but the club, while never quite the same, flourished for some time after the loss of its brilliant founder —first under the leadership of Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, a man of great philosophical and scientific attainments, and later under the no less able administration of Professor Brander Matthews, who had been one of our moving spirits from the start. What became of it eventually I do not know, for I left New York in the early 'nineties to take up my residence in Washington, and when I returned some years later, the club was no more.

But it must not be taken for granted that the Nineteenth Century was the only place where feasts of reason and outflowing of soul predominated. There were two noteworthy salons besides: one presided over by Mrs. Botta, who prior to her marriage to Professor Vincenzo Botta, an eminent Italian savant, had, under her maiden name of Anne C. Lynch, acquired a reputation as a poet of taste and originality. The Bottas, an elderly couple of a type long as extinct as that ancient bird the dodo, lived in a wide English-basement house in West Thirty-seventh Street, a stone's throw from Fifth Avenue. And every notability who set foot in New York came armed with a letter to them, for not to be seen at the Bottas' was to proclaim oneself either a nobody or a pariah. Their quaint old-fashioned parlor, with its early Victorian furniture, dim pictures, faded hangings, and much ornate stucco, formed a pleasant background for some of the most delightful gatherings it has ever been my privilege to attend. There I met the great tragedian Salvini, huge of frame, with fiery eyes that burned beneath beetling brows of gray, and lips that seldom smiled. Whenever I glanced at his long, curved, supple hands and noted the sinister expression of his features, I was moved to compassion for the luckless mummer, wretched actor though he was, who was fated to play Iago to his marvelous impersonation of Othello; and who nightly, to say nothing of two matinée performances a week, was ostensibly pummeled to a jelly and most realistically throttled, to the unmitigated glee of a discriminating audience. At the Bottas' I likewise met Paul du Chaillu, the African explorer; Ellen Terry and Felix Moscheles; the Kendals, and merry little Rosina Vokes, with her clever company of

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London players. I recollect, too, Helena Modjeska, and Adelina Patti with her husband, Ernesto Nicolini.

It was at a dinner, one of those sumptuous banquets lasting for hours, that I found myself next to Nicolini. All through the interminable feast he did not address a syllable of conversation to me or to the lady on his left, nor did he appear to eat a mouthful of food. He leaned back in his chair, crumbling bread and munching olives, his eyes glued upon his wife opposite who, gorgeously gowned and blazing with jewels, was in the most lively of moods. Suddenly, however, as she was on the point of helping herself from a dish of lobster that was being passed, he started forward with a stifled shriek. "Adelina, Adelina, for the love of God do not touch that! Think of your voice—your precious voice." The diva hesitated, shrugged, then laughed and waved the platter away. "Lobster!" muttered Nicolini in the tone of one who has just snatched a cup of deadly poison from the grasp of a would-be suicide, "*lobster!*". And he relapsed into his former apathy.

Mrs. Langtry was in New York then and much discussed and paragraphed. I have forgotten precisely where or when I met her, but I cannot resist the temptation to relate an anecdote with which Mrs. Botta was wont to enliven her parties and add to the gaiety of nations, and which even at this late day is, I believe, worth telling. The Bottas had spent the previous summer in England where they frequently saw Herbert Spencer and took tea in his company at the home of Mrs. Lewes, better known as George Eliot. On a certain occasion the talk turned upon the Jersey Lily, then at the zenith of her fame as a "professional beauty", and superlatively complimentary adjectives were bandied about concerning her. All at once, Mr. Spencer, who had been fidgeting in his seat and coughing behind his hand, bent toward Mrs. Botta. "Tut, tut!" he whispered, in a loud aside, "what arrant nonsense to call that Langtry creature beautiful! Now, my idea of a truly beautiful woman is *that*," and he pointed to George Eliot, seated some distance away at the tea table, who, if not uncompromisingly ugly according to our accepted standard of looks, by no stretch of the imagination could be termed a beauty.

The other salon was held at the residence of Mrs. John Sherwood, the wife of a prominent lawyer, who wrote light novels and books on etiquette, and contributed papers on social topics to some of the magazines. Mrs. Sherwood was *grande dame* to her fingers' ends and looked the part. She was large and imposing, and affected flowered brocades and massive ornaments. Despite her advanced age—for she must then have been nearly seventy—her hair was of a glossy blackness, arranged in rows of puffs and surmounted by a headdress of lace and ribbon. A thorough woman of the world as well as a very worldly woman, her manners were perfect; and inasmuch as she had traveled extensively and knew everybody worth knowing on both sides of the Atlantic, her invitations were eagerly sought after. She had inaugurated a series of weekly readings, compiled from her personal reminiscences and experiences at home and abroad, written in a pleasant and semihumorous vein; and on Wednesday afternoons the two long parlors of her house in West Thirty-second Street were thronged with the élite of society, the arts, and letters.

To "help out" and at the same time add to the popular interest of these occasions, recitations and music were

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furnished by professional and amateur talent. I well remember a special Wednesday when Wilson Barrett was down for Mark Antony's oration and I had agreed to do my bit on the mandolin, an instrument then just coming into vogue and but little known in America. The butler's pantry did duty as green room, and three or four of us, including Courtenay Thorpe of the Vokes Company who was to recite Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "The Birth of the Opal", were secreted among the dishes and glasses, awaiting the signal for our respective "entrances" after Mrs. Sherwood had finished her reading. Now I had often played for her without suffering from anything worse than a transient flutter of stagefright, but on this particular day for some unaccountable reason I was in a panic of nervousness, with icy hands and shaking limbs. Mr. Thorpe was staring abstractedly into the back yard. I looked at Barrett. He was gnawing his nether lip, and striding up and down the pantry like a caged animal. "Oh, Mr. Barrett", I faltered, on the verge of tears, "I never was so frightened in my life. I simply *can't* face all those awful people." He turned quickly. "My dear young lady", he replied, "you are not half so much frightened as I am. And let me tell you this," he supplemented, wagging an admonitory forefinger, "be thankful you *are* frightened. If the day ever comes when I cease to feel nervous over an appearance, even at a small affair like this, I shall know that my art is dead, my career at an end."

Among Mrs. Sherwood's intimates was Archibald Clavering Gunter, whose novel "Mr. Barnes of New York" had achieved the distinction of having been declined by every publisher in the United States: to be finally brought out by the author himself who awoke shortly to find fame knocking at his door, for "Mr. Barnes" proved to be a best seller of the first water. Gunter was absolutely devoid of magnetism or attraction of any kind. He was fat to grossness, and his fierce black moustache made him resemble the heavy villain of melodrama. He had sleepy eyes, and his conversation was as weighty as his body. Of humor he possessed not an atom. But we placed him aloft on a pedestal, all the same. "Mr. Barnes" might not be literature. Possibly it hadn't even a bowing acquaintance with art. The critics either ignored it as unworthy of serious consideration, or awarded it a few lines of withering comment. But nevertheless to Gunter must be accorded the applause due to one who had proved the fallibility and exposed the woeful absence of commercial instinct, laid bare the smug know-it-allness of that arch-enemy of real merit, the Publisher's Reader. For everybody is aware that publishers are in business for the purpose of making money, and Gunter, after being unmercifully snubbed by all of them, from Maine to California, was coining this commodity hand over fist. Was it any wonder that he walked on air, his head among the stars; and that we, his comrades of the pen who had often been turned down ourselves without tasting the compensating joy that "laughs last", strutted and crowed with him, forming as it were a sort of aerial Greek chorus?

Louise Chandler Moulton, the poet, although living in Boston, came to New York sometimes and I got to know her pretty well. She had run across George Moore in Paris and on learning that he and I corresponded, spoke much of him, praising his work in extravagant terms, and dwelling at great length on the extreme beauty of

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his hands—"the most beautiful hands in the world", she averred. Thinking Mr. Moore would be gratified at this spontaneous homage, I took occasion in one of my letters to mention the high opinion Mrs. Moulton entertained of him, not omitting her admiration of his hands. His reply, when it came, was characteristic: "Mrs. Moulton is a nice comfortable old lady whose one fault is that she *will* talk about love." Needless to say this was not repeated.

The above reference to the celebrated Irish writer brings to mind my acquaintance with an English man of letters who came to live in this country in the 'eighties and who had known Moore when they had both been students in Julien's atelier. In those palmy days Moore, when he was not trying to paint, spent his time in writing erotic verses. Amply provided with funds, he had fitted up a large flat of eleven rooms where he lived in solitary state, and in course of time he conceived the very natural idea of having his poems brought out in book form. Consequently they were offered to various publishing houses. But no one would undertake the work. Much incensed, he resolved to print it at his own expense, and when the volume, beautifully gotten up, appeared, copies were sent to all the editors and littérateurs in town. Then Moore shut himself up and waited to hear that he had been hailed as the worthy successor of Baudelaire and Verlaine. One fine morning, an Englishman whom I will call B..., was tranquilly sipping his coffee when he was handed a note which read as follows: "Come at once, I am dying, G. M." Assailed by terrifying visions, he rushed to the flat. The front door was ajar, and after breathlessly traversing ten rooms, momentarily expecting to stumble over the lifeless form of his friend, Moore was discovered in room eleven, stretched out in bed and seemingly *in extremis*, yet arrayed nevertheless in a most bewildering shirt of Tyrian purple, frilled, fluted, and befurbelowed, which B..., being blessed with keen intuitive faculties, said he could have sworn Moore had dashed out to buy before dispatching his *ante mortem* appeal. A newspaper was grasped between a nerveless finger and thumb. Moore was beyond articulate speech, but he managed to indicate that the journal was responsible for his semicomatose condition.

If I remember correctly, it was at Mrs. Sherwood's that I was introduced to Frank Stockton, and a really comical episode in which he played the chief rôle now emerges from the background of my recollection. I happened to be writing some articles for Peter Collier's "Once a Week", a magazine that enjoyed but a brief life, despite the fact of its being most ably edited by a delightful Irishman named Nugent Robinson. Having a business matter to transact with Mr. Collier, I one day wended my way to the office where Robinson as usual was ruminating in the outer room. As I was speaking to him, I noticed a masculine form perched on a high stool at a desk in one corner, actively engaged in scribbling on an immense sheet of paper, the desk being cluttered with similar sheets, so that it looked as though a rain of foolscap had descended from the ceiling. I recognized Stockton at once. "What on earth is he doing?" I inquired, *sotto voce*. "Well, you see", Robinson explained, "he has been contributing a lot of stuff to 'Once a Week' for which we agreed to pay him so much a line. There are a certain number of lines to a column, and so many columns

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to a page. Looks easy, doesn't it? But Stockton has been sitting on that stool, like Poe's Raven, for the best part of an hour, trying to figure out how much we owe him. Every time he adds or multiplies he gets a different result." I smiled discreetly, and passed into Mr. Collier's sanctum. When I emerged some twenty minutes later, Stockton was still there, frantically jotting down numbers. His face wore a distracted expression, his hair was rumpled, and beads of perspiration stood on his brow. Robinson, rising to open the door for me, rolled up his eyes and thrust forth both hands as if he were beating off the air, signifying that the case was hopeless. Meeting him a few days later, I asked, as a matter of curiosity, how long the author of "Rudder Grange" had remained in the office working over his account. "Would you believe it," he replied, "the poor devil got so desperately mixed that in the end I took pity on him and went to his rescue. It required less than five minutes to calculate to a penny the precise amount due him, write a check, and send him away happy."

It was in the late 'eighties, the exact year escapes me, that William Sharp came to New York as the guest of Edmund Clarence Stedman, our "banker poet", as we called him. Sharp had brought a note of introduction to me from Mrs. Atherton, and my first glimpse of him was attended by circumstances so ludicrous that I find myself smiling involuntarily in recalling them. I was reading quietly in my room one morning when I was rudely interrupted by a furious hammering on the front door below—bang, bang, rattle, rattle, without intermission, and in a gradually increasing crescendo. Wondering what could be the cause of this uproar, I fled hurriedly down the stairs, not stopping to call a servant, and threw the door wide open, prepared to deal summarily with the offender. In the vestibule stood a big, blond-bearded man who reminded me so much of "Lohengrin" that I caught myself peering behind him to see if perchance a white swan was lurking on the stoop. In one hand this splendid apparition held the stout cudgel with which he had been belaboring the portal, and with the other he waved me a friendly greeting. Not having been notified of Mr. Sharp's advent, I hadn't the faintest idea as to his identity, or why he should adopt so extraordinary a method of announcing his presence. Probably my features betrayed my perplexity, for he broke into a shout of merriment. "I've got a letter for you in my pocket," he exclaimed genially. "I'm William Sharp from London, and as your electric bell is evidently out of commission, and I was bound to get in by hook or crook, I decided to pound on the door until somebody opened it."

Of course I laughed too and gave him a cordial welcome, for there are few writers for whom I cherish a more profound veneration than William Sharp or "Fiona Macleod". And what a wonderful talk we had, about books, the people we both knew, and life and matters in general! He was then editing the "Academy", and I experienced a throb of elation when he told me that if I would have a copy of my next novel forwarded to him, he would personally review it for that journal. Unfortunately, his stay in town was a limited one, and every available moment of his time had been mortgaged by the Stedmans, so we did not meet again. After his return to England, however, I was made happy by the receipt of a thin, vellum-bound volume, his then newly published

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"Sospiri di Roma", inscribed to me with his autograph, which still remains one of my most precious possessions.

There was a seductive quality in William Sharp, the evidence of a nature singularly endowed and touched with mysticism, expressive not only of the artist but of a personality wholly virile, yet breathing a rare spirituality, at once rich, radiant, and unspoiled by affectation or self-consciousness. Among the hundreds of fascinating men and women who are enshrined in my heart and mind, his image stands forth clear, luminous, and imbued with a beauty all its own.

It was in '83, I think, that Oscar Wilde burst like a resplendent meteor into our charmed circle. Yet it seems but a day since I saw him for the first time at a luncheon given by a Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, a young couple who lived in the East Twenties, not far from Fourth Avenue, a fashionable residential section at that period. The Hayeses dabbled in literature and music; and being rich, or what was considered rich in those times, liked nothing so much as to hear the roar of a lion in their drawingroom. Oscar, just arrived in America, was quite the most stupendous lion that had electrified New York in years. He was mobbed in the streets, people stood on boxes and barrels, and fought like demons to catch a glimpse of him, and whole pages were written about him in the daily press. He was the man of the hour.

When I reached the Hayeses' I found all the company, about a dozen, assembled, with the exception of the guest of honor, and breathlessly awaiting his coming. Too excited to converse coherently, we sat keyed up to concert-pitch, our eyes fastened upon the portières that masked the doorway and that presently parted to admit the most astonishing young man I had ever beheld. His brown hair curled on his shoulders and one thick lock brushed an eyebrow. He wore a velvet jacket, satin knee-breeches, black silk stockings and buckled shoes, while under his chin was an immense bow of apple-green, with long fluttering ends. After an instant of general hypnosis, presentations followed, and whether it was because the only vacant chair in the room chanced to be near mine, or for some other reason, I do not know, but at any rate Oscar dropped into it with a thud, assumed a soulful attitude,—one of his studied poses as I learned later,—his clasped hands supporting his left cheek, his gaze fixed rapturously upon space, and remarked apropos of nothing at all: "The great crises of our lives are never events but always passions." Then he paused, evidently expecting me to say something. But, at a loss for a reply, all I could do was to regard him in mystified silence. He looked up, our eyes met, and some subtle vibration of humor must have passed between us for we burst simultaneously into loud and unrestrained hilarity. Luncheon was at that moment announced, and as he was placed on the other side of the table, I had no opportunity of speaking to him again until we returned to the drawingroom. But throughout the repast he was constantly dodging the tall centrepiece that partly hid us from each other, in order to smile and raise his glass to me, and once, during a sudden lull in the chatter, I heard him discoursing glibly on the preface to "Mademoiselle de Maupin". If I live to be a thousand I shall never forget the look of blank consternation on the face of the woman beside him, who obviously had never

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even heard of the book, and to whom Oscar's well-turned comments were about as lucid as though he had been reciting passages from the Koran.

Afterward I got to know him very well, and the more I saw of him the better I liked him. Shorn of his affectations, his mannerisms that often bordered on buffoonery, but which after all were harmless enough, the English gentleman of culture and breeding stood revealed in all his wonderful brilliancy. A greater adept in epigram and repartee never existed, and his wit flowed in an endlessly glittering stream. Yet he had his serious moods, and among my varied recollections of him, one is etched on my mind with peculiar sharpness. We were sitting on the veranda of my country home on a blue and gold afternoon of the late summer, and after speaking of a lecture he was to give that evening in Newark, he let his eyes roam over the green valley below, and said earnestly: "My life stretches before me like that sunlit, flower-starred meadow yonder. I see the beautiful books and plays I mean to write, the other things I intend to accomplish, for I know exactly what my life will be. I shall leave an indelible mark upon my generation. The world of art will be the richer for my having lived." How often have I reflected upon those words, uttered in all sincerity, in view of the grim tragedy that in a few short years stunned civilized society. His joyous youth and glowing manhood, his genius, the serene lovableness of his nature, rise up like so many jeering phantoms, and the pity of it all saddens my spirit. In one of his charming essays James Huneker has stated that since his death Wilde has been tremendously overrated. Perhaps in a strictly literary sense this is true. But to those who knew and admired the man rather than the artist, his memory, cleansed by the bitterness of his suffering, seems to have taken on a deeper value and an added significance. At least it pleases me, his friend, to think so.

COLLABORATION AND THAT SORT OF THING

BY MOREBY ACKLOM

THE only reason, I suppose, that we pay so little attention, as a general thing, to the strangeness and mystery of literary collaboration is the fact that we grow up accustomed to such monuments of it as the Erckmann-Chatrian novels and the series of sound and delightful romances, which nobody reads nowadays, fathered by Walter Besant and James Rice—to mention only the first examples that occur.

If two musicians collaborated in a tune, or two painters in a picture, it would be hailed as a marvel, no doubt; but two writers can get together and produce a joint personality without exciting even a whisper of surprise. Even a good translation must be a collaboration if it is to be a real piece

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of literature: witness Fitzgerald and Omar Khayyam in the "Rubaiyat". Anyone who will take the trouble to compare Fitzgerald's version with a literal rendering of the original will hardly use the word *translation* in regard to it again.

Like the rest of the unthinking, I had calmly accepted this real marvel of human ingenuity as a commonplace, and thought no more of inquiring into its causes and effects than I did into the inner meaning of a volcano or the possibilities of infringing on the precession of the equinoxes. It was a very slight thing that set me wondering about it, merely the casual discovery that the pen-name, Michael Field, concealed the joint work of a young woman and her aunt.

I felt at first that I had been imposed upon, because I happened to have a volume of Michael Field's poems in my own private five-inch bedside bookshelf: a testimonial that, in those simple days, I thought them pretty good. Then, naturally, ensued a period of persistent effort to disentangle the two authors, but I had to retire completely frustrated; though I had better luck with "Songs from Vagabondia": for after listing the poems in it which I suspected of being Bliss Carman's and which Richard Hovey's, and after getting Bliss Carman to initial his own contributions, I found that I had only made two mistakes in the volume.

Of course, publishing in the same volume poems separately written by different authors is not the most complete kind of collaboration; but it might pass for a mild variety of it.

There are many others—e. g. assisting authors, dead and therefore unprotesting, to contribute to one's own support by means of a ouija board; writing stimulating introductions to the works of other and less-known writers or precocious literary infants, or even the humble and often useful parody, which we have always with us.

In fact, the possibilities are infinite. Suppose for instance that Sir James Barrie really *had* collaborated with Daisy Ashford, or Wells with disappointed Barbellion, what books we should now have!

Or think what the effects would be of Elinor Glyn's working hand in hand with Henry James, or Walt Whitman revising Walter Pater.

It will not seem improbable that with my mind taken up with the delights of this new game, I should have fallen into the snare myself and become a collaborator. As a matter of fact, I did.

A certain lady who wrote, though luckily not for a living, used occasionally to send me short stories and poems of her own for me to read and haply criticize. I knew she was not averse to selling them; but the editors were generally not willing to meet her half way, and I was not often able to indicate any selling possibilities in her work.

She had a gift of dialogue and her sense of character and situation was, though untrained, accurate; but she utterly failed in dramatic feeling and when she had a situation she never did anything with it. Even I could see possibilities in some of the stories which the fair author never seized.

Finally one day one of them came along which led up very pleasantly and delightfully to—absolutely nothing. Piqued by this waste of good material and seeing what ought to have happened, I filled in the blank with a rapid-fire climax which came to me ready-made, probably out of some French story, for I was a great ad-

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mirer of Catulle Mendès and his circle at that period. Then I signed the result with a name which was neither mine nor hers, but which bore a certain resemblance to both of them, and which, as a matter of fact, turned out to be that of a fairly-well-known poet (in my ignorance I had never then heard of him!), and on an impulse sent the thing straight off to the editor of "Chic New York".

To my surprise, and almost embarrassment, an acceptance arrived by return mail, and a check for thirty-five dollars at the end of the month. Now I had to confess to my totally unconscious collaborator what had happened, for you can hardly send a lady you know only through correspondence a check for $17.50, without some sort of explanation. However, she not only took the freedom with which I had acted in good part, but actually proclaimed herself delighted to continue the arrangement on a fifty-fifty basis. Thus another collaboration, so far undiscovered by any discerning critic, was born.

The new firm actually flourished spasmodically for perhaps a couple of years, though without any outcry arising in the press over the discovery of a new star in the literary firmament. Then, of course, the to-be-expected happened: the firm was shipwrecked on the rock of invincible disagreement.

The lady sent me a pathetic story which began very well indeed with a lonely woman and an eligible bachelor both spending their summer vacation at a delightful out-of-the-way little beach somewhere in the north of Maine. Not unnaturally, the young man wanted the girl, who was quite charming, to marry him, but she wouldn't. She admitted she loved him, but she simply refused to marry him; and not only so, but she was determined not to, to such a pitch that she went out in her nightie next morning just before sunrise in order to drown herself and convince him that she really meant *no* when she said it.

Well now, that motif may be all right; but to my base mechanical mind, it seemed (and still seems) without coherence or cause, as there was nothing developed in the course of the dialogue to show why she should be averse to marrying this perfectly nice young man who was well-to-do as well as fond, and whom she herself theoretically loved. The only cause that my mind could suggest would have been a previous indiscretion on the lady's part; but this the author through the mouth of her heroine had already expressly barred. I liked the story first-rate as far as it went. The setting was excellent and the dialogue revealing, quick, and interesting. My problem was to introduce some sort of reasonable climax and explain the lady's frame of mind.

I thought the thing over and over, and nothing suggested itself; until I got tired of the problem, and in a reckless frame of mind sat down at my desk and dashed off the first thing that came into my head. The cause which under these painful circumstances I provided for the sensitive heroine's invincible distaste for matrimony was that she had a cork leg.

The acute-minded reader will of course see at once that when she flung herself off the cliff into the sea at the witching hour of 4 a. m. in order to prove to the young gentleman that he would have to do without her, the same cork leg kept her afloat and made it possible for him to rescue her, with the conventional result, and wedding bells indicated in the near future.

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I fear that my collaborator took violent offense at what she considered to be my injudicious levity in dealing with her sentimental little pastoral. Anyhow, she promptly and energetically demanded the elimination of the cork leg, and the substitution of a climax not calculated to arouse a ribald smile on the face of the reader.

Personally, I thought the cork leg a fairly ingenious solution of the two difficulties—and I may say I still think so. So that was where my collaborator and I—I was going to say, "parted"; but as we had never met in the flesh it would possibly be better to substitute, "ceased to collaborate".

It was not, however, the exact end of our endeavors to get together again. After a voluminous correspondence spreading over a couple of months, the only way out that we could see was that we should meet to talk it over; and as the lady lived in Boston and I inhabited the environs of New York, and as she claimed to have a steady job which she couldn't get away from, the only thing left was for me to go to Boston.

Of course the simple and natural thing would have been for me to call at her home and have the interview there. But no, emphatically *no!* A woman writer of romantic short stories and poems could hardly be expected to consent to the obvious as easily as that. I must meet her somewhere.

Then, of course, there arose the difficulty of mutual recognition. As far as she knew I might be anything from a college boy to a decrepit derelict pushed about in a wheel chair. She had told me very little about her personal self in her letters; but I had got the idea that she was dark and slender and not uncomely, and had even pictured the type of face which she would be most likely to reveal.

We had to arrange some means of recognition; and of all the unlikely things for a romantic young woman to pick out, she chose a scarlet poppy as our mutual badge.

It was a little awkward for me to arrange to get away from New York without incriminating explanations at home; and the more so as the lady who commands my check-book and manages my ice-chest promptly volunteered to accompany me, wanting (so she averred) to visit a former school friend living in a Boston suburb.

When we got there it turned out that I had to make further explanations, which didn't seem to explain anything, in order to get out of accompanying her to the house of the said friend, and also to account for my decorating my buttonhole with large scarlet poppies, previous to starting out to encounter my unknown fate.

However incredible it may appear to those of my readers who happen to be married, the get-away *solus* was finally achieved. I set out to the appointed meeting place which was, in defiance of all the canons of romance, the Concourse of the South Station.

A quarter before noon on that Saturday morning a solitary pedestrian might have been observed (by any reader of the late G. P. R. James) slowly wending his way past the Dewey Column and into the gloomy portals of the Station, wearing, not one, but a bunch of scarlet poppy in his buttonhole, and looking apprehensively, as it were, from side to side as he entered.

At the far end of that grimy, hurry-infested space an enormously stout woman with saucer-like blue eyes and

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draggled bunches of peroxide blonde hair bulging over the tops of large, flat, fleshy ears, grunted as she slowly heaved herself down from the step of a weighing-machine which had registered her 286 pounds, and waddled massively toward the entrance of the Concourse, followed by a meek, black-clad, bowed, grey-bearded male who trailed wearily behind in charge of three pigtailed female children of assorted sizes in starched white frocks. Upon the ample and swaying bosom rested about half a hundred-weight of scarlet poppies. In her one hand was a distended string shopping bag, and in the other a mangy, sore-eyed caniche, shaved as to his hinder parts and decorated with a dirty blue ribbon.

She rolled in the direction of the Seeker. He saw her—saw the poppies—saw the bowed house-slave—saw the sticky, goggle-eyed children! He stood petrified with horror for a second, then he turned stealthily to flee! Alas, too late! Protruding saucer-eyes had even at that moment caught the gleam of poppies in his buttonhole. Casting the poodle into the arms of her long-suffering male concomitant, she waved one fat red arm violently at the Searcher. Upon her row of bulging chins a vast smirk of welcome began to spread. Her pendent cheeks glistened with moisture and her grotesquely flowered bonnet took a rakish angle, as she began to hurl her flaccid bulk toward him.

Throwing to the winds all idea of decency and the last rags of manhood, the Searcher scrambled blindly toward the open air and freedom. But even then grinning Fate drew from her quiver and loosed toward him a yet deadlier arrow. In his reckless and unseeing haste he crashed full tilt into the arms of a tall woman who was just hurrying into the station to catch a suburban train. Her he would probably have spurned under foot without apology or remorse, but that she clutched him wildly with cries of excitement and surprise.

Yes—his wife, of course! As one cannot publicly murder one's wife in the entrance of the South Station, Boston, there was just one thing for the Searcher to do. He did it.

Shall I draw a nice, dark, impenetrable, close-fitting veil over what followed? I shall. However, I may add that since that unforgettable moment I have done no collaborating with unknowns of the opposite sex.

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SEA SAND

BY SARA TEASDALE

I

June Night

O EARTH, you are too dear tonight,
How can I sleep, while all around
Floats rainy fragrance and the far
Deep voice of the ocean that talks to the ground?

O Earth, you gave me all I have,
I love you, I love you, oh what have I
That I can give you in return—
Except my body after I die?

II

"I Thought of You"

I thought of you and how you love this beauty,
And walking up the long beach all alone,
I heard the waves breaking in measured thunder
As you and I once heard their monotone.

Around me were the echoing dunes, beyond me
The cold and sparkling silver of the sea—
We two will pass through death and ages lengthen
Before you hear that sound again with me.

III

"Oh Day of Fire and Sun"

Oh day of fire and sun,
Pure as a naked flame,
Blue sea, blue sky and dun
Sands where he spoke my name;

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Laughter and hearts so high
That the spirit flew off free,
Lifting into the sky,
Diving into the sea;

Oh day of fire and sun
Like a crystal burning,
Slow days go one by one,
But you have no returning.

IV

When Death Is Over

If there is any life when death is over,
These tawny beaches will know much of me,
I shall come back, as constant and as changeful
As the unchanging, many-colored sea.

If life was small, if it has made me scornful,
Forgive me; I shall straighten like a flame
In the great calm of death, and if you want me
Stand on the sun-swept dunes and call my name.

BOOKING TO ALASKA

BY FRANK V. MORLEY

I DOUBT if many people appreciate the possibility of traveling by means of books. I do not mean by Stanley's "Africa" and a reading-lamp, nor yet by Baedeker, whom Charles Lamb would not have called a book. Nor do I mean George Borrow's system or its modern Parnassus-on-Wheels equivalent, of traveling to distribute books. Nor yet the humblest scheme of all, to sell compendiums bound in costly karatol to pay the expenses of the journey.

Six sailors, of six different nationalities, were once laid up in a Valparaiso calaboose for the trifling indiscretion of showing too much money. Finding their company congenial and Chile uncomfortable, they exchanged their money for their liberty and set out to cross the continent to Buenos Aires. Their system was not uninteresting. Arriving at the scattered hamlets they would discover how many persons of each nationality were living there. Each man then visited the

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representative of his own language. Returning, they pooled the extractions, and invariably enough money was seduced to take them to the next village. In eight months they reached Buenos Aires.

Without pressing the analogy too far, the same system will work, with the substitution of books for the diversity of languages, and with the same high disregard of morals. Videlicet the case of Miguel and myself.

I call him Miguel from a resemblance to the character in Snaith's "Fortune"; also because he is a loyal son of Britain and dislikes the misnomer.

"Miguel", I said, "let's go to Alaska."

"Right, old chap", said he, "but we haven't any money."

Although it was perfectly true, his answer argued a lack of faith in our ability. We were tired of San Francisco. In a month we had to be back east in college; there was not time to visit China, therefore Alaska was the logical place to go. And to this logic Miguel succumbed.

We went down to the Embarcadero to hunt for a ship going north. Fortune favored, and we found a dirty, blunt-nosed cargo tub outbound upon the morrow for Seattle. The captain, a ruddy Swede, listened to reason and took pity on our plea. We were allowed to sail on her as workaways.

The next step was a trip to Holmes's bookshop. Miguel was for the moderns, and I had to remonstrate.

"Not that I care at all about the exorbitant prices of new books; but our object is to read what everybody has and we haven't, and to fill our school hiatuses. We can read 'Java Head' and Miss Daisy Ashford when we get back to civilized society and have to talk pink tea. Moreover, a good book has to fit the pocket. There are no books like small books, Miguel."

To his credit, Miguel sees reason. We therefore picked out pocket editions of Marcus Aurelius, "The Fortunes of Nigel", and Macaulay on Hastings.

At an Embarcadero pawnshop we bought some "work-pants" (for four bits) whose flavor was sufficient to bear out our tale of having been to sea before. Then we proceeded to embark.

"My dear Miguel", I said, "the estimable Charlie Chaplin playing in 'Shanghaied' will have nothing on us."

He grunted, for he fails to see the artistry of the little man. But I was right.

Our ship was called the "Apache", and she lived up to her worst Parisian precedent. She carried dynamite between decks, and oil above in barrels. She turned out to be blind and halt and lame. She stank abominably and rolled worse. She was the epitome of vice and the absence of all virtue. Moreover, I was seasick.

We were nominally workaways, but we worked only four or five hours a day; washing paint, scrubbing the galley, cleaning up the cabins. The rest of the time was ours to spend on books or with the crew, just as we pleased. We alternated the two pleasures.

It was a quaint sight to see Miguel —he is only nineteen, I a year older— flat on his back digesting Antoninus. Despite the praise of the commentators, I fail to think the Roman easy for after-dinner reading. On Miguel the effect was soporific—five pages always provoked a snore. And my case was little better, though an interest in Cecil Rhodes acted as a spur.

So it was only natural that our chief interest was in the crew. The "Apache" is an American ship, but I

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found myself the only American aboard. The captain was a Swede, the cook a Norwegian, the mates a Finn and Russian respectively. The crew was divided into Finns and Germans, Swedes and Danes. The cook's helper was a Hawaiian boy. The talk was motley and hard to understand, but full of incident. The leaders in it were a red-haired Finn and an enormous donkey-man of doubtful nationality, and the yarns spun in competition were the finest one could hear. The more the pity that they cannot be told to squeamish readers of the present century.

One morning as we came up from mess a Swedish sailor, hitherto rather quiet and untalkative, noticed Aurelius on my hip and asked to look at it. Unlike the others, who when they saw us reading invariably asked two questions,—1. Is that the Bible? 2. Is that a detective story?—this man remarked that it would be better to read the "Meditations" in the original. I agreed, and we talked awhile on suggested topics. He spoke of writers of the sea, and what rot they most of them were, Jack London in particular, for whom he had a pet aversion. Stevenson failed to stir him, he said, though he had read with expectations. He had not tried Conrad, nor, I venture, would he like to. It is remarkable that one seaman should write. It is remarkable that another seaman should read. But it would be much more than doubly remarkable that the one should read and like what the other had written. With regard to sailors Cutcliffe Hyne is right, that they are much more interested in what they know nothing about, than in tales of the sea in which they are expert. And *nemo propheta*, etc.

But this A.B.'s tastes were scientific rather than literary. I was frankly astonished at his knowledge, since he admitted having gone to sea in his early 'teens. Chemistry was his hobby, though he put in a plea for mathematics which warmed my heart. Think of going before the mast for commendation of pure research! And finally he knocked our education. "The youngsters play too much football," he reiterated. I quailed and did not even have the courage to recall how Sir William Ramsay turned to chemistry as a result of a leg broken in the outdoor sport.

A word should also be devoted to the Hawaiian boy. He was a handsome fellow, tall and naturally slim, though as cook's helper he had developed a considerable embonpoint, for which his name was more descriptive and less elegant. He was distinguished by wearing bright blue underwear and by an incurable curiosity. He was never tired of interrupting us with innumerable questions. He had no name that we could discover, but we called him "Swipe", after the famous Hawaiian knockout drink, and every time we used it his teeth would flash with an inimitable smile. Unlike most sailors, he had not lost at sea his native gift of good teeth. He was proud of them, and brushed them twice a day.

But until we met Swipe it was hard to realize the advantages which education gave as a potential for enjoyment. Whereas in idle moments we were entirely happy with a book or pencil, at such times he was reduced to restlessness. So with his travels, which had been extensive. All that he had derived from them was—nothing; summed up in his own words, "all over looks the same to me." Truly it is a sound quotation, though I forget the words, which they have carved on the terminal at Washington, that the

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benefits of travel are proportional to how much one carries with him.

The "Apache" towed a schooner up the coast, and what with fog and heavy weather it was five days before we rounded Tatoosh Island and were in the sound. Then a slight explosion—"a terrific sternutation of the boiler", Miguel quaintly described it—held us back another day and provided plenty of excitement in consideration of our cargo. But finally we landed in Seattle in the evening, and looked for a job to take us farther north. This is where the potency of books first comes into the tale.

"Sweet Miguel", I said, "we are in need of wherewithal to spend the night. Your smiling build and fair hair commend you as an usher at a playhouse. While you ush I shall go down to the dock and meet the 'Northeastern' coming in tonight. She sails tomorrow for Alaska, and may be in need of men."

So while Miguel was earning board and keep I wandered down to the Alaska dock. Unfortunately there was an arrogant inspector at the gate who refused to let the crowd through to meet the steamer. But noticing a venerable white-haired gentleman edging his way to the front, I followed him. He wore an air of authority to which the guard succumbed, and following as if an obvious connection whose thoughts on no account might be disturbed, I passed in the shadow of celebrity. We were alone upon the dock, the crowd without. Seeking to safeguard my position, I started conversation. He asked my name. Informed, he spoke of meeting John Morley many years ago at Bonn. He had "seen Shelley plain" on several occasions; John Bigelow had visited him, he had known Emerson and Whitman. Age and youth spent a very pleasant half-hour together. My thanks to you, Mr. Davies, bookman of Seattle!

And even physical were the advantages obtained. For when the wharf agent threatened my expulsion from the premises, the old gentleman was generous in my protection. Score one to the benefits of books!

But I was less successful on the "Northeastern", and returned to pick up Miguel. I had no money, and his show was not yet half way through. I am ashamed to say I entered the theatre by the trick immortalized in "Handy Andy", of simply walking backward through the door during an intermission while the crowd was passing out. The faithful Miguel then led me to the best seat in the house.

When the show was over we spent the night in comfort on his handsome earnings. I told him that there was no chance from Seattle to Alaska, direct. We therefore shipped as porters on the steamer for Vancouver.

I shall not detail our adventures in Vancouver, nor how we eluded the police (having illegally crossed the border) and shipped on the "Queen Alice" for Skagway. Sufficient that on the second day, having smoothed the steward's palm, we managed to get jobs as dishwashers in the pantry.

Before the "Queen" left Vancouver we went up town to that splendid bookstore—Holliday's—and fairly reveled in the small editions so cheap and common to British shops, so inaccessible to ours. Having stocked up with a formidable list,—

1. Shanghaied ..... Norris
2. The Lady of the Barge ..... W. W. Jacobs
3. Life of Nelson ..... Southey
4. Charles XII ..... Voltaire
5. Plays ..... Marlowe
6. The Vicar of Wakefield ..... Goldsmith
7. Notre Dame ..... Hugo,—

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and a little volume of selections from George Eliot, we went aboard. We were determined that no amount of dishes would wash all pleasure from our trip. But oh! it was a wrench to leave unbought the tempting shelves of Stacpoole and Anthony Hope!

We were bunking in the steerage, and consequently made friends with the steerage steward. He took an interest in Jacobs, which we lent him. In return he insisted on our reading that remarkable book, "Maria Monk". He was only too glad to lend us "jumpers" in which to work, and to give us the freedom of the storeroom and its quantities of fruit—in short, to make us comfortable in every way. Score two to books as an amenity to traveling!

Our work in the pantry was neither difficult nor uninteresting. We were working in close contact with Chinese, not our first experience of the kind with that curiously incurious race, who are yet very careful to size you up before unbending at all. But we passed muster with them, jabbered nonsense galore, and found them a happy lot of boys, superior to any of that nation we had seen before.

At meal times we were very busy, otherwise quite free. Hence in between we changed—we "dressed" as Miguel insisted,—and mingled with the passengers. The smokeroom was our habitat, in spite of the intrusion there of women; and we had not frequented it long before Mr. O'Connor, of San Francisco, came over to us. He had, he said, noticed that we were reading, and it induced him to speak. He laid down his own book on the table. It was "The Bible in Spain", and we commented on it as an old friend. Hearing us speak of Borrow, a small and pleasant-faced Englishman left his "Atlantic Monthly" and came to join us. The conversation shifted to other literary subjects, Mr. O'Connor leading the way, ourselves merely listening and putting a few questions. We quite forgot the noisy feminine chatter from the next table, and our pleasure only stopped when lack of sleep prevailed on us to go below.

But this acquaintanceship that sprang up through books turned out later to be useful as well as pleasant, though I blush to own the way we used it. During the trip into the Yukon and back again we had continued learning about Francis Thompson and Richard Harding Davis, of Charles James Fox and Hugh Walpole. For the two gentlemen were versatile and knew their Hugh as well as Horace. Yet in the realm of gossip I think we held our own, with anecdotes of doubtful authenticity of Seeger, of Mr. Massingham in Camden, or of Vachel Lindsay.

I repeat that this acquaintanceship was useful, when we were back in Seattle and could not get passage down to San Francisco. Only one boat was leaving for the south and it was imperative that we should sail on her; yet everything was sold—Mr. O'Connor himself had bought the last available ticket—and there was no possibility of working the passage. We therefore wandered over to the New Washington Hotel, where Mr. O'Connor was staying, and happened to meet him in the lobby.

The situation was, however, a little complicated. During our passage to and from Alaska, in the company of these gentlemen we had posed as passengers—tourists, gentlemen of leisure, anything at all but dishwashers. Yet an unfortunate incident occurred.

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It was the last day of the trip, when we had become so expert as to work in shifts. Miguel was off and playing cards aloft, I toiling in the depths below. An accident occurred, and we had to send the bell-boy for Miguel's assistance. The boy, running to the smoke-room door, spied Miguel playing in the corner, and called across the room to him, "Hey, you've got to come down and wash dishes." Perforce he came, but Mr. O'Connor raised an astonished eyebrow.

So as we went to the New Washington in Seattle, we had of necessity to frame an explanation. To Miguel belongs the credit for the unveracity. We told the generous Mr. O'Connor that on a bet we were working our passage to the north; that by its terms we had to be in San Francisco in four days, and that unless we could sail upon that ship we were lost. Miguel's ready tongue weaved the spell of mendacity, and the appeal to sporting nature met with instant and undeserved success. The scheme was to get into porters' uniforms, to cross the gang-plank in that guise carrying Mr. O'Connor's luggage, and to stow away in his cabin until the ship sailed, at midnight.

By devious means we were appareled by ten o'clock, met Mr. O'Connor, and went on board. Once in the cabin all was safe, with the door locked. Although some fears were natural, two hours was a long time to wait, and when Mr. O'Connor came at twelve-thirty to say the ship was under way, he found us, like a pair of Falstaffs in the arras, fast asleep.

The remainder of that night we spent in the smokeroom, and in the morning interviewed the angry but impotent purser.

Although our Alaskan trip was hard on our veracity and even of doubtful value to our morals in general, yet Miguel and I congratulate ourselves upon it. And certainly what made it possible, not to say pleasant, was the introduction to acquaintanceships through books. It was, in truth, booking to Alaska.

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AN UN-VICTORIAN VICTORIAN

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN

SAMUEL BUTLER was born in 1835 and died eighteen years ago. His childhood was spent in his father's Anglican parsonage in Nottinghamshire and he had for grandfather the famous schoolmaster-bishop, Butler of Shrewsbury. Samuel had to wait several months for baptism in consequence of his grandpapa's elevation to the episcopal bench, for it was not to be thought of that any lesser ecclesiastical dignitary should perform this initial rite for the boy. So not until the hurly-burly of Dr. Butler's consecration and farewells and greetings was done did his Lordship of Lichfield make a Christian out of Samuel. His biographer records Butler's sardonic remark that this postponement was a very risky business "because during all these months the devil had the run of him". There was a christening dinner that must have been a colossal affair. Butler the bishop was something of an epicure. Into England he had brought water from the Rhone, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Po to make "Punch aux quatre fleuves"; he also possessed a bottle of Jordan river water which he was wont to use for less ungodly purposes,—the baptism of Samuel, for instance. A special turbot was cooked in the parsonage kitchen, and at the opportune time, the fish was placed before the guests. When the cover was removed and the bishop saw what had happened to the turbot, he turned to his hostess and exclaimed, "Good God, Fanny! it's skinned!" Family pride, as Herbert Paul once sagely observed, cannot be justified by reason, and the habitual display of it is an intolerable nuisance. But surely here was an ancestor to brag about!

Butler was never tempted to indulge in what Gibbon morosely calls "the trite and lavish praise of the happiness of our boyish years", and indeed his early days were not conspicuously joyful. It is impossible to speak in kind terms of his father, who was the most unpleasant of men and clergymen. Ernest Pontifex's childhood in "The Way of all Flesh" is a faithful enough memory of the author's,—"Theobald and Christina being portraits of his own father and mother as accurate as he could make them, with no softening and no exaggeration." Butler père was, first and last, the family bully. The whole art of being a father was for him summed up in this sweet prescription from a brochure for parents: "Break your child's will early or he will break yours later." Besides being narrow, ignorant, and tyrannical, the Reverend Thomas was subject to frequent fits of passionate anger, and when the mood was on him he took it out of his wretched offspring. Samuel knew how it felt to be flogged by a savagely

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irritated man, and he had perforce learned to read and write by the time he was three; "before he was four he was learning Latin and could do rule of three sums." When he was thirteen he passed to Shrewsbury school and under the ferule of a famous teacher of the classics, Benjamin Hall Kennedy,—the only man who ever succeeded in composing a Latin epigram of twelve lines during the hours of sleep. Butler, one cannot help thinking, was in after years hardly fair to Kennedy who does not emerge at all agreeably from "The Way of all Flesh", or from its author's reminiscences of his school days as set forth by Festing Jones in the biography under review. Butler very bitterly calls Kennedy an old fool and speaks, absurdly, of his silliness and laziness. Others have testified far differently, recording Kennedy's deep love of ancient literature which "animated and stirred and quickened every pulse of his energetic nature", and paying tribute to his contagious enthusiasm and to the fire of his zeal which communicated itself to everything that came within its way. The truth is that Kennedy was much more than a grammarian,—though he was a good grammarian,—he wrote accurate and vigorous translations of, and commentaries upon, Sophocles and Aristophanes, and he composed exquisite Latin and Greek verses; he was also the most industrious of scholars and a most kindly man. Jebb, in his perfect Greek inscription on the marble bust of Kennedy in St. John's, is nearer the truth than is Butler who was temperamentally unable to appreciate the very real fineness of his old headmaster. To these days dates Butler's love of music, in particular the music of Handel, of which he was in after years to become so expert an interpreter.

From Shrewsbury he went to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he sat under John E. B. Mayor whom, in a letter to his father written shortly after his arrival in Cambridge, he describes without further qualification as "a brute", though it is fair to add that in a later letter he speaks in terms of praise of one of Mayor's lectures. It is nevertheless strange that Mayor, who was one of the most lovable if most rugged of men, should have at first impressed so unfavorably our outspoken undergraduate. Much as Butler disliked Kennedy, the training that eminent scholar gave stood him in such good stead at the university that, though during the first two years he read for mathematical honors, when he turned aside to work at his classics he had no difficulty in securing a first-class in the tripos. The beauty of the ancient buildings must have powerfully affected his imagination at this time. In an article contributed to the college magazine there occurs a passage which evokes the spirit of Cambridge in summer term as exquisitely as anything in Fitzgerald's "Euphranor":

> From my window in the cool of the summer twilight I look on the umbrageous chestnuts that droop into the river; Trinity library rears its stately proportions on the left—opposite is the bridge—over that, on the right, the thick dark foliage is blackening almost into sombreness as the night draws on. Immediately beneath are the arched cloisters resounding with the solitary footfall of meditative student, and suggesting grateful retirement. I say to myself, then, as I sit in my open window, that for a continuance I would rather have this than any scene I have visited during the whole of our most enjoyed tour—and fetch down a Thucydides, for I must go to Shilleto at nine o'clock tomorrow.

After graduation Butler went down to the work of lay assistant in St. James's parish, Piccadilly. If the so-

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lution he offered to a troubled questioner at the church night-school be typical of his handling of such difficulties, his theology was certainly more ingenious than sound, but the discussion of religion and theology was never one of his strong points. Mr. Jones relates how Butler was shocked to discover that many of his pupils here had not received baptism, and worse still, that the unbaptized were not notably less upright than those who had been submitted to the ceremony. His faith in the efficacy of infant baptism was thus sadly shaken. His life in London at this time differs in important details from that which Ernest Pontifex lived in Ashpit Place: he lost neither his money nor his liberty. Eventually he refused ordination and returned to seek pupils at Cambridge, thereby precipitating a quarrel with his unpacific parent which ended in a proposal from Butler junior that he should emigrate. This after some delay he did, betaking himself to New Zealand and sheep-farming. His richly varied experiences in those remote regions of the earth occupy some forty of the most interesting pages of Mr. Jones's two-volume work. As a sheep-farmer he was so successful as to accumulate a considerable sum of money in a comparatively short time,—money was rapidly made in those pioneer days,—and after four years returned to London which, except for occasional trips to the Alps and Sicily and one long business trip to Canada, he never afterward left. The history of his life in London for the remaining thirty-seven years of his existence is in the main the history of his books.

Although at no time in his life did Samuel Butler ever stand in the remotest danger of being gazetted "Eminent Victorian",—to use the term in the clever Mr. Strachey's somewhat invidious sense,—he has as sound a title to biographical commemoration as the best of them and a much sounder title than most of them. "The man's life and character"—Dr. William Barry once wrote—"had he composed not a line, would have deserved a biography." Here at last, wrought by the pious and unwearying hands of his devoted friend and admirer, Henry Festing Jones,—a veritable Boswell *de nos jours*,—is a biographical record, intimate, meticulous, and exhaustive, which not merely makes us "see Butler plain" and in his habit as he lived, but provides us generously with data upon which to base something like a verdict—for this generation at any rate—upon the man and his place in the history of English letters and thought.

That Butler rightfully has such a place is no longer seriously disputed. During the greater part of his literary life he was regarded as hardly more than an interesting oddity by his fellow writers and by the general public. One reason for this was that he turned his hand to such a diversity of tasks. "Erewhon", the first book he published, was a Utopia. A year later there came pseudonymously from his pen a book sub-entitled: "A Work in Defense of the miraculous element in Our Lord's Ministry upon Earth, both as against Rationalistic Impugners and certain Orthodox Defenders." This he followed up, successively, with an essay on Evolution which he called "Life and Habit"; a book comparing the theories of Buffon, Erasmus Darwin, and Lamarck with those of Charles Darwin; a work on Unconscious Memory; a travel book on the Alps and Sanctuaries of the Pied-

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mont; a collection—done in collaboration with his future biographer—of "Gavottes, Minuets, Fugues, and other short pieces for the Piano"; "Luck or Cunning", a study of Charles Darwin's theory of natural selection; a first-rate biography of his episcopal grandfather; a treatise on the authorship of the "Odyssey", which cut violently athwart the accepted theories of professional scholars; prose versions of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey"; and, posthumously, his great novel "The Way of all Flesh". Nor does this exhaust the list of his publications. Since, however, nothing nowadays damns a writer so much as versatility—the refusal "to stay put" —it is not at all to be wondered at that readers, professional and lay, should long have viewed Butler with vague perplexity if not with downright distrust. Most of them were content to affirm him a crank, and turn to the work of writers who did not so obstinately and exuberantly blur the pigeonholes.

That Butler was a crank is assuredly not the whole truth, but neither is it wholly untrue. Fluttering dovecotes was the breath of life to him; he loved a controversy, and was in a perpetual simmer of revolt against the conventions of morality, art, and scholarship of his later-Victorian day. For example, he had read only two poets, Homer and Shakespeare; and somewhat late in life the issue of his resolve to set the world right upon certain fundamental questions concerning both was one book in which he sought to demonstrate that the "Odyssey" was written by a woman; and another book in which, entirely unbiased by the results hitherto obtained by his predecessors, he accomplished a reconsideration and rearrangement of those dark and beautiful enigmas, the sonnets of Shakespeare, which, if it had no other merit, had at least the doubtful one of novelty. It is highly probable that posterity will refrain from paying undue attention to these later labors of his. His work on the sonnets is likely enough to relapse into the decent obscurity of a bibliographic reference; and the Leafs and Murrays of a hundred years hence will scarcely venture to traverse Jebb's judgment that Homer signally failed to abide Butler's question. The foundations of this writer's fame must be sought elsewhere in his works.

But it would be a mistake to present as evidence of Butler's genius the pamphlet he wrote in 1865 not long after his return from Australasian exile: "The Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ as given by the four evangelists, critically examined". Herein he comes "to the conclusion that Christ did not die upon the Cross but that he swooned and recovered consciousness after his body had passed into the keeping of Joseph of Arimathea." Than the regretful avowal of Butler's biographer that "the Resurrection cannot yet be included in any category of dead horses", nothing could be more amusing unless it be his melancholy asseveration (apropos of the Bishop of Winchester's censure of Reverend J. M. Thompson's "Miracles in the New Testament") that "the Church in 1911, was still requiring its officers to teach *that which Butler had found himself unable to accept.*" (Italics are the reviewer's.) Butler frankly knew far too little about Christian apologetics and the principles of evidence to discuss profitably the evidence of the Resurrection; indeed all

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his references to Christianity are marred, where they are not totally invalidated, by his prejudices and waywardness. He was no more fitted to discuss the basis of Christianity than he was to write a book on the care and feeding of babies. Where orthodox claims were involved he seemed to lose all sense of fairness in weighing witness. As Philip Littell has acutely observed: "He has the keenest nose for evidence that strengthens his case, and in the presence of any other kind of evidence he loses his sense of smell." In his chronicling of Butler's onslaughts on orthodoxy, the naïveté of Mr. Jones is immense and touching.

Of much greater value and significance is Butler's achievement as a philosophical biologist. In this field his four full-length works are "Life and Habit", "Evolution Old and New", "Unconscious Memory", and "Luck or Cunning". "One object of Life and Habit"—Butler himself noted—"was to place the distrust of science upon a scientific basis." It is impossible to do more than mention these contributions of Butler's to the literature of philosophical biology. Suffice to say that among other results achieved by him, he demonstrated abundantly and convincingly that the scientists had been making altogether too much fuss over Charles Darwin and his special theories. *Vixere fortes multi....* There is room only to refer in passing to Butler's delightful Italian and Sicilian journeys and sojourns enshrined in "Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont and the Canton Ticino" and "Ex Voto: an account of the Sacro Monte or New Jerusalem at Varallo-Sesia".

But the works upon which Samuel Butler's fame will securely rest are neither his biological nor his topographical writings, nor, certainly, his assaults upon the creeds of Christendom. The fire of his genius burns with brightest and most unwavering flame in "Erewhon" (and its sequel) and in "The Way of all Flesh". "Erewhon" describes an undiscovered country where ill-health is punished as a crime, and those who commit what we should call crimes are treated in hospitals. It is a masterpiece of the satirical imagination and is unquestionably literature of the highest order in the direct succession of Lucian and Swift. "The Way of all Flesh" is a sort of family history of the Pontifexes culminating in a biography of Ernest Pontifex. This grim and massive novel of Victorian life, posthumously published, is the subtlest and most scathing of invectives against certain aspects of the English system of education with its sham morality and evil reticences. A hatred of shams and of social deceits beats like a pulse throughout its pages. The main weakness of the novel lies in Butler's inability to handle effectively the dramatic situations in which it abounds; but as a psychological study it is beyond praise. Bernard Shaw has frequently confessed his indebtedness to the ideas of Butler, and the works of the novelists who have written since its publication testify to the profound influence which it has exercised. "The Way of all Flesh" set the fashion of the long biographical novel, which entered upon its vogue about fifteen years ago and has so far shown no falling off in public favor.

Henry Festing Jones's two sumptuous volumes are sure of a very high place in English biographical literature; they would immortalize Butler if Butler had not already immortalized himself.

Samuel Butler, author of Erewhon. By Henry Festing Jones. The Macmillan Co.

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THE PROGRESS OF THE OGRE

BY CAROLINE FRANCIS RICHARDSON

AS far as outward seeming is concerned, the ogre has had his day. Although we may suspect his presence in modern stories, we are unable to identify him. He was not originally, it must be remembered, merely a wicked man, nor even a man who had specialized in some unique form of wickedness. Sinful he was and frequently did he specialize in sin, but the quality that made him not as other sinners, that won him his melodramatic reputation, was his personal appearance.

In Bible and Homer stories, in fairy and folk tales, it is quite possible to know an ogre when we see one. Usually a giant (like Goliath), frequently one-eyed (like Polyphemus), often deformed (like Puss-in-Boots's adversary), sometimes a monster (like Grendel's mother),—the ogre is self-evident. Then, too, in early narrative, he is fond of carrying a bludgeon, and he is much addicted to slogans: "Fee, fi, fo, fum!", or "I'll crack his bones and suck his blood!" The seasoned reader of ancient narrative is likewise well aware that the ogre's entrance into a plot always promises action and his exit always marks a climactic triumph for the David, or Ulysses, or Marquis of Carabas, or Beowulf who has played the part of hero.

Recognizable ogres also frequent the mediæval romances, but they are only property creatures, repulsive in appearance, feeble-minded in behavior. Their schemes are easily circumvented, and they themselves are as easily exterminated by any wayfaring knight with a good sword or by any wandering damsel with a bit of magic. But gradually fiction shows ogres less repellent physically, less exigent temperamentally; evil is no longer invariably depicted as objective. It may be insidious, and the person who seeks to destroy others is not identified as soon as he enters a story. By the eighteenth century, indeed, the ogre actually acquired a pleasing countenance and ingratiating manners. No one would, for instance, immediately discern ogre-qualities in Pamela's Mr. B. Yet after an acquaintance with but a few of the volumes that make up Richardson's first novel, the reader comprehends that Mr. B. has employed all the stereotyped devices of ogre-behavior: pursuit, capture, imprisonment, recapture of escaped heroine, preparation for devouring her. Finally, Mr. B. succumbs, like his pasteboard predecessors, to an adversary who is apparently weak but is in reality invincible through the possession of an unsuspected source of power. In the later eighteenth century, an ogre revival occurred and, in the Gothic novel, he disported himself in almost his original form. This

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return engagement was, however, of brief duration, but even so the ogre did not lose his conspicuousness without a struggle. Emily Brontë's Heathcliffe was a reincarnation of many of his stirring traits and, moreover, was not unlike him in facial expression. There is, too, little doubt about the sinister ancestry of Charlotte Brontë's Mr. Rochester,—though his complete reformation demonstrates how far removed he is from the day when ogres were spectacularly eaten by their own lions, baked in their own ovens, or reduced to pulp by the collapse of their own castles.

But though by the opening of the nineteenth century, the ogre is no more, physically, in every other way he has gained enormously. He is, for instance, absolutely untrammeled by ancient literary convention: he walks and talks and dresses and eats like any innocuous person. Though inwardly he be a ravening wolf, outwardly he does not differ from the persecuted hero himself. Furthermore, he has developed an extraordinary and disconcerting intelligence. These acquired characteristics naturally make the present-day ogre far more dangerous than he of the bludgeon and slogan, and consequently the modern story shows the villain as often triumphant as is the charming heroine or the greatly daring hero.

Frequently, indeed, the ogre himself becomes the leading character of the tale: his career is the reason for the story's being. To trace the decline and fall of the wicked is a task always grateful to writer and reader alike. Every modern literary device is employed to enhance interest in the ogre variety of sinner, and his end is usually planned for in accordance with the best-selling theory of the moment.

Because of his adaptable personality, the twentieth-century ogre can follow literary fashions closely. A few years ago, he was frequently a department-store manager and remorselessly did he pursue and devour golden-haired salesgirls; or perhaps he impersonated a factory superintendent and followed the same scandalous course with beautiful girl spinners or cigarette-makers. When the taste of readers and, later, of publishers became satiated with the wicked employer-defenseless girl plot, the ogre disguised himself as a broker, a ward boss, a lawyer, or a trust magnate and continued on his awful way, unrebuked until the concluding chapter.

Then the fashion in psychological vivisection developed, and the ogre promptly took advantage of the mode. He began to prey upon the temperament and intelligence of his victims rather than upon their fortunes or their lives. This ogre sapped the ambition of the youth, the will power of the maid. He separated a son or daughter from a loving family, and he even absorbed the cleverness or sprightliness of any individual whose personality he envied. In the fairy tales, we remember, an ogre or ogress who had any knack at magic did not hesitate to walk abroad in the physical form of a prince or princess who meanwhile was forced to live unrecognized as a bird or a rock or a flower. But when the borrowed form reverted to the rightful owner, the convicted ogre was obliterated by a mass of rock which dropped upon him with excellent moral effect. The same theme in modern stories shows a less definite conclusion. In Henry

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James's "The Sacred Fount", for instance, we watch one person absorb another's individuality until only a shell of a human being remains, but nothing happens to the ogre who has possessed himself of someone else's charm and wit. The book concludes with a pertinent inquiry from a woman who, through eighty pages, has sought to analyze the situation: "Who then", demands the lady, "has what?"

If, however, the writer of a story should belong to the Uplift school, the ogre may on the last page declare his intention to forswear his nefarious pursuits or he may renounce his well-earned vengeance ("there is good in everyone"). Again—and this theme is quite in vogue—his life or death may illustrate a thesis on heredity, or germ behavior, or obsession. But up-to-date though he may be, yet his real disposition (until artificially reformed) and his plain purpose (until artificially thwarted) remain essentially unchanged. He has become repulsive morally and mentally instead of physically. A gleam of the eye, a line about the mouth, a peculiarity of the rim or lobe of the ear (if the author has read up on criminal physiognomy) are all that is left of the appearance that once a wayfaring man or maid might read and run from. But whatever the alterations time has brought to him outwardly and inwardly, he has kept firm hold of the plot: always has he provided the complications, always has his success or failure constituted the climax. The plot in itself changes little. Still are the youth and maiden captured, still do they struggle to escape. But the fight is more evenly matched today. The victory no longer rests inevitably with the young and the beautiful, the brave and the good.

In his very latest development, the ogre has become an abstraction: he does not condescend to human shape at all. He is Conscience, or Greed, or Ambition; he is Science, or Society; he is Sorrow, or Disease. He is War. And with the final loss of objectivity has come an incalculable gain in power. Never in the heyday of classic myth or mediæval romance did he pursue the weak and threaten the strong as relentlessly as he does now when he can be identified only as a metaphor.

In his most terrible form, he is Fear. After all, the ogre of the long-ago stories was only Fear rationalized. To that danger which primitive folk felt but could not see, saw but could not understand, they gave form and voice, and called *ogre*. The same fear of the unknown, of threatening evil, persists today, but there are many names for the one sensation. Fiction writers realize the influence of fear and make good use of it in developing their characters, urging, retarding, strengthening, weakening, by fear of failure. As far back as Charles Brockden Brown's "Wieland" we read how a man, through a skilful use of ventriloquism, brought about the ruin of an entire family by working on their fears and torturing their nerves. It may be that many people do disport themselves in a secret garden, but it is certainly true that most people lash themselves in a secret prison. And the jailer of that prison is an ogre,—an ogre who personifies anxiety, or vanity, or shame, or sense of failure. Secret fear is a hideous thing. By comparison, the suffering of which the world is aware, is a light affliction but for an hour; it is the terror which a man would not

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have others guess, that becomes a devouring ogre.

Advertisers comprehend that haunting anxiety is an everyday matter, and thereby copy almost makes itself. Deftly the advertiser shows the reader how not to grow old, or blind, or deaf; how not to succumb to disease; how not to be fat; how not to forget; how not to fail socially, professionally, or financially. And shrinking from his very private and personal ogre, the reader of the advertisement fills in the dotted line of the coupon, makes out a check and sends for the book or the instrument or the bottle that he is assured will prove an invincible deterrent. It is the old, old story of the magic word, the charmed sword, and the fairy potion.

The giants that were on the earth in those days, are with us in these days. Tradition says that Og, king of Bashan, survived the flood by riding on top of the ark. In the same way, the ogre has lived through the chances and changes of narration. Balor and Loki walk about incognito today; the Wandering Jew, though invisible, journeys on, leaving devastation as usual in his wake. Evil genii are still in active practice; Giant Despair keeps open house at Doubting Castle. Some arch-ogres, however, have lost much of their ability to terrorize. There are people, for instance, who persist in looking upon Death as a friend and on the Devil as a whimsical abstraction.

Certainly, through his centuries of existence the ogre has assumed a multiplicity of names and shapes. But in one thing he has been consistent: he has kept to the same line of conduct. Single-mindedly he has pursued human beings and held them and tortured them. Sometimes they have destroyed him, sometimes he has destroyed them, sometimes both ogre and victim have lived to fight another day. At present, the ogre, stronger and keener than ever before, is up and doing. As always, of course, he preys upon human kind; but as always, also of course, the magic word of knowledge, the charmed sword of will power, and the fairy potion of truth can conquer him.

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THE LONDONER

Reaction of the younger generation to the war—the Nice Girl in fiction vs. the product of the novelette mind—a new novel of episode—common denominator criticism—a meeting of the Omar Khayyam Club—Georgian poetry—more English poets in America.

LONDON, *February*, 1920.

I SUPPOSE it would be proper in me to take the opportunity in one of the early causeries of the year, of surveying the progress of British letters in the period from January to December 1919. It is a tempting opportunity, but I should say that on the whole the year has been remarkably thin so far as original work has been concerned. Few striking new works have been issued. Few new reputations have been observed to have emerged from the welter of books. And there has been none of the ardor which the wise folk prophesied as inevitable upon the conclusion of the war. The truth is, I think, that the younger generation is too much occupied in the game of life to take very much of a stand outside it, and it is only by standing outside life that one can produce a creative work of any quality. The charge I have made against the younger generation was not brought in any spirit of bitterness. It seems to me only natural that the reckless spirit prevailing throughout the war should be continuing through the first months of relief. Of course, older people do not understand the feeling among their juniors. They are full of gloom at the spectacle of infant depravity. They shake miserable heads over the horrid whirl of gaiety that continues. The children dance, they say, while England makes rapid descent into the inferno of disaster. It may be so. I am myself sometimes impatient at the shortcomings of the young. It is difficult not to be. Meanwhile the stalwarts of the older generation are doing little to retrieve the position. They are wringing their hands.

Will the wildness pass, and will the youth of England come to think of its duty to the imagination? I hope so. There is any amount of thinking—savage, unhappy thinking—going on amid all the excitement. Questions are being asked, horrors are being endured in all that bitter introspection that accompanies the neurotic indulgence in noise and folly. When the younger generation wakes up to its task, it will, I think, get going with a rapidity and a remorseless, hectic fervor comparable only to its present state. Then, and then only, will the possibilities of the future be foreseen with any accuracy. I do not know what the quality of the stuff will be. But I do think the stuff itself will be full of a restless and terrible energy. I may be wrong. I am no prophet by

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trade. That, nevertheless, is my conviction.

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One of the most shocking things I have noticed in the year's fiction is that all sorts of writers, from Galsworthy and Mrs. Humphry Ward to such younger scribes as Miss G. B. Stern, are trying to reproduce in fiction the type of girl produced by the war, or rather, developed by it. This girl has not, so far, been handled with understanding. She defies it. Miss Stern gets nearer to her than anybody else, because she is nearer to her in age. Galsworthy and Mrs. Ward make horrible messes of her. I have just been reading Mrs. Ward's "Cousin Philip", and I can assure all that Mrs. Ward would shrink in horror from the reality of her heroine, Helena. They are much worse than that. Mrs. Ward simply cannot stay the course. Helena has to be very gentle and good and wise and womanly, according to the Victorian tradition, before Mrs. Ward has done with her. This is a pity. I am quite sure it is all wrong. I am perfectly certain that Helena was headstrong, and selfish, and rude; that she endured great humiliation from the wisdom of all Mrs. Ward's contemporaries, by whom she is surrounded. But that she was tamed as easily as that, nothing will make me believe. It isn't done, nowadays. Mrs. Ward cannot forego her illusions. For her, as for the matrons who read her books, a heroine has got to be a nice girl. A "Nice Girl". One day I shall write a novel called "A Nice Girl". All the sentimentalists will shriek, "She isn't!" But she'll be the modern equivalent for that delightful invention of the marketable novel.

I like to think of that novel about the nice girl. It will be a very good novel. Very few people could write that novel. I shall write it. Because I know. Mrs. Ward doesn't. How could she know? It would be completely contrary to nature that she should. She would suddenly betray genius. "Cousin Philip" doesn't betray genius. It gets perilously near betraying the novelette mind. What a state of mind for England's premier intellectual woman novelist to be in! It has become truly bad taste to deplore Mrs. Ward's later novels, and I will not take up the cry. I will merely repeat that she could not bear to understand the modern girl. Sometimes I can hardly bear it myself.

Miss Stern, who has just published "Children of No Man's Land", has been experimenting with two kinds of theme. She has been tackling the question of the Jews and the war, and she has been tackling the question of the young people of England, with their amours and their strange moral code. The result is a book which is dull by excess of vivacity and a strained cleverness. It is, none the less, a book which one would do ill to ignore. Compared with it, "Cousin Philip" is skilly, thin, and bodiless. Compared with the skilly of "Cousin Philip", "Children of No Man's Land" is a nightmare. It is coarse where Mrs. Ward is eminently tactful, overbold where Mrs. Ward is timidly petticoated. There is a garish brightness, a raw and horrible "newness", without any newness of inspiration or lucidity of perception. And yet it is rather a brave book. If H. G. Wells had never written his social novels, "Children of No Man's Land" would never have been written, which is as much as to say that it is packed full of stuff, but is entirely lacking in art and clarity. And in spite of all this, it is a document. It marks a stage. There will be other such novels before we are

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done with this generation. I hope we shall get through them very quickly. Otherwise there will be no reading novels for pleasure again. I must admit that I still cling to the old delusion that one ought to be able to obtain pleasure from the reading of a novel. It is a sensation I rarely enjoy nowadays.

* * * *

I wish I could go on to say that some novel had given me pleasure recently. But that would hardly be true. I have noticed several books getting well reviewed, and have even reviewed some of these myself; but of them all I cannot say that any appear to me to be first-rate, even in their own kinds and judged by their own standards. Apart from the tales which seek to mirror the time, such as those I have been discussing so generally above, there are several which have tried in another way to get over the difficulty presented by the war. As a well-known novelist who was put next to me (for some reason) at dinner the other night expressed it, "There is going to be a boom in the novel of episode" simply for the reason that one does not want to repeat accounts of the opening weeks of the war, and does not want to pile up tales of the horrors of war, and cannot ignore the war in any truthful picture of contemporary life. By the novel of episode, I take it, my neighbor, who had just written some such thing himself, meant the novel which lays itself out to tell the events of a night, or the events of a week, set in a timeless spot of time, when war was not, and when people had old-fashioned reactions to ordinary emotions such as those which were enjoyed before the Kaiser loosed his legions upon the world. He meant, presumably, such books as Miss "Clemence Dane's" "Legend", which has been having a considerable "press" here.

I have read "Legend", and I am not convinced that it is the masterpiece about which the reviewers have been writing. It is an extremely clever piece of work, and my admiration for the author is great; but it is one of those elaborately "literary" novels which arise from time to time and take the winds of opinion by storm. The winds of literary opinion, of course, which blow whither they list. Another superlatively "literary" novel is the new tale by Mrs. Woolf called "Night and Day". It was Clive Bell who once startled me by writing of "great novelists such as Hardy, Conrad, and Virginia Woolf", and in my agony I cried aloud, "Who is Virginia Woolf?" She was then the author of one novel, "The Voyage Out", which I have never read. Now has come this fresh exhibition of her talent. H. W. Massingham, the editor of "The Nation" (English version), refers to the protagonists as "impassioned snails", which sounds very bright commentary. He pretends that the characters do nothing but drink tea, which of course is not strictly true. Nevertheless, the vitality of the book is low, and there is a certain amount of debility in it which makes the pace seem pedestrian, and adds a kind of "thinness" to its literary charms. It is incessantly elaborate.

So, upon its smaller canvas, is "Legend". "Legend" is ostensibly the tale of a night. In reality it is nothing of the kind. The action of it takes place in one evening, and it consists of one long conversation between a number of literary people. But in reality this is only a part of the literary fake. Long before the book opens, a young woman novelist has had a love affair with a painter. It

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has lasted a year. Then she has married respectably. On the night of the conversation-piece she dies in child-bed. The story is concerned with her year and her character. The fact that it is gleaned through any amount of dialogue is all a part of the author's literary artifice. And if one admires anything about the book it is the author's literary artifice. That stamps the book. The story is sentimental. All the brainwork lies in the technical method employed. That is not enough to make a masterpiece. The book is terrifically clever. But it is not important. It remains a piece of literary artifice. Masterpieces are written quite otherwise. If they are technically interesting, that fact is an additional virtue. Miss Dane has begun at the wrong end of the stick.

* * * *

A friend of mine is writing an article of some length upon the novels of the autumn. He tells me they are twenty in number. As far as I can remember they include "Legend", "Night and Day", Galsworthy's "Saint's Progress", Morley Roberts's "Hearts of Women", the new works of Mackenzie, Cannan, and Swinnerton, Romer Wilson's "If All These Young Men", Brett-Young's "The Young Physician", and several others that I have not read. The task seems to me appalling. I suppose he will compass it, for the man is a most able fellow. But just imagine taking such diverse works and making anything coherent out of an account of them. It reminds me of an extraordinary performance in the Christmas number of the English "Bookman", where Ellis Roberts has tackled all the younger novelists—he says, I think, forty in number—and reduced them to a common denominator. Mr. Roberts has singular courage. His estimates are original and less perfunctory than one might expect. I am not able to check them all, and several of his assessments fill me with amaze; but the feat is performed, and with gusto.

* * * *

The other evening I found myself at a gathering which seemed to include an almost startlingly heterogeneous collection of young writers. Arnold Bennett was down upon the table plan, but his guest, J. C. Squire, had to sit alone, for Bennett had been prevented by indisposition from attending. At the same table was Aldous Huxley, a grandson, I believe, of the scientist, and a young man of strikingly original talent. A seat or two away was J. D. Symon, who is known to novel readers as "Laurence North". "Anthony Hope" was there, and Clement Shorter. Osbert Sitwell, whose first book of poems is arousing a good deal of acrimonious controversy, sat between Alec Waugh and another novelist, Ralph Straus; while next to Straus, again, was the extraordinary S. P. B. Mais, who has the enthusiasm of a prophet and a vitality which enables him to throw off a novel or a review or an "English Course for Schools", or a lecture, with a facility not otherwise to be matched in our day. The principal speakers were Mr. Balfour and Mr. Birrell, and the former, especially, gave a most delightful address. Sir Robert Hudson, in proposing the guests, had mentioned that to know Mr. Birrell or to read his books was to love him. He did not say the same of Mr. Balfour, a fact which seemed to weigh upon both of the statesmen. Mr. Balfour said, in effect, as a literary man that nobody loved him; and Mr. Birrell, in his turn, repudiated the love of his readers. He said he didn't care whether they loved

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him or not. He didn't want their old love. But then he must have been speaking as a man tired of great wealth. I should mention, perhaps, that the occasion was a meeting of the Omar Khayyam Club; and Mr. Balfour roused some almost ribaldly guilty laughter by declaring that nobody in the room knew anything about the original Persian text which Fitzgerald had converted into a western masterpiece. It was left to Mr. Birrell to say that the "Rubaiyat" had been found to be one of the most popular books, not only in the trenches, but also in the camps of our conscientious objectors.

* * * *

Speaking just now of the young poets at the Omar Khayyam Club dinner, reminds me that a new volume of "Georgian Poetry" has just been published. The reception given to this book has been decidedly less cordial than that enjoyed by its predecessors. Either the quality of the verse is inferior or the boom in poetry is definitely on the wane. I think I gave expression to this latter view in an earlier causerie. Possibly, both causes have operated. I have heard bad reports of the book, which has produced, however, a most fatherly column and a half of praise from Edmund Gosse in "The Sunday Times". Elsewhere, as for example, in "The Athenæum", there has been almost no enthusiasm. The truth is that since the establishment of "Georgian Poetry" a newer school has arisen, and this has made some of the Georgians seem almost *vieux jeu*. It may or may not be a passing phase in judgment, but I hear on all hands that the best verse in the new volume is that contributed by Siegfried Sassoon, whose work is by no means similar to that of the other contributors. It is biting, entirely without affectation, and simple to the point of slanginess. The others are described by the editor of "The Athenæum" as pseudo-naïve.

It is precisely to Sassoon's verse that Mr. Gosse refers in terms of rebuke. He thinks it most unnecessary that Mr. Sassoon should continue to harp upon the war. The other poets, he says, have agreed to give the war the go-by and forget it. Why should Mr. Sassoon alone keep it to the forefront? And so on. I should say that the Georgians had lost their absolute standing, and that their accomplished verses were in danger of being ridiculed as halfway to the gentlemanly rhymings of Sir Owen Seaman. One of the cruelest prophecies I have ever heard is to the effect that Squire, one of the Georgian leaders, will end up as a knight and as editor of "Punch". This is to ignore Squire's very great gifts. It is only a sign of the restlessness of the times that every idol should be cast down almost as soon as he has reached acceptance. This is not a good thing. It is the mark of a period of dissatisfaction and transition. To Americans this may all be very hard to understand, but it should be reckoned with in dealing with all estimates of English literary affairs. Standards are temporarily upset, and nobody is safe from the spirit of detraction. Squire is strong enough to weather many more serious storms, as the success of his new journal, "The London Mercury", should prove.

The most delightful bloomer I recall for a long time has just been made here by James Douglas, the editor of the "Star". It has all along been very well known that the initials of the editor of "Georgian Poetry" are those of Edward Marsh, the friend and executor of Rupert Brooke. This is so well known that there has never been

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any point in retaining the initials upon the book's title page. Mr. Douglas, however, lost in the backwaters of ordinary daily journalism, has just charmed literary London by assuming "E. M." to be none other than Galloway Kyle, who uses the pseudonym of "Erskine Macdonald" for his publishing business. It is a passing joke, of course, but it is quite delicious.

* * * *

By the time this causerie appears, I expect Americans will have had an opportunity of examining two of the younger English poets for themselves. Osbert Sitwell, who is one of the leaders of the anarchist group, the post-Georgians, is going to lecture in the States, and so is Siegfried Sassoon. Sitwell has a very remarkable personality. I personally find him most amusing, and Americans should not be deceived by his restlessness into thinking him a mere deliberate eccentric. He is far from that. He may develop into a distinguished satirist and a genuine poet. He is young, full of ideas, and a born raconteur in a curious, fastidious manner. Whether he is really as cold as he sometimes appears I cannot tell, but I should say that he has a mind of singular variety and quality.

Sassoon is much more immediately approachable. He is patently candid and modest. His little hesitating way of speaking does not conceal his real determination. He is a sportsman and a realist. Where Osbert Sitwell is fantastic, Sassoon is almost unduly scrupulous in avoiding any appearance of being unusual. Like many of our best writers he hugs the illusion that he is "just an ordinary sort of chap". Those who have appreciated his poetry (and I find that most of the young soldiers of my acquaintance think his war poems give the best picture of the horrors they endured) do not think him ordinary. Besides which, he won the military cross for conspicuous gallantry, and it is a part of the simplicity of his nature that his poems should concern themselves chiefly with his hatred of warfare. Both Sitwell and Sassoon have expressed their detestation of a certain characteristic of the war atmosphere in England, but while Sitwell's is an intellectual contempt for the selfishness of arm-chair patriots, Sassoon's is a burning disgust for the stupidity of human nature, however displayed. I am quite sure that he will endear himself to the Americans by his honesty and the charm of his nature.

SIMON PURE

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A GREAT EDITOR'S GALLERY OF PORTRAITS

"Marse Henry's" Crowded Story

BY EDWARD P. MITCHELL
Editor of the New York "Sun"

FORTY-ODD years ago the present writer chanced to be sitting in the press gallery of the House at Washington. The Hayes-Tilden electoral controversy was in its last phase. The atmosphere of the Forty-fourth Congress was overcharged with excitement. From the crowd of members standing back near the door an engaging figure emerged and proceeded up the middle aisle to claim the Chair's attention. A spectator more sophisticated than myself whispered: "Listen! That's young Watterson; he's going to fire off". A moment later the Speaker's words confirmed the identification. "The gentleman from Kentucky," said Sam Randall.

The chosen of the Star Eyed Goddess and the captain of Protection entrenched in Democracy met eye to eye.

I was immediately and immensely interested. The snapshot picture is as distinct in memory as if it were taken yesterday. Nevertheless, in order to make sure of the contemporary impression, I am venturing to refer to the observations jotted down at the time of Colonel Watterson's single and brief episode of official statesmanship:

"He has two peculiarities which, perhaps, distinguish him from the ordinary run of Congressmen: he does not begin to talk until he has something to say, and when he has said it he stops talking. His manner is a curious mixture of modest self-consciousness and bluster. The modest self-consciousness is evidently natural to the man. The bluster is natural to the man's circumstances. It is the attempt at self-assertion of one accusomed to think and write, but not accustomed to speak; who is sure of his thoughts but not quite sure of his success in giving them oratorical expression, and who is therefore a little defiant.

"From a gallery point of view Mr. Watterson is a blond young man, apparently thirty-five but probably older, with yellow moustache and imperial, brow and chin rather more prominent than the neutral territory between, eyes indeterminate, top of head showing small veneration but considerable hair, of medium stature and loose gait. When he arises to speak his ingenuous face wears the deprecatory smile of a schoolboy about to spout a piece before critics of whom he is a little afraid. When he finishes his remarks, the deprecatory smile reappears, as if to disarm criticism, and he walks away from where he has been standing with a slight swing or swagger which says very plainly: 'There!

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I suppose I've given myself away. Make the most of it.'

"His style of speaking is declamatory, yet in tolerably good taste. His gestures are awkward and often inappropriate. He gives undue emphasis to unimportant words. Nobody would call him an orator, but nine persons out of ten would hearken to him with pleasure, independently of the subject-matter, and even the tenth would find it hard to go to sleep while he was speaking.

"As printed in the 'Record', Mr. Watterson's longer speeches read like vigorous leaders and his shorter remarks like well-constructed editorial paragraphs. It is probable that he writes out what he has to say beforehand, and, being a good editor, uses only the good ideas and consigns all others to the waste basket. His remarks are always to the point, always conveyed in strong, square-shouldered English, and always manly and sensible. I do not recall a Representative, novice or veteran, who ever talked less buncombe to the thousand words than Henry Watterson of the 'Courier-Journal'.

"Socially and personally Mr. Watterson is said to be a favorite on both sides of the House. He can be partisan enough when duty seems to require, but his delight is to be the good fellow; his chief annoyance, the necessity of refusing to print in full in his newspaper the long speeches of all his friends. Watterson has expressly declared that in all the world there is only one worse poker player than himself; but this opinion is far too modest."

That was Colonel Watterson's only term in Congress. It had begun six months before, to fill a vacancy; and a month later he went back to Louisville and to the "Courier-Journal" where and wherein he has been chiefly engaged ever since in stating the case as he understands it; stating the case about men and women and the wise and the just and the fools and frauds of politics, and the philosophies and humanities of Kentucky and the Union and the globular outside world, with a fertility of phrase, a mastery of anecdote, a wealth of illustrative resources, and—merely from the technically professional point of view—a productive energy which has had no parallel during the period in question. The blend is unique in American journalism. There has been no other Watterson. Until very recently there has been no other "Courier-Journal".

Looking either backward or forward from that midway station of a most remarkable lifetime, the same winning personality appears, the continuous Watterson, loyal to friends, courteous to adversaries, curious of all mundane and supernal and even infernal affairs, intrepid appraiser of intellectual and moral offerings, factor in the largest events. It is but honest-Injin to mention the fact that in the later years he developed a much more finished oratorical style than was credited to him in February of 1877, by a distant admirer who heard the young spokesman and trusted representative of the Tilden cause declaim in Congress when the pebbles were still in his mouth. Other addresses and lectures besides his surpassing platform tribute to the Lincoln he knew and loved, are properly ranked with the masterpieces of American eloquence. Many audiences in quiet lyceum hall and in stormy political convention and around the mahogany have recognized the power and charm of his spoken

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utterance. But that is perhaps an incident.

II

There has been in this long and varied experience material, and to spare, charged with first-class activities and densely populated with interesting friendships and acquaintanceships, for several more volumes such as these handsome two now presented in type agreeable to old retinas or young. The total of the output has been measured by a selective restraint which is the last, best gift of the gods to the maker of autobiography. "Marse Henry" describes his recollections as desultory and fragmentary; but his artistic consciousness must be aware that with an efficient journalist's apprehension of a many-sided job, he has instinctively chosen the one method for the production of a living likeness. He has come back at himself, so to speak, at so many angles of approach that the result is an all-around portrait bust and not merely a picture of two dimensions.

As well as I can remember, no personal record that in fulness is comparable to this has been added to the literature of journalistic history by any other of the foremost American editors. Thurlow Weed's reminiscences, important in substance, are dry as the dust in a bin. Greeley's "Recollections of a Busy Life" belongs to the subscription-book class and is strangely inadequate in not a few respects. Dana's published recollections are wholly concerned with the civil-military fraction of his multiform achievement. What Raymond could have done so well with his own pen is but hinted at in Augustus Maverick's poor and scrappy sketch. There is a more intimate view of Joseph Pulitzer in Colonel Watterson's own memoirs than is elsewhere accessible to the general public, except in Mr. Ireland's "Reminiscences of a Private Secretary", relating exclusively to the pathetic days of darkness and disease when that astonishing soul was holding on to itself with unexampled tenacity and pluck. Neither the elder nor the younger James Gordon Bennett left his story.

But consider the thing that Watterson has done for us in the odd moments of a happy senescence while gracefully dodging the scythe of Chronos! A man of intense vitality will survive in these volumes. It is a man so irresistibly lovable that although "born an insurrecto", to admit his own phrase, he has gone through eighty years of strenuous existence, with the chip on his chin all the time, accumulating precious few enemies worth mentioning; a human mite invested at the start by the benevolent fairies with most of the desirable germs of equipment — conscience, courage, unhesitating perception, picturesque imagination, humor, philosophy, broad sympathies, comprehensive artistry including all the literary arts except the art of being dull. Perhaps I am exceeding good taste in dwelling so much on the personality, but in this case, if ever, the personality is the key to the life and the book.

The collection of memories is all that might be expected. The series of portraits, swiftly drawn, discerning and always generous, astounds the unprepared reader by its range and volume. The Who's Who of Saint-Simon is scarcely more crowded.

You are listening to a veteran who has been dandled in Old Hickory's arms at the Hermitage. His yellow curls have been stroked by Old Rough and Ready. He has been the pet and

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playmate of General Lewis Cass, a snuffy elder in an ill-fitting wig. As a volunteer page in the House where his father sat, he has fetched library books for a little bald-headed gentleman named John Quincy Adams. You are holding pleasant intercourse with one who sold programs for Jenny Lind's concert; who was the boy companion and quite competent accompanist of Adelina Patti years before her appearance on the stage, and who actually wrote for Raymond's "Times" the musical criticism of her début at the Academy of Music in Irving Place; who has reveled at the Savage Club in London with Artemus Ward, slowly dying; who has dined at Huxley's table with Tyndall and Mill and Herbert Spencer, and that with the haziest notion at the time as to who the scientific gentlemen (except Spencer) might be; who heard Bishop Henry Bidleman Bascom preach lively Methodism at Nashville before 1850; who knew behind the green baize most of the great actors of England and America from Wyndham and Irving to Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson, and who enjoyed for more than fifty years the rare possession of Jefferson's unreserved friendship.

You are also in the company of an accomplished and tolerant viveur who has played the game with Poker Schenck himself in an unexpected encounter with an ancient but unidentified enemy, ending in a reconciliation probably to the moral advantage of both. He has listened to and respected the whispered confidences of the most famous chefs on both sides of the ocean. He has studied with intelligent interest through many years the system workers in Monsieur Blanc's establishment. He began to adore his Paris when Thackeray's Street of the Little Fields was yet redolent of the saffron oil. He has been more or less persona grata to an illustrious procession of highly specialized talent, from Sam Bugg of the Mississippi river circuit to the steely, suave Marcus Cicero Stanley, gorgeously fur-coated in the old Hoffman House. And Colonel Watterson, if my recollection is not at fault, was one of the earliest authorities on liquids in motion to commend to the attention of the thirsty the virtues of the American table waters, notwithstanding the circumstance that they were hatefully protected by a robber tariff.

You are learning, moreover, the true inwardness of historic politics from an inveterate observer who knew and was fond of Franklin Pierce, who despised Buchanan, cared greatly for Stephen A. Douglas, and stood in the capacity of Associated Press reporter at the side of Abraham Lincoln when he delivered his first inaugural in 1861; who has been a central figure in four national conventions of his party, and over and over again the architect of its platform policies; who has seen and known almost every President of the United States, if not every President, from Jackson to Wilson, and has been on terms of personal friendship and confidential intimacy with most of them.

And you are making the acquaintance—if such has never been your privilege before—of a Southern gentleman of genius and sentiment, opposed to human slavery from the heart and from the beginning; who was yet on Forrest's staff, chief of Confederate scouts in the Sherman-Johnston campaign, aide to General Hood through the siege of Atlanta, and the best of Union men when the issue was decided. He did as much as any citi-

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zen now living or now dead to extirpate the sectionalism that menaced the Republic's future. He has been all-American all his life; and for that reason, the negligible errors of judgment and small sins of omission and commission so frankly by himself avowed shall be wiped clean from the slate if he will only cause the next edition of this unmatched repository, which he has dedicated with affection to his friend Alexander Konta, to be provided with a suitable index.

Fresh from the two volumes, I have been positively unable to overcome the temptation to multiply semicolons. Forgive the catalogue. Infer from it the menu, and exclaim with the still hungry person now writing: "Gimme all!"

III

How could such a garner of reminiscence fail to fascinate and inform? Colonel Watterson's serious contributions to the ever growing fund are of permanent value. Nobody attempting in the future a definitive version can afford, for example, to overlook his candid narrative of the self-determined Quadrilateral of 1872, as humorously immortal, in its way, as that other newspaper quadrilateral in which figured the innumerable elbows of the Mincio, "formed by the sympathy of youth". There is, indeed, all the sympathy of youth for the droller aspects of large events in the story which the surviving member of the Watterson-Halstead-Bowles-Horace White syndicate of political reformers gives us, at eighty, of the tauric invasion of the stronghold by Alexander K. McClure of the Philadelphia "Times", and its final occupation, while its custodians slumbered, by Whitelaw Reid with B. Gratz Brown in tow. And then, with a quick transition which might almost bring tears, the comedy of blunders and crosspurposes at Cincinnati becomes the tragedy of the baby-faced editor-philosopher's despair and death—surely, next to the wanton assassination of the three Presidents, the saddest chapter of our political history!

Even more important are the passages concerning the disputed succession in 1876, in relation to which Colonel Watterson sustained a part of which we had a glimpse near the top of this article. His direct knowledge of the attitude of Mr. Tilden throughout that unparalleled contest, of the undercurrents determining the result, of the attempted and completed bargainings, corrupt or merely political, both in Washington and at the capitals of the doubtful states, is conveyed with candor convincing in most respects, if with proper reticence as to some details. I can note here only two features of Colonel Watterson's energetic recital: first his effectual disposal of the long current yarn about a purpose on his part to march a hundred thousand heavily armed Kentuckians to Washington to seize the government in Mr. Tilden's interest; and, secondly, his statement on the authority of Stanley Matthews, his Republican kinsman by marriage, that even if Mr. Justice David Davis had not been lured by the Illinois election to the Senate, and had gone on the Commission as one of the Supreme Court members as he had been expected to go, his vote nevertheless would have made the eight for Hayes precisely as Mr. Justice Headley's did. This is particularly interesting, if true. I can only add, of knowledge, that it was not the view entertained at the time by at least one unusually observant Republican believer in Tilden's

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electoral majority, General Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts, like Watterson a member of the Forty-fourth Congress; to whose quite uncanny political discernment Colonel Watterson pays a deserved tribute in another place in his book. Tilden shines in these recollections. He is "the nearest approach to the ideal statesman I have known", says the autobiographer. The final volume ends with a striking and just appreciation of the much misunderstood sage and leader's social, intellectual, and moral qualities.

I wish there were space for a full transcription of some of these broadly drawn and deeply etched character sketches. Sam Houston, King Leopold of Belgium, Carl Schurz, Grant, Andrew Johnson, Blaine, Mark Twain, Jay Gould, Grover Cleveland, McKinley, John Hay, Theodore Roosevelt, and hundreds of others—some of them at the bidding of a single phrase—fairly jump from the pages into renewed being. So, too, do Dana and the two Bennetts, whose sharply individualized and diversely conceived newspapers not many days ago joined their future fortunes under Frank A. Munsey's competent control. Colonel Watterson's authoritative professional judgment rates Frank I. Cobb of the "World" as on the whole the strongest editorial writer on the metropolitan press since Horace Greeley; and it is worth noting that the Colonel has come to have some faith in the educational usefulness of the training schools of journalism.

In all this record of a rich and varied experience, which has woven a thousand threads into a tolerant and knowing philosophy of life, possibly no other thing stands out more distinctly than Henry Watterson's intuitive perception, at the very outset of the Great War, of its inevitable finale. Neither Isaiah nor Jeremiah nor again Ezekiel nor any of the sure-enough prophets; nor, indeed, any of the laymen and amateurs including Ernulphus, ever uttered a more potent and prescient judgment and sentence than that which he reiterated day after day in the "Courier-Journal" at the very beginning of the struggle: "To hell with the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns!" You can no more object now to the curse-word than to its use by Cotton Mather or Jonathan Edwards in the theological sense; and it is a matter for uncommon satisfaction that the prophet has lived to see the fulfilment.

But the portrait most to be prized by the judicious for its color and completeness is that of the autobiographer himself. I confess that the honorary title "Dean of American Journalism" does not capture my fancy when applied to "Marse Henry". Its pale conventional greyness lacks the least touch of the pigments proper to this personality, so vivid, so militant, so humanly sympathetic, so salient among all his professional contemporaries. It would never have occurred to anybody to call that other Henry, Henry of Navarre, the Dean of Monarchs, even if he had attained to the age of one of the Bible patriarchs and had sat down in the genial sunshine of late afternoon to write his inestimable reminiscences.

"Marse Henry." An Autobiography. By Henry Watterson. Two volumes. George H. Doran Company.

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WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

NEW YORK, *February*, 1920.

THEN there's the matter of these dedications. Some time ago I received a communication. I think it was sent by Miss Katharine Lord, or maybe it was Hamlin Garland. Anyhow, it was an invitation. The upshot of this invitation was that the annual exhibit of the "best books of the year" held at the National Arts Club, New York City, under the auspices of the Joint Committee of Literary Arts, was now going—or was just about to go. Further, it was conveyed that the opening evening of the exhibit would be devoted to a reception for the authors of the books exhibited. Also, that on this evening speeches would be made by a number of distinguished persons acquainted with this matter on the subject of the idiosyncrasies of authors and editors. Further than this, this invitation made clear beyond all manner of reasonable doubt that the pleasure of the evening would be generally felt to be sadly incomplete without the presence there among the speakers of one Murray Hill.

The reasons why I was (I am sorry to say) unable to rise to this occasion were two. For one thing, I have known long and intimately a considerable number of authors and editors. Also, I have had the honor of having been several times to the National Arts Club. And (such is my tact and delicacy) I could not feel that this was any fit place for me to discuss the (as the term is) idiosyncrasies with which a decidedly checkered career has acquainted me. Then, as to one of my own idiosyncrasies: I am like George Moore in this which he says, that he is "the only Irishman living or dead who cannot make a speech"—except that I am not an Irishman.

All of this, however, is merely picking up the threads of my thought. What I have in my eye is an idiosyncrasy of authors which doubtless I could have discussed with some propriety. That is, if I were able to discuss before an audience anything at all. Though with this subject, as many of those present were authors (who had their toes along with them) I should have had to exercise more than a little caution, and considerable skill in maintaining a honeyed amiability. Maybe this theme wouldn't have done at all either.

You see, it's this way: many people, I believe, do not read the introductions, prefaces, forewords (and whatever else such things are called) to books. I always do. Perhaps this is a habit formed during a number of years spent as a professional reviewer. If you read the introduction, preface (or whatever it's called) to a book, you can generally pick up pretty much what the author thought he was about when he wrote it, the points he intended to make in the work, the circumstances in which he wrote it, and

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so on. This is a great time and labor saving procedure. All you've got to do then is to read a bit in the volume here and there to taste the style, pick up a few errors of fact or grammar, glance at the "conclusion", where the author sums up, to see whether or not he got anywhere—and as far as you are further put out by having this book on your hands, it might just as well never have been written. But I am drifting. That's one reason I can't make a speech. Never can recollect what it was I set out to say.

Oh, yes! About these dedications. Fewer people than read prefaces, I fancy, read the dedications of books. I always read 'em. I read them when I have no intention whatever of reading the volumes which they—well, dedicate. They are fine, dedications. Better, far better, than old tombstones. But never judge a book by its dedication.

I one time knew a man, of a most decidedly humorous cast of mind, who was a great spendthrift, an A 1 wastrel. He ran through everything his father left him (a very fair little fortune), and then when he had run through—in advance of that gentleman's death—everything his wife was to inherit from his father-in-law, he had no means whatever. He had a daughter. Without, it was clearly evident, the least suspicion of the pleasant humor of this, he named her Hope. She was a small child. And—it's absurd, I know; but 'tis so; there was not a particle of conscious irony in it; this child's name was the one blind spot in her father's sense of the ridiculous—her parents frequently referred to her affectionately as "little Hope".

So, quite so, with dedications. Whenever, or perhaps we had better say frequently when a man writes a particularly worthless book, he lays the deed (in his dedication of it) onto his wife, "without whose constant devotion", etc., etc., etc., "this work would never have come into being". Or he says that it is inscribed, "To —my gentlest friend—and severest critic—my aged Grandmother". Or maybe he accuses his little daughter, "whose tiny hands have led me". Or again he may say benignantly: "To—my faithful friend—Murray Hill—who made possible this volume", or "the illumination of whose personality has lighted my way to the truth".

Doubtless he means well, this author. And, in most cases, highly probable it is that his magnanimous sentiments are O. K. all round. For to the minds of what would probably be called "right thinking" persons, is not having a book dedicated to you the equivalent, almost, of having a career yourself? I know a very distinguished American novelist—well, I'll tell you who he is: Booth Tarkington—who has told me this: time and again he has been relentlessly pursued by some person unknown to him who (in the belief that did he once hear it he would surely use it as material for his next book) wished to tell him the story of his life. This life, according to the communications received by the novelist, was in every case one of the most remarkable ever lived by man. It was, in every case, most extraordinary in, among a variety of other singular things, this: the abounding in it of the most amazing coincidences. And so on, and so on, and so on. One of these romantic personages nailed the novelist somewhere coming out of a doorway one day, and contrived to compel him to sit down and listen to the life-story. He was an old, old

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man, this chap, and firmly convinced that the tale of his many days (as simple, commonplace, dull, and monotonous an existence as ever was conceived) was unique. Now he did not want any pay for telling his story; he had no design on any royalty to come from the great book to be made out of it; no, not at all. All he asked —and that, he thought, was fair enough—was that the book be dedicated to him. And so it was with them all, all of those with the remarkable, obscure, romantic, humdrum lives. So much for that.

Dedications run the whole gamut of the emotions. A type of author very tonic to the spirit is that one whose soul embraces not merely an individual but which enfolds in its heroic sweep a nation, a people, or some mighty idea. What, for instance, could be more vast in the grandeur of its sweep than this—which I came upon the other day in a modest little volume? "To the Children of Destiny." The Great War, which has wrought so much evil and inspired so much literature, is responsible for a flood of noble, lofty dedications. The merest snooping through a bunch of recent war books turns up, among a multitude more, the following: "To the Mothers of America." "To—the Loyalty and Patriotism—of the—American People." "To the Hour—When the Troops Turn Home." "To all the Men at the Front."

I should not affirm, of course, that there is anything new under the sun. And it is very probable that ever since this psychic literature began (whenever it began) authors resident beyond the stars have, naturally enough, dedicated their manuscripts submitted to earthly publishers, to folks back in the old home, so to say. But with the war, which has so greatly stimulated literary activity on the other side of life, the dedications of these (to put it so) expatriated authors have perhaps become (in a manner of speaking) loftier in tone than ever before. As a sample of the present state of exalted feeling of authors of this sort I copy the following dedication from the recently published book of a writer "gone West": "To the heroic women of the world, the mothers, wives and sweethearts who bravely sent us forth to battle for a great cause:—we who have crossed the Great Divide salute you."

I wish, I do wish, I had at hand a book which I saw a number of years ago.... As examples of persons to whom books have been dedicated may be specified the Deity, the Virgin Mary, Royalty and Dignitaries of Church and State, "the Reader", and the author himself. Many of the pleasantest dedications have been to children. Besides armies and navies, countries, states, cities and their inhabitants, books have also been dedicated to institutions and societies, to animals, to things spiritual, and to things inanimate. An attractive example of a dedication to Deity is furnished by one John Leycaeter, who, in 1649, dedicated his "Civill Warres of England, Briefly Related from his Majesties First Setting Up His Standard, 1641, to this Present Personall Hopefull Treaty"—"To the Honour and Glory of the Infinite, Immense, and Incomprehensible Majesty of Jehovah, the Fountaine of all Excellencies, the Lord of Hosts, the Giver of all Victories, and the God of Peace." He continued in a poem, "By J. O. Ley, a small crumme of mortality".

But about that book I saw some time ago. You, of course, remember

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that prayer in "Tom Sawyer" (or somewhere else in Mark Twain) where the great-hearted minister called upon the Lord to bless the President of the United States, the President's Cabinet, the Senate of the United States, the governors of each of the states, and their legislatures, the mayors of all the cities, and all the towns, of the United States, and the inhabitants—grandmothers and grandfathers, mothers and wives, husbands and fathers, sons and daughters, bachelors and little children—of every hamlet, town and city of the United States, also of all the countryside thereof. Well, this book of which I have been speaking,—this minister in the august range and compass of his prayer had nothing on its dedication. It was published, as I recollect, by the author; printed on very woody wood-pulp paper by a job press, and had a coarse screen, frontispiece portrait of the author, whose name has long since left me. What it was about I do not remember. That is a little matter. It lives in my mind, and should live in the memory of the world, by its dedication; which, I recall, in part was: "To the Sultan of Turkey—the Emperor of Japan—the Czar of Russia—the Emperor of Germany—the President of France—the King of England—the President of the United States—and to God."

But it was in an elder day that they really knew how to write sonorous dedications. If I should write a book (and the idea of having one to dedicate tempts me greatly) I'd pick out some important personage, such as Benjamin De Casseres, or Frank Crowninshield, or Charles Hanson Towne, or somebody like that. Then I would take as the model for my dedication that one, say, of Boswell's to Sir Joshua Reynolds. I am afraid you have not read it lately. And so, for the joy the meeting of it again will give you, I will copy it out. It goes as follows:

My Dear Sir,—Every liberal motive that can actuate an Authour in the dedication of his labours, concurs in directing me to you, as the person to whom the following Work should be inscribed.

If there be a pleasure in celebrating the distinguished merit of a contemporary, mixed with a certain degree of vanity not altogether inexcusable, in appearing fully sensible of it, where can I find one, in complimenting whom I can with more general approbation gratify those feelings? Your excellence not only in the Art over which you have long presided with unrivalled fame, but also in Philosophy and elegant Literature, is well known to the present, and will continue to be the admiration of future ages. Your equal and placid temper, your variety of conversation, your true politeness, by which you are so amiable in private society, and that enlarged hospitality which has long made your house a common centre of union for the great and accomplished, the learned, and the ingenious; all these qualities I can, in perfect confidence of not being accused of flattery, ascribe to you.

If a man may indulge an honest pride, in having it known to the world, that he has been thought worthy of particular attention by a person of the first eminence in the age in which he lived, whose company has been universally courted, I am justified in availing myself of the usual privilege of a Dedication, when I mention that there has been a long and uninterrupted friendship between us.

If gratitude should be acknowledged for favours received I have this opportunity, my dear Sir, most sincerely to thank you for the many happy hours which I owe to your kindness,—for the cordiality with which you have at all times been pleased to welcome me,—for the number of valuable acquaintances to whom you have introduced me,—for the *noctes cœnæque Deum*, which I have enjoyed under your roof.

If a work should be inscribed to one who is master of the subject of it, and whose approbation, therefore, must ensure it credit and success, the Life of Dr. Johnson is, with the greatest propriety, dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was the intimate and beloved friend of that great man; the friend, whom he declared to be "the most invulnerable man he knew, whom, if he should quarrel with him, he would find the most difficulty how to abuse". You, my dear Sir, studied him, and knew him well; you venerated and admired him. Yet,

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luminous as he was upon the whole, you perceived all the shades which mingled in the grand composition; all the peculiarities and slight blemishes which marked the literary Colossus. Your very warm commendation of the specimen which I gave in my "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides", of my being able to preserve his conversation in an authentik and lively manner, which opinion the Publick has confirmed, was the best encouragement for me to persevere in my purpose of producing the whole of my stores....

I am, my dear Sir,
Your much obliged friend,
And faithful humble servant,
JAMES BOSWELL

London,
April 20, 1791.

In a more modern style of composition the epistolary form of dedication is still employed. I wish I had not (one time when I was moving) lost that copy I had, English edition, of George Moore's book "The Lake". I have a feeling that the dedicatory letter there, in French, was an admirable example of its kind of thing. If you happen to have a copy of the book, why don't you look it up?

When poems are written as dedications an established convention is followed. You affect at the beginning (in this formula) to be very humble in spirit, deeply modest in your conception of your powers. You speak, if your book is verse, of your "fragile rhyme", or (with Patmore) you "drag a rumbling wain". Again perhaps you speak (in the words of Burns) of your "wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble", or you call Southwell to witness that,—

He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrumps leave to grow.

And so on. At any rate, you always do this. Then you say that his (or her) eyes for whom the book was written will change the dross to gold, the "blind words" to "authentic song", the "mushrump" to a flower, or some such thing. So, after all, you skilfully contrive to leave your book to the reader on a rather high, confident note. Any other way of writing a dedicatory poem to a book of verse (being out of the tradition altogether) is, I take it, bad, very bad literary etiquette.

Numerous dedications have considerable fame. There is that enigmatical one to "Mr. W. H.", prefixed by Thomas Thorpe, bookseller of London, to Shakespeare's Sonnets. And Dr. Johnson's scathing definition of a patron when Lord Chesterfield fell short of Johnson's expectations in the amount which he contributed to the publication of the famous dictionary, men will not willingly let die. Another celebrated dedication is that of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies"—"To the Rare Few, who, early in life, have rid themselves of the Friendship of the Many." Laurence Sterne's solemn "putting up fairly to public sale" to an imaginary lord a dedication to "Tristram Shandy" is not without merit. John Burroughs was felicitous in his dedication of "Bird and Bough"—"To the kinglet that sang in my evergreens in October and made me think it was May." And a very amiable dedication prefixed to "The Bashful Earthquake", by Oliver Herford, illustrated by the author, is this: "To the Illustrator, in grateful acknowledgment of his amiable condescension in lending his exquisite and delicate art to the embellishment of these poor verses, from his sincerest admirer, The Author." Mr. Herford's latest book, "This Giddy Globe", is dedicated so: "To President Wilson. [*With all his faults he quotes me still.*]"

A clever dedication, I think, is that of Christopher Morley's "Shandygaff"—"To The Miehle Printing Press—More Sinned Against Than Sinning." A dedication intended to be clever,

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and one frequently seen, is, in effect, "To the Hesitating Purchaser". A certain appropriateness is presented in a recent book on advertising, "Respectfully dedicated to the men who invest millions of dollars a year in national advertising". And some nimbleness of wit is attained in the inscription of the book "Why Worry?" —"To my long-suffering family and circle of friends, whose patience has been tried by my efforts to eliminate worry, this book is affectionately dedicated."

Miss Annie Carroll Moore, supervisor of work with children at the New York Public Library, tells me that the other day a small boy inquired, "Who was the first man to write a book to another man?" I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps this is told somewhere. A number of books and articles concerning dedications, I have heard, are to be found in studious places. I have never read any of them. I remember, however, reviewing for a newspaper a number of years ago (I think it was in 1913) a book, then just published, called "Dedications: An Anthology of the Forms Used from the Earliest Days of Bookmaking to the Present Time". It was compiled by Mary Elizabeth Brown. The volume made handy to the general reader a fairly representative collection of dedications.

MURRAY HILL

THE GARDEN

BY ALINE KILMER

AND now it is all to be done over again
And what will come of it only God can know.
What has become of the furrows ploughed by pain
And the hopes set row on row?

Where are the lines of beautiful bending trees?
The gracious springs, the depths of delicate shade?
The sunny spaces loud with the humming of bees,
And the grassy paths in the garden my life had made?

Lightning and earthquake now have blasted and riven,
Even the trees that I trusted could not stand;
Now it lies here to the bitter winds of Heaven
A barren and a desolated land.

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CURRENTS IN FRENCH LITERATURE

BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

The story of Louis XIV—Sainte-Beuve's letters—the Empress Eugénie's war apologia—social self-criticism—a new life of Baudelaire—a Poe enthusiast—new light on the mystery of the lost dauphin—two royal biographies—an actress's memoirs—the vexed question of the First Novel.

IT is clear that there is going to be a great literary swing back to the old, happy, prewar France of long ago. Every king of France had his war, and as a rule it was a terrible war. But now both historian and romantic look at those battles of long ago through a magic haze. To a certain extent this attitude is justified, for in those days kings and princes at war did things in the grand manner. Compare, for instance, the strange, human, sometimes grotesque story of Louis XIV's famous early campaign—that campaign when he was accompanied by the queen, by Louise de la Vallière, and by his coming favorite, Madame de Montespan—with the sordid story of what went on at German Headquarters in 1916. Every moralist must condemn Louis XIV, but a student of human nature cannot but be moved by the complicated drama of love, hatred, and jealousy which was played out in the Flanders of that far-off day. From all that occurred at Charleville five years ago, even a coarse mind turns away in disgust. Yet the book which tells the story will probably have the biggest sale of all the war books.

I am told that before allowing the volume wherein these revelations are made to be published, the French government took great pains to make quite sure that the events related within had really come to pass as described by the Frenchman who claims to have been an eye-witness. The fact that Maurice Barrès consented to write the preface to such a work also proves its absolute authenticity.

To all true lovers of French literature Sainte-Beuve remains a most attractive and enigmatic figure. Not only was he acknowledged as the greatest of French historical essayists—and could there be higher praise?—but he had a most curious personality. He was on intimate terms with all the great minds of his day, and he was such a delightful human being, his conversation was so entrancing, that all kinds and conditions of human beings sought his friendship and intimacy. He never allowed private friendship to interfere with what he thought his duty as a writer, and he broke what had been for many years a kind of platonic and yet rather more than affectionate intimacy—that called by the French *amitié amoureuse*—with Princess Mathilde Bonaparte because he thought it right, in one of his essays, to attack the memory of the great Napoleon.

I hear that among forthcoming spring publications is a volume of letters written by Sainte-Beuve to

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Renan. In addition to being a great essayist, Sainte-Beuve was a brilliant letter writer, and this book will certainly be a very valuable addition to the literary history of the nineteenth century.

Singularly little has been written, of an intimate kind, on the court of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie. I am told that several volumes of letters and diaries are being held back owing to the Empress's prolonged life. Much mystery surrounds the Empress Eugénie's own memoirs. There seems no doubt that she has prepared a very elaborate apologia with regard to her own conduct before and during the Franco-Prussian War. She has always deeply resented the legendary tale of how she exclaimed to a foreign diplomat, "This is *my* war!" And from what we now know of German and especially of Bismarckian propaganda methods, it is quite possible that the phrase was invented, and put into her mouth, in Berlin.

II

There is a strong current setting in toward what I may call, for want of a better phrase, social self-criticism of France and of French ways. The most striking book of the kind published this winter is called "We Must Now Conquer Ourselves". The author, M. de Noussanne, is very seriously distressed at the present state of things in his beloved country. He belabors with equal indignation and sincerity the leaders of modern French democracy, and the small, vigorous group of Intellectuals, who, led by Maurice Barrès, would like France to become once more religious, thrifty, and, in perhaps a narrow sense, moral in her outlook on life.

M. Noussanne's quarrel with the Intellectuals is that they are more fond of talking than of acting. He says that they do not try to get into real touch with the masses of weary and war-worn workers; "they dine at the tables of the Pharisees, not at those of the poor, the halt, the lame, and the blind. They forget their Master, who said, 'None of these guests who were invited shall sit at My table' ". If all that this writer says is true, then France is indeed in a parlous state. But, like all Frenchmen of his type, he paints in far blacker colors than he need do, and he is ready with his remedy. He implores his countrymen, and especially his countrywomen, to restore the old French ideal of family life. As is the case with innumerable thoughtful Frenchmen who have seen the havoc which easy divorce has worked in so peculiarly conservative a civilization as is that of France, he would now wish to see divorce absolutely abolished. The part of the book where he discusses this question would perhaps make an American or an Englishman smile, for M. Noussanne is nothing if not thorough, and he even goes out of his way to tell his young countrywomen how they can retain their husband's love, and prevent them from running after strange goddesses.

Baudelaire is out of fashion, and yet I for one venture to believe that his name will be famous as long as French literature endures. Not only was his literary technique flawless, but he invented a new literary genre, and he introduced Edgar Allan Poe in a series of translations which are every whit as good as the original. Like Flaubert, Baudelaire had the mingled honor and shame of having a book attacked, tried, and finally condemned, by the legal authorities of his country. But whereas "Madame Bovary" triumphantly survived the ordeal, even

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among the writer's own contemporaries, Baudelaire's "Les Fleurs du Mal" was henceforth branded as an extraordinarily wicked book. This perhaps was partly owing to the fact that Baudelaire was not at all popular among his contemporaries, and why this was so is very clearly and even amusingly set forth in a new life of him just published by a clever writer named Crépet.

M. Crépet has wit and humor, and both are required for dealing with the eccentric, fretful, poet whose wonderful work influenced that of so many English and American writers. His adoration of Poe is of course well known, but I was not aware that he actually gave up what to such a man must have been the greatest sacrifice of all—a life of almost complete idleness—in order to begin and complete his translation of "Tales of Mystery and Imagination". Apropos of his enthusiasm for Poe, M. Crépet tells the following touching tale. A friend came in and told Baudelaire one day that an American gentleman then passing through Paris, was personally acquainted with Edgar Allan Poe. At once Baudelaire rushed off to the stranger's hotel. He found the American engaged in trying on a number of pairs of boots which had been sent him on approval by one of the great Paris bootmakers. Baudelaire at once began to question him about Poe, and was much angered at being coldly informed that Poe was a very eccentric, peculiar sort of fellow; and, further, that he was fond of talking at random, that his conversation in a word was not consecutive! Baudelaire jumped up, put on his hat, and exclaiming, "After all, why should I listen to you? You are only a Yankee!" rushed out of the hotel. The poet was also, which is rather strange, devoted to Longfellow. Far more natural was his attraction to De Quincey and his wild enthusiasm for "The Confessions of an Opium Eater".

III

Like so many other French writers, M. Lenotre was forced during the war out of his natural bent. He wrote two books, but both of them were more or less intended to be topical, and they were quite lacking in the charm and originality with which we all associate his name.

I am glad to announce that he is now working on a very close study of that enigmatic figure, perhaps the most unhappy boy in all history, Louis XVII. All those who are even only slightly interested in this great historical mystery are well aware that a vast literature has grown up round the possible survival of Marie Antoinette's son. I have personally discussed the question with many distinguished and erudite Frenchmen, and on the whole they are inclined to believe that the dauphin *did leave the temple alive,* and that the half-witted boy who undoubtedly died there, and who was buried under the name and with the style of the son of the last king of France, had been substituted.

During the greater part of the nineteenth century, this theory was regarded as quite untenable, and indeed absurd. But this was undoubtedly owing in a great part, as we know now, to the extraordinarily astute propaganda which was carried out, with that object in view, by those who naturally desired the Bourbon Restoration to be permanent. That Madame d'Angoulême had very grave doubts as to her brother's death in the temple, has become known of late years through the medium of private letters and diaries. It is on secret record

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that she received at least one of the Pretenders, but he obviously did not satisfy her as to the authenticity of his claim. Her position was an agonizing one. She was not only niece to the reigning sovereign, but she was the wife of his heir apparent. The survival of her brother would have meant the deposition of all those who had become her nearest and dearest.

I am told that M. Lenotre claims to have made some important discoveries, and I cannot help suspecting that these will turn out to be the production of some kind of proof that the dauphin was really smuggled out of the temple by one of his parents' innumerable devoted adherents. But what happened to him afterward is not likely ever to be known. At one time there were six Pretenders, each of whom probably sincerely believed in his claim to be Louis XVII.

Perhaps the most sinister figure of the war was Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the astute sovereign concerning whom the German emperor, while on a visit to England, once observed to an acquaintance of mine, "This wily old fox is the cleverest of us all—but what a rogue!" In France he is hated with a peculiar hatred, owing to the fact that up to 1914 he was fond of boasting of his French blood, and of recalling the fact that he is own grandson to Louis Philippe. In this connection I hear that there will shortly be published a most interesting book dealing with Ferdinand's peculiar and sinister personality. The volume is being written by a man named Necludorff, who was for many years one of the king of Bulgaria's most trusted familiars. Whether the volume will really throw any light on Ferdinand's tortuous policy may be doubted. He is a man of few confidants, and it will be remembered that he hesitated for a very long time before throwing in his lot with the central empires. A distinguished neutral observed to me early in the war, "We shall know who is going to win when Ferdinand of Bulgaria shows his hand." There are some who say that the intellectuality and the power which he showed through all his youth and middle age were really those of his mother, the formidable Princess Clementine; and that when she died at an advanced age, he lost not only his best friend, but the counselor to whom he owed his position and success.

Another royal biography—which is already out in Germany, where it is being read with extraordinary interest, and which will shortly be published both in France and England—deals with the personality of the late Franz Ferdinand, the Austrian heir presumptive, whose assassination precipitated, if it did not cause, the war. The author of this book also writes from inside knowledge, and he gives a curious, intimate picture of the violent, despotic, obstinate, and yet in a sense high-minded prince, whose marriage to the Countess Chotek was such a nine days' wonder some twenty years ago.

It will be remembered that Franz Ferdinand renounced all his rights to the Austrian throne, thinking the world well lost for love. He remained devoted to the Countess Chotek and, together with their three children, they led a placid, almost idyllic existence. She was, however, known to be extremely ambitious—desperately anxious that her eldest son should be, if not Emperor of Austria, then King of Hungary. It is believed that she and William II struck a kind of bargain together, by which she should persuade her husband to promote a European war—or, rather, such a European war as suited the German emperor—and that in exchange he would in every way

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help her to raise her boy to the position of heir apparent to the Hungarian throne.

IV

I hear that Madame Réjane is busy on her memoirs. Not only is she a very great actress—some would tell you the greatest and most versatile actress that France has seen since Rachel—but she is a very clever and cultivated woman, interested in a dozen things apart from the theatre. She has known all the more noted French writers, artists and politicians of her day, and she is also intimately acquainted with the high little London world which settles, for England at any rate, questions of taste. I once had a talk with her at the moment of her marvelous success as Madame Sans-Gêne, and she confided to me her intense desire to play de Goncourt's terrible Germinie Lacerteux. I felt amazed, for it seemed impossible that the same woman who could play Madame Sans-Gêne—a part which was absolutely created for her by Sardou, could possibly act the fierce, unhappy, and at once very human being who had been, as I was well aware, drawn with cruel fidelity from the Brothers de Goncourt's housekeeper. And yet it was her acting Germinie Lacerteux which ultimately gave Réjane her place among the really great actresses of the last century. I fancy few people are aware that Madame Réjane's great-grandfather was court tailor to Napoleon I, and that her relatives possess various relics of the great man. It is curious how few of the more noted French actors and actresses have taken the trouble to keep diaries, or to write their memoirs. Both Got and Coquelin were constantly asked to publish a book of reminiscences; but though they both wrote well,—Coquelin being a delightful letter writer,—they always refused to write anything for publication.

Apropos of the French drama, Messrs. Goupil have published a kind of edition de luxe of their prewar review "Le Theatre". In it is told the history of the theatrical world during the war. Among the illustrations are some curious drawings of performances which were given for the poilus only, at the front. Those who have formed anything in the nature of a war library will find this number of "Le Theatre", which only costs the modest sum of one dollar, of future value and present interest.

The correspondence which lately took place in London on the vexed question of the First Novel, and which was brilliantly inaugurated by Hugh Walpole in the Literary Supplement of the "Times" and carried on by various novelists, and publishers including Messrs. Macmillan and Messrs. Chapman and Hall, has naturally aroused some interest in France. With a very few exceptions, which only prove the rule, every French writer who has attained fame or popularity, or both, published his first novel at his own expense. Before the war, owing to the fact that all books were first bound in paper, and also to the fact that French publishers did not advertise, this was not so onerous a business as might first appear, but even then it was certainly an unfortunate thing. Now and again an unknown genius found a way to publication through one of the two or three big reviews. Madame Adam was a very kind friend to young unpublished authors. It was thanks to her that Loti's first masterpiece, which he called by the ugly name of "Ra-

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rahu", first saw the light, and I believe it was Madame Adam who gave it its final name of "Le Mariage de Loti". The "Mercure de France" also occasionally publishes the work of an unknown writer. This famous publication is exactly thirty years old, for it first came out in 1889. It began, as all those publications in France always do begin, in a very small, quiet way, and it owed a very great deal to the now famous Remy de Gourmont. The magazine has become not only world famous, but it is now part of a great publishing business, and has introduced to the French reading world a considerable number of German, American, and English writers. But when all is said and done the great work of the "Mercure" has been to introduce to French readers the writings of certain young men, who, but for the existence of such a publication, would have remained mute and inglorious.

A NEW YORK BARRIE: SIMEON STRUNSKY

BY MORRIS R. WERNER

IN connection with the preparation of this article Simeon Strunsky wrote the following letter to the editor of THE BOOKMAN:

> Between you and me I don't know what use a newspaperman who works where they makes it has for publicity, but I suppose I owe it to my descendants. I appreciate your and Mr. Werner's feeling the thing worth while; only I do shrink from anything in the personal, people-in-the-public-eye and I-do-my-work-in the-early-morning-with-my-left-hand-resting-on-the-head-of-a-favorite-collie sort of thing. If Mr. Werner cares to write about me as though I were dead or in Tanganyika, all right, and I shall be glad to see him if it does not lead to anything in the interview or *weltanschauung* line; in other words if he will be good enough to write his piece as if he never had seen me.

Perhaps if Simeon Strunsky lived in Tanganyika instead of at "The New York Evening Post", and had been brought over to this country heralded by three blares from the trumpet of a competent publicity agent, he would have been able to return to Tanganyika and spend the rest of his life in bed. He is not in the public eye, although a considerable part of the reading public has been keeping its eyes on his work for the last ten years. For more than five of those years Simeon Strunsky was a part of Saturday for many New Yorkers, for every Saturday in "The Evening Post" there appeared a delightful essay under the caption first of "The Patient Observer" and later "Post-Impressions". He was as much a part of Saturday as Zit's theatrical vaudeville chart is part of that day for many more New Yorkers. No attempt will be made to compute the batting averages of Mr. Strunsky and Zit.

Mr. Strunsky is an excellent humorist, whose work abounds in continuous quiet laughs. When Irvin S. Cobb builds a joke, he sets up scaffolding and then places brick upon brick until he attains solidity, whereupon he hurls the finished product briskly at the reader. Mr. Strunsky prefers to allow us to experience mental smiles over a long period of time rather than get from us a good guffaw. His humor is quiet, subtle, and above all whimsical. Unlike George Ade and Mr. Dooley he

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is never boisterous. In short, he is the only approach to J. M. Barrie that we have in this country and in his books, "Post-Impressions", "Belshazzar Court", and "The Patient Observer", he does for our daily life in New York what Barrie did for tobacco in "My Lady Nicotine".

Simeon Strunsky was born in Vitebsk, Russia, on July 23, 1879, but the reader is not to infer from that bald statement of fact that he will take poison in a fit of depression before many years, or that he has secretly hitched a printing press to the job of overthrowing the Constitution. He left Russia in time to get his education at the Horace Mann School in New York and from that school went to Columbia College. To this day at Columbia they show you copies of "The Columbia Monthly" for 1898 or thereabouts to which Simeon Strunsky and Henry Sydnor Harrison were contributors, and the young exhibitors sigh with regret, saying: "Ah, those were the days when 'Monthly' *was* a magazine. We haven't got the men now. Times have changed." Ten years from now a fresh young man will be exhibiting "The Columbia Monthly" for 1916 and 1917, pointing out the names of Irwin Edman and Robert A. Simon. He will sigh with regret and say, "Ah, those were the days when 'Monthly' *was* a magazine. We haven't got the men now. Times have changed."

Having been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity, it was inevitable that Simeon Strunsky should become a member of the editorial staff of "The Evening Post". But he resisted the temptation for six years. After his graduation from Columbia in 1900, Mr. Strunsky became a department editor of the New International Encyclopædia. At Columbia he had specialized in foreign politics, of which he has always been a deep student. Unfortunately, it was not until the Peace Conference of 1919 that he was able to turn his attention to the humor of the situation. In 1906 armed with his Phi Beta Kappa key, Mr. Strunsky became an editorial writer on "The Evening Post", which has been his main position ever since and still is his daily job. Since the affairs of the world have become so muddled, Mr. Strunsky has found no time for "Post-Impressions". But every once in awhile in "The Evening Post", if you know Simeon Strunsky's work you can detect a real, live "Post-Impression" in the disguise of a "second" editorial, which means the more interesting editorial.

Before the less interesting but important political affairs of the world took up so much of his time, Mr. Strunsky was able to contribute to the Saturday magazine of "The Evening Post" every week a fine piece of intellectual burlesque with a sound basis of truth. Some of these are published in his books, "The Patient Observer" and "Post-Impressions". The following is from a supposititious interview with Henri Bergson:

> The distinguished philosopher turned in his seat, struck a match on the marble bust of Immanuel Kant just behind him, and lit his cigar. He gazed thoughtfully out of the window. Before him stretched the enchanting panorama of Paris so familiar to American eyes —Nôtre Dame, the Gare St. Lazare, the Bois de Boulogne, the Eiffel Tower, the cypresses of Père Lachaise, the tomb of Napoleon, and the offices of the American Express Company.
>
> "Yes", he said, "one envies the advantages of your multimillionaires. The kings and princes of former times, when they built themselves a home, had to be content with a single school of architecture. Your rich men on Fifth Avenue may have two styles, three, four—what say I?—a dozen! And on their country estates, where there is a garage, a conservatory, stables, kennels, the opportunities are unlimited.
>
> "I repeat," said M. Bergson, "your skyscrapers stand for an idea, but they also ex-

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press beauty. Not only do they reveal the restless energy of a people which waits five minutes to take the elevator from the tenth floor to the twelfth, but they also embody the most modern conception of fine taste. I think of them as displaying the perfection of the hobble-skirt in architecture—tall, slim, expensive, and never failing to catch the eye....

"When I was in New York I experienced no difficulty whatsoever. When I saw a Corinthian temple I knew it was a church. When I saw a Roman basilica I knew it was a bank. When I saw a Renaissance palace I knew it was a public bath house. When I saw an Assyrian palace I knew there was a cabaret tea inside. When I saw a barracks I knew it was a college laboratory. When I saw a fortress I knew it was an aquarium. The soul of the city spoke out very clearly to me."

Mr. Strunsky observes admirably the interesting details of home life, married life, professional life, newspaper life and above all of New York life. He is able to analyze and present the funny little things which we all have in our minds. For example:

Incidentally I would remark that the opportunities for consulting the Gettysburg Address occur frequently in a newspaper office. Every little while, in the lull between editions, a difference of opinion will arise as to what Lincoln said at Gettysburg. Some maintain that he said, "a government of the people, for the people, by the people"; some declare he said, "a government by the people, of the people, for the people"; some assert that he said, "a government by the people, for the people, of the people." Obviously the only way out is to make a pool and look up Nicolay and Hay. When we are not betting on Lincoln's famous phrase, we differ as to whether the first words in Cæsar are "Gallia omnis est divisa", or "Omnis Gallia divisa est". We all remember the "partes tres".

Mr. Strunsky uses a simplicity of language which makes his fine shades of thought all the more distinctive. He is capable of deep pathos as well as whimsical humor. "Romance" in "Post-Impressions" reveals the tragedy and comedy of a routine existence with much charm. He is our New York Barrie, also an editorial writer and daily minister to foreign affairs. After a leading editorial on Czecho-Slovakia he is able to do such an entertaining and delicious piece of work as "The Scandal of Euclid", which appeared in the September issue of "The Atlantic Monthly". In that delightful essay he proves the erotic motive in Proposition 18, viz., "The greater side of any triangle has the greater angle opposite to it," by the use of the Grandmother Complex. The intimate details of the great geometer's subconscious soul are revealed in this manner:

When the boy was six years old, his father perished in a raid upon the island of Cos by the Phi Beta Kappas, a pirate tribe inhabiting the adjoining mainland. His mother was carried off into captivity, but the lad and his grandmother were left behind as of doubtful commercial value. Thus the early Complex between the two was strengthened in the course of the next three years; for when the boy was nine years of age the old lady died, but not without leaving a profound impress on the future Proposition 16.

Newspaper fathers are often able to make admirable copy out of their children. And Simeon Strunsky's child, "Harold", is a principal character in "Belshazzar Court, Village Life in New York City". Readers of "The New York Tribune" are becoming daily more interested in Heywood Broun's boy, "H. third", but "Harold" has figured in Simeon Strunsky's work for many years. "Belshazzar Court" contains some of the best essays in American literature. "The Street" in that volume shows Strunsky at his level best. It has beauty, humor, and truth. For beauty we offer this quotation:

The only place where I am in the mood to walk after the prescribed military fashion is in the open country. Just where by all accounts I ought to be sauntering without heed to time, studying the lovely texts which Nature has set down in the modest type-forms selected from her inexhaustible fonts,—in the minion of ripening berries, in the nonpareil of crawling insect life, the agate of tendril and filament, and the 12-point diamond of the dust,—there I stride along with my own thoughts and see little.

For humor:

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It is on such occasions that Williams and I, after shaking hands the way a locomotive takes on water on the run, wheel around, halt, and proceed to buy something at the rate of two for a quarter. If anyone is inclined to doubt the spirit of American fraternity, it is only necessary to recall the number of commodities for men that sell two for twenty-five cents....

When people speak of the want of real comradeship among women, I sometimes wonder if one of the reasons may not be that the prices which women are accustomed to pay are individualistic instead of fraternal. The soda fountains and the street cars do not dispense goods at the rate of two items for a single coin. It is infinitely worse in the department stores. Treating a friend to something that costs $2.79 is inconceivable.

Probably there is nothing in American literature that catches the spirit of Broadway as does "The Street".

Mr. Strunsky did much writing during the war on the war. First of all there was his daily job. Besides the editorials in "The Evening Post", Mr. Strunsky was the military critic on that paper, and he was therefore intimately concerned with pushing pins on maps for several years. But his best piece of work, and that includes all his writing, is his war novel, "Professor Latimer's Progress", which was first published anonymously in "The Atlantic Monthly". Mr. Strunsky did not put his name on the first edition of the book because of a whim. The trick was not very successful. The author was spotted at once, and a second edition of the book bears his name. "Professor Latimer's Progress" is one of the best novels of the war, dealing with war in the abstract. It has been called an American Mr. Britling, but personally I found it more interesting than Mr. Wells's book. Like "Mr. Britling Sees it Through", it is the mental adventure of a man who was too old to fight. The quest of Professor Latimer for intellectual solace from the strain of thinking about the war, is relieved by Mr. Strunsky's keen humor with sound basis of truth. For instance, the following description of the newspaper business by a former managing editor whom Professor Latimer meets:

"It's not so bad the first two years", said Manning, "until you have graduated from police and the criminal courts. There, I admit, you touch on what is called life, though touch it is about all you can do. The only sincere stuff in the business is crimes and accidents. A man doesn't usually shoot his wife for publication, or fall under a motor-truck with his photograph ready for 64-screen reproduction. Everything beyond that is just formula and make-believe, acting and speaking for publication—politicians this way, and strike-leaders that way, and woman suffragists their own way. We are the family photographers of the world, and people come to us in their Sunday clothes. If they didn't we'd retouch them anyhow; make them every one,—gangsters, society leaders, shop-girls, Secretaries of State,—say what we want them to say; which is what they want us to make them say.... When a national convention starts to cheer, the reporters pull out their watches—and the shouters know that they are being timed and act accordingly."

There is still another war book by Simeon Strunsky, the outcome of too much military criticism. "Little Journeys Towards Paris, A Guide Book for Confirmed Tourists, By Kaiser Bill, translated from the orignial German and adapted for the use of unteutored minds by Simeon Strunsky," is the only published writing by Mr. Strunsky which falls flat in its humor. It lacks the imagination which the author displays in "Professor Latimer's Progress", "Belshazzar Court", and "Post-Impressions". There are some funny things in the book, but most of the humor is forced, and on the whole the book is not worth while. However, Mr. Strunsky can afford that one miss.

In order to satisfy any readers who wish something "in the personal, people-in-the-public-eye sort of thing", I can say in conclusion without betraying any confidences that Mr. Strunsky is growing bald and wears spectacles.

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STRANGE TIMES IN FICTION

The field of psychic phenomena, so marvelously developed in our day, is ever rapidly widening. Most recently the capacity of the individual ego for projecting itself has manifested itself in a new and startling way. We live in strange times and a wildly exciting world. Any of us, it now seems to be established, is liable at any time to be seized by the spirit of not only a dead but a living author of renown, and become for a space, in our heads, the idiosyncratic character of that author. The first substantial and cumulative proof of this extraordinary fact has come to THE BOOKMAN in the incontestable form of the three articles which follow, and which this magazine has the great honor of presenting to the world. One word more,—there can be no doubt (to any reasonable man) that literature will henceforward never again be the same.

—EDITOR'S NOTE

THE REGURGITATION OF ALMOST ANYBODY

BY H.R.LD B.LL WR.GHT

Chapter I—Some Baby

ALTHOUGH I have never laid eyes upon her, I remember Auntie Mush as well as though I had met her yesterday.

She was standing in the door of her little post-office, looking out over the shimmering expanse of the broad, dirt road that flowed by the simple, rustic edifice. Her fine, clean-chiseled, double-beveled, oil-finished old face with its attractive egg-and-dart pattern of silver hair was symbolic of the quiet strength that characterized the sweet old gentlewoman. Her tender eyes were in keeping. They were big and brown and soft with loving understanding. One of them fixed its calm gaze upon me while the other wandered in its scrutiny as far as the bend in the road, as if looking beyond the material horizon of our little day into the spiritual scenes of a greater comprehension.

Such was Auntie Mush as I remembered her. Such was Auntie Mush as everybody in the neighborhood remembered her.

"Some baby!" was Art Jordan's crisp comment upon Auntie Mush. Art had been to the city and liked to talk as do the city-folks.

And so she was.

Chapter II—The Man In the Wagon

Hitting on all four cylinders, the interurban police patrol rushed on its dutiful way.

Inside the wagon was a young man with a drawn face. It was a badly drawn face. It was so badly drawn that it should have been erased and done over. In a typical attitude of de-

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jection, he sunk his head in his hands and gave himself over to his gloomy thoughts. His eyes held the hopeless look of an expired cigar coupon—of one beyond redemption. Ever and anon he drank deeply from a bottle of red liquor with which he had provided himself.

At this particular moment the patrol went over a bump sufficient to fling the wretched occupant of the rapidly-traveling vehicle out into the black, voiceless night. Unheeding, the patrol went on its sinister way, the driver continuing to swap obscene observations with the officer of the law who instead of guarding the prisoner was up in the front seat, availing himself of the driver's company.

Chapter IV or V—Discovery

Viewing her beloved dirt road in the rose-tinted dawn, as she was taking down the shutters of the little post-office, Auntie Mush beheld the unusual spectacle of the body of a man lying prone in the dust. With quick and unswerving decision, the inestimably estimable old lady approached the body through the miasma of red liquor which surrounded it, and relying upon the inner strength for which she was famous, picked it up, tucked it under her arm, and carried it upstairs to her spare room. It was the work of a moment to put the man between clean sheets, part his hair in the middle and remove a week's growth from his face, once handsome but now stained and lined with dissipation. "What a sweet-looking man!" remarked Auntie Mush as he fell into a deep and grateful slumber.

In the afternoon, as Auntie Mush had settled upon the back porch to practice upon her mail-order saxophone, the sheriff came up with a stranger.

"Howdy, Auntie Mush," said he. "I've got a visitor fur ye. This yere's Detekative Hoss of the Hoss & Feffer Detekative Bureau."

"How do you do, Detective Hoss," said Auntie Mush, who was never without a kindly word. "My, what lovely flat feet you have!"

The great detective blushed with pleasure at this unexpected compliment.

"Auntie Mush," volunteered the sheriff, "we're a-lookin' for this yere Zion Trent, th' stock swindler. Last night they were a-takin' him to th' calaboose and they kinda lost him outen th' wagon when she hit a bump. Th' driver reckons it happened down to th' bridge over th' quagmire. We deduce that he fell into th' quagmire and was swallered up. But we ain't a-takin' no chances. Hev ye seen any person or persons what answers them descriptions?"

"I have seen nobody that I could not vouch for," said the darling old lady with an outward smile yet with an inward gasp. It was the first time in her life that she had ever told a lie.

"That settles it, Hoss," said the sheriff. "This old lady and Jarge Washington is twins." And thanking Auntie Mush—after she had helped them to two or three tunes on the saxophone—they took themselves off.

In the room above, Zion Trent—for it was really he—had heard all. He trembled with relief and with wonder at what the glorious old aristocrat had done for him. As he trembled, there arose in him the daybreak of a new hope.

Chapter XVII or XXIII—Rehabilitation

Completely renovated, relined, remodeled, and repainted, Zion Trent stood on the back porch of the little post-office by the dirt road, reflected

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in the tender light that came from the beautiful eyes of Auntie Mush. Dear Auntie Mush had nursed him back to health, strength, and happiness. Dear Auntie Mush had heard his pitiful story and had cheered and bolstered him with her beautiful platitudes. Darling Auntie Mush had brought out and encouraged his struggling desire to invent and had summoned Tootsie Mike, the beautiful lady civil-engineer, to help him.

But it was Tootsie Mike who gave him the practical view of his obligation to Auntie Mush. "It is your duty," she said, "to invent something that will be successful and that will pay back the money poor dear Auntie spent settling with the stockholders of your fraudulent stock company to keep you out of jail—don't you think?"

And when Tootsie Mike put an idea in that interrogative form, it was impossible to do other than agree with her.

For months and months Zion had worked to find a successful invention. Finally he hit upon it.

"Darling Auntie Mush," he exclaimed, "Eureka!...or Mazuma!... or Ronconcoma!...or something like that. I have found it. My invention is perfected!"

"Zion dear!" The sweet old lady's voice was tremulous with gratification. "Do you mean your experiment to obtain condensed milk by the concentrated and intensive planting of milk-weed?"

"Yes! yes! I have perfected it by the simple addition of a herd of cowslips and a nest of bullfinches. It is all, all due to your dear, dear kindness."

"My dear Mr. Itches (the name Zion went under), I am so glad to hear it —don't you think?" That was Tootsie Mike.

The three rejoiced in chorus. "I knew you could do it, Zion dear," said the gentle old D. A. R., "I just *knew* it."

"You must let me get your invention on the market for you—isn't it, Mr. Itches?" said Tootsie Mike.

"Of course, Miss Walker," replied Zion and he looked deeply into her downcast eyes. In those few words was love born between them.

Chapter XXXIX—The Dirt Road

Needless to say the invention was an enormous success and speedily acquired all the money that Auntie Mush had consumed upon the worthless Zion Trent. No exigency arose (although there was a small matter of the threatened exposure of Zion's former criminality and the fortunate demise of Zion's red-liquor-sodden wife) to disturb the gentle tenor of Auntie Mush's dirt road. Love was all, and all was love.

"Auntie Mush, dear," said Zion as they sat by the open fire, "how noble, how sweet, how true is your splendid nature. To think you picked me, a good-for-nothing outcast, from the dirt road where I fell and made me what I am today. Why did you do it?"

"What a wonderful Auntie you are, you are," said Tootsie Mike. "—shouldn't you?"

"Hush, my dear children," replied Auntie Mush—nature's own princess. "It is the dirt road that flows ceaselessly past my door. Sometimes it is crooked and muddy, sometimes it is fair and straight. The dirt road is like life. We are apt to find anything on it. What we find we should accept and make the most of—always—as I have with Zion, dear."

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"And now," she concluded, "I know you two darlings have something to say to each other," and she tactfully averted her sweet old eyes.

Zion manfully took up his cue. "Miss Walker, dear," he said, "I love you deeply. Will you be my wife?"

"Oh, Mr. Itches, dear!" responded Tootsie Mike. And their fresh young lips met in a long, long kiss.

"Goodie-goodie!" exclaimed Auntie Mush peeking through her slender fingers in docile rapture.

Dear Auntie Mush, are there any like you, ever? You go through life serenely and joyously, distilling happiness and creating content, smoothing and soothing, comforting and caressing, lavish of your innate sweetness (with sugar where it is), achieving the impossible every minute.

God bless you, Auntie Mush. If there are any others like you, God bless them—and help them.

They need it.

HENRY WILLIAM HANEMANN

MORE STRYCHNINE

BY S.M.RS.T M..GH.M

WHEN I was very young I wrote a novel. By an unlucky chance it was not called "The Young Visiters". Otherwise...

I first met Charles Strychnine at his home. He was a commonplace man, I thought, connected with insurance or banking or bonds or something. His wife I had met before. She was a comely, middle-aged, motherly woman with a fondness for parcheesi. Many a friendly bout had we had together with the dice. Indeed, I knew her far better than I knew her husband. It's a way we writer chaps have, you know.

But stifling the temptation to expand to eight or nine thousand words, let me state that I took the Strychnine family to be a happy, healthy, normal one, headed by an excellent if somewhat dull head, living a quiet, uneventful, thoroughly middle-class life.

Imagine my surprise to receive Mrs. Strychnine as a visitor, one morning or another. I judged something was amiss. With that divination that is a gift to us writer fellows, I divined that her cook had threatened to leave.

It wasn't cook. It was her husband. He hadn't threatened to leave. He had left. She showed me a letter.

My dear Minnie:

I hope you will not be put out when I tell you I have gone away forever. I have gone to Paris. You are absolutely unessential to me. I hope I may never see you again.

Yours always,

CHARLES STRYCHNINE

"Don't you think it's very unkind?"

"Unkind?" I replied,—"it's preposterous!"

"Would you mind", she asked, "going over to Paris and bringing him home? I can't imagine what's come

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over him. Anyway, I want him back. Tell him I forgive everything. Do go—please."

"*Volontiers,*" I replied. Which is a way I have.

I found Strychnine in Paris, in a shabby, broken-down little hotel. He had changed. He was no longer the comfortable, middle-class dullard. I shall have to eschew the pleasure of devoting pages and pages to the gradations of the difference. He looked to me like two or three francs —or roughly speaking, thirty cents.

"What the three em dash do you want?" he growled.

I told him.

"Tell her to etaoin and shrdlu," he answered violently.

"Will you tell me", I asked, "what it is all about?"

"Well", and though it breaks my heart, I shall have to condense his utterings, "for seventeen years I have done my duty toward Minnie. She was a perfect wife—dog-gone her. Now I'm going to do what I've always wanted to do. I'm going to be a taxidermist."

"Stuff!" I exclaimed.

"That's it exactly. I'm going to stuff. Like a locust, the desire has been growing for seventeen years."

"But see here, you can't run off with no provocation whatever and leave a perfect wife and two perfect children—and all that sort of thing."

"I tell you I've *got* to stuff." He looked at me with a peculiar intentness. And because I am quick at catching on, I understood that what he said was true. He *had* to stuff. There was a decided stuffiness about his eyes.

"I've got to stuff," he repeated. "I may start with discarded alley-cats—but some day, by Heaven, I shall do a full-sized elephant."

"What about Minnie?"

"!!*** **!! $$$*!*# ##*****! Minnie," he said.

"I think you are an unmitigated doodle-bug," I replied hotly. But being unusually broad-minded, I couldn't help liking this man. He was so confounded original.

Mrs. Strychnine would not believe me. "Stuff?" she said, "—nonsense. Why he hated the sight of stuffed shoulder of veal."

"Exactly," said I. "That proves it. He had a complex."

"No," she moaned, "it was that jazz record. The first time Junior brought it home and played it, Charles became restless. Oh, the brute!"

And nobody could persuade her differently.

Off and on I saw Charles Strychnine in Paris. His heart and soul, if he possessed either, were in his work. His squalid room was a constant litter of crocodiles, iguanas, blowfish, and birds of paradise. None of us knew then of his genius—how as a taxidermist he would someday be acclaimed as second to not even the great Phrank Kambell. I'm afraid we even ragged him a bit. But he was imperturbable. "Getta three em dash out of here," he would roar, throwing the hind leg of an ostrich after us as we scampered down the rickety stairs.

I heard that he finally had to leave Paris. In an excess of zeal, he kidnapped a baby from a fond mother and mounted it. It was an artistic job of the first water, but the authorities were distinctly annoyed.

Years later on a visit to Mauritius

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to enlarge my postage stamp collection, I mentioned the name "Charles Strychnine".

"Did you know him?" they asked me. "He died here, you know."

I didn't know, and asked for particulars.

When he first arrived, Strychnine saw so many things he wanted to stuff, he nearly went mad. He promptly took to the bush, emerging for materials only when absolutely necessary. The natives looked after him and literally worshipped him for his skill. When the great chieftainess Yamyam died, Strychnine stuffed her. So lifelike was the result of Strychnine's genius that P'nut, the new chief, existed in constant dread of his defunct mother-in-law. She had been a terror in her day. Out of love or respect for Strychnine, he stood it as long as he could, but one night in a bad attack of nerves, P'nut sliced Strychnine from ear to ear. As Strychnine had gone native long ago, the white authorities were powerless to act. There were a few examples of Strychnine's work about Mauritius.

I saw them. Excuse me if I do not dilate upon their beauty. I'd like to —but you know what editors are.

When I returned from Mauritius I thought the least I could do would be to visit Mrs. Strychnine. I found her quite well off in a little stucco house which she had bought with the money earned by giving Gilbert and Sullivan Tuesday afternoons. I found her very enthusiastic about Strychnine.

"Yes," she said. "It does give me a thrill to be the wife of a recognized genius. Of course Charles's works are entirely beyond me, being in museums, but then I can always visit them. Every Saturday morning I take the children."

I told her all I had learned of Strychnine's last days—even of his fateful finish.

A placid tear fell from her eye. "I always told him to take care of his throat," she said. "It was very, very sensitive."

Which made me think of an excellent quotation from Confucius, but I held my tongue.

What does a woman like that know of Confucius?

HENRY WILLIAM HANEMANN

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INCHOATE . . A CRAVING . .

BY OUR OWN JO..PH HERG...EIMER

A CLOCK struck slowly—it needed winding—ten blurred notes.

Howat uttered a vague period, and fingered the rim of whiskers framing his lower face. He was oppressed by a crawling hunger, a spiritual emptiness—something almost physical.... He touched the bell-cord.

He was, he felt, at least presentable, in his dove-colored balloon trousers over glazed boots, his quince-yellow waistcoat, his mob of seals.... He bolted two insignificant crab-meat timbales, a round steak smothered in onions, sautéd quail, a barbecued ham, and some baked larded liver with claret sauce. Food...that was what he craved...nourishment... He asked for a menu, ordered ox-joints en casserole, boiled fowl with Bechamel sauce, beef-stew with dumpling, a roast stuffed capon, a dish of country sausages, a small, planked, club-steak, Maryland chicken... Almost immediately he began to feel better. He experienced a feeling of the desirability of life. He ate slowly, his eyes feeding hungrily on the line of sere cabbages in the garden below the window.

A clock struck in the hall. He was still conscious of a curious longing—a vague hunger—something almost physical.... He tried a Yorkshire pudding, some pan-broiled chops, a halibut steak, a loaf of chicken-and-ham mousse, creamed mushrooms on toast, with croustades of spinach, egg-plant and Brussels sprouts, Turkish pilaf, an endive salad, a dish of pigeon pie, cauliflower Hongroise, glazed sweet potatoes, and a bit of stuffed haddock with egg-sauce.... Gradually, thank God, the faintness waned. ... He ate a maple mousse, a dish of plum-pudding with wine sauce, an individual mince-pie....

His watch chimed the hour in tinkling notes. He murmured a bored period and moved out to the car. He still experienced a vague craving, a longing...something almost physical. At the café, Jannan—good old Jannan!—had his order already on the table ...a choice cut of tenderloin Bordelaise, caviare canapés, broiled trout, moulded figs on artichoke bottoms, cucumber ribbons, coupe St. Jacques, bar-le-duc strawberries.... He found himself breaking his third scarlet boiled lobster with a nut-cracker.... There was a bomb of frozen coffee, but the center was revealed as a delicious creamy substance flaked with pistache.... Momentarily, he felt almost himself.... He found a grateful relief in the quiet restfulness of his surroundings—the Turkey-red carpets, the gilt Chinese cabinets, rectangular studies in oils by one of the newer futurists, Kalamazoo bric-a-brac in bird's-eye maple, bright orange and cerise banians hanging from cut-glass chandeliers....

Then the old longing returned...a vague hunger, a curious aching of the

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spirit—a craving—something almost physical.... He broke out in a sharp period. Three waiters surged forward. "The menu!" he said thickly, and suddenly he had an extraordinary lightness of spirit—a feeling of the desirability of life. "Just a snack—almost anything!" he said lightly. "Tenderloin, perhaps, with hubbard squash, a deep-dish lamb pie, three orders of Golden Bantam, a small suet pudding, and a slab of fruit-cake. If you haven't any of that, a young roast pig—provided it's not too young—a plate of Boston baked beans, and a pitcher of buttermilk!"

He was alone, once more.

He took a sip of water, and murmured a vague period. A clock struck slowly in some distant part of the house.... The springs were rusty, doubtless.... In an unsparing flash of comprehension, he saw himself suddenly for the thing he was—a creature of thin, attenuated impulse, of formless, inexpressible desire—the prey of a subtle spiritual hunger, a craving ...something almost physical....

He uttered a stifled period and closed his eyes. A clock on the mantel struck loudly.... It needed winding.

RICHARD D. HILLIS

ADVENTURES IN PORTRAITURE

BY H. W. BOYNTON

"The Mask", a book of remarkable quality by a new writer—Frank Swinnerton in "September" pictures the impulse to snatch in some desperate fashion at the hurrying skirts of beautiful youth before it passes from us forever—three sea tales.

WHOEVER John Cournos may be, he has written a book of remarkable quality. "The Mask" is confessedly less a story than the portrait of a man. But it is the portrait of a man in his natural setting, a man of our time, product and interpreter of a vastly larger human world than respectable fiction dreamed of dealing with, a few years ago. *Respectable* is a word of ghastly omen in these days: let me hasten to protest that I mean nothing by it but the kind of fiction that deserves respect as a product of the literary art. It wasn't only Victorianism in the now established sense of prudery and hypocrisy and general all-round squeamishness in the face of God and man that made such a novel as this inconceivable a generation ago.

It was not so much the narrowness of our hearts as the narrowness of our vision. We could not see beyond our group, or clan, or class, or race. Our imagination dwelt within a fenced range. It is pleasant still to find ourselves now and then back in that safe place with the Mrs. Humphry Wards or the Archibald

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Marshalls or our own mild proponents of the average American citizen at work and play. But we can't stay in it. There is a bigger world outside, and it calls us with a hundred voices.

The author names his prefatory chapter: "Overture: A Promise and a Warning." It is a warning that we are not to have a conventional novel or even, strictly speaking, a novel at all; but rather a series of pictures in which one John Gombarov is "more or less the central figure":

> And in this series of pictures of life looked back upon, Gombarov saw each picture complete in itself, yet all of them together formed the parts of a larger and grander composition, which gave rise to a mood akin to the one in which he had many a time stood before a wall decoration by Veronese or Titian, as, eyeing a small detail of the panel, he had said to himself: "Here is a piece of colour so beautiful that I should be happy in possessing but a few square inches of it, framed, and hung on my wall." In such a mood he liked to think of a man's life not as a play or novel but as a collection of short stories conceived by a single mind and dominated by a single personality, which in some latent unobvious way is the sole hero of them all.

Here, then, is John Gombarov's world, with John Gombarov in the middle of it, busily engaged, as each of us is engaged, in being himself. The extraordinary thing is that this world of his, the narrow world of a young Slav immigrant in America, is so patently part of our own world—or rather, like our own world, a fragment of some greater human cosmos which as yet we in our provincialism but vaguely apprehend. The book may, among other things, be good medicine for that complacency which ascribes unlimited capacity and power to the American melting-pot. One or two of our story-tellers have recently ventured to show that we now and then actually gain something from the presence of the newcomer from Europe, with his thrift and his ambition—as a spur to our own sluggishness if nothing else. This book shows a Russian Jew of the better class coming to America, tasting her boasted freedom, her educational privileges and so on, and continuing to regard her quite coolly, her faults as well as her virtues, till he passes on to the experience of another and older civilization. John Gombarov spends his childhood in a Russian village. The name Gombarov really belongs to his stepfather who has ascended to that post from a tutorship in the family by irregular if not unheard-of means. This stepfather is as salient a figure in his way as John; a man of great talent and energy who lacks the luck and the common sense to turn his trick of "success". In various ill-fated experiments he gradually scatters the money that has been settled on his wife. Being so unfortunate in Russia, they turn, with their last pocketful, to America, to Philadelphia, "city of brotherly love". But they are no better off there. Brotherly love does not notably embrace them or even tolerate them. The narrative, in so far as it may be called a narrative, leaves them quite abruptly in a new little *cul-de-sac* in a yet poorer quarter of that hard American town. "Much befell them there," says the chronicler.

All this might be commonplace enough, as a piece of realism. But the charm and power of the book lie in its welding of substance and form,—its "style", in the only sense that matters. Its pictures are conveyed as if by indirection, through a fragmentary report of Gombarov's own memory after the passage of years. Yet they are as clear-cut as the work of a lapidary. One may cite as applying to them the chief figure of speech in the following passage,—which may be given as an example of Gombarov's extraordinarily eloquent and suggestive discourse.

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"There is a strange idealism in your sensuality," an English friend has remarked. Whereupon Gombarov observes:

"The two are inseparable. All true idealism proceeds from sensuality and seeks its expression in refined sensuality. In religious men and artists this sensuality strives ever towards chastity. The monk in his small clean cell performing a genuflexion before a small image of the Immaculate Virgin, flanked by two large candles, is one form of this expression. Botticelli, drawing in his 'Primavera' his pregnant women in chaste outlines against a background of dream, is another. Again, you find chastity running to sensuality, otherwise how can you explain Christianity accepting Solomon's 'Song' as a tribute to itself? And yet, in spite of this poem's sensuality, its outlines are chaste and austere; every expression is an image, clear, hard, hewn out, edged and rounded, there is no cosmic froth in it, no atmosphere, which is an abominable modern invention, rather does each image give out its own radiance and colour like a precious stone. And the curious thing is that the greater the love, the more does it tend toward abstraction, the more precise becomes the image in which it is expressed. And in the measure that I love London I see her more and more clearly as the chastely outlined Queen, silver-girdled by the Thames, of the kingdom of creative chaos, beside whom Paris is an obviously beautiful woman, and New York a parvenu and a harlot ambitious to become a courtesan through indiscriminate patronage of art."

A book of pictures and a book of sad wisdom, sceptical, illuminating,—a light upon us from an Eastern window.

One needs more courage, on the whole, to read "The Secret Battle". For "The Mask" is big enough to offer shelter for a sensitive reader in the variety of its pictures and its commentary. If this scene is unpleasant or that reflection uncongenial, there is sure to be something more palatable on the next page or in the next chapter. We are in a microcosm where beauty and ugliness each, as it were, take a chance: and why shouldn't we take a chance there with them too, without undue misgivings? "The Secret Battle", on the other hand, yields no cover. It is the ruthless study of the effects of modern war on a fine but oversensitive nature. Whether it is a record of fact or only based on facts doesn't matter much. It has the qualities of a skilfully told story. But it leads us back to that recent nightmare of which a great number of readers already resent being deliberately reminded. It's over, over there, in a general and official sense: why not help us forget, instead of rubbing it in, in all its major and minor horrors? Moreover, in this case the effect is not of that merely casual cumulation of items, heroic or comic or squalid or tragic as chance might determine, which made up the early records of personal experience at "the front". It is an effect of deliberate and relentless pursuit of a single human fate among those millions, a tragic fate hopelessly foreshadowed from the start from the nature of the man and the character of the war and the irony of special relations. There is continuous pressure on certain exposed nerves of our sympathy and pity.

The tale is told, and beautifully told, by a fellow officer of young Harry Penrose. That gallant young Englishman has eagerly enlisted among the first, and served his hard apprenticeship with credit and even distinction in the luckless Gallipoli campaign. He is full of the romantic tradition of war, he dreams of glorious deeds and so on. The squalid reality slowly disenchants him, and a kind of stubborn zeal for "doing his bit" takes the place of that first glamourous enthusiasm. He gains repute for bravery, is an excellent officer. But the malicious and subtle enemies of the fighting man are all the time sapping his position—a too quick imagination, a too sensitive stomach, a nervous system too high-pitched. He becomes conscious of per-

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sonal fear as a purely physical shrinking, or impulse to shrink. This he successfully conceals from others, and for some time it acts only as a spur upon his boldness in action. But there are other enemies to reenforce this unseen foe: two superior officers—superior in rank but inferior in every other sense—owe him their several grudges. By their malice he is subjected to a prolonged and merciless strain which has nearly broken his spirit when a wound sends him home safe to "Blighty". Safe, except from his own suspicion. For his fear of fear becomes an obsession. He will not endure it, refuses a safe job at home, and against the better judgment of his young wife and his intimate friends goes back to the front. There his old enemies are in wait for him. Official malice at once puts him in a place of peril, and the dreaded thing happens; his nerve wavers, and he becomes technically subject to court-martial. Red tape, and again the malice of the official two, have their way, and he is duly shot. "This book," says the chronicler in conclusion, "is not an attack on any person, on the death penalty, or on anything else, though if it makes people think about these things, so much the better. I think I believe in the death penalty—I don't know. But I did not believe in Harry being shot.... That is the gist of it; that my friend Harry was shot for cowardice—and he was one of the bravest men I ever knew."

"The Passage of the Barque Sappho" was written during the war by a war-busy man; but, unlike his "War-Time Voyage", it has nothing to do, directly or indirectly, with the new mad world of recent years. The story, he says, was nine-tenths "written at sea, and the remainder in certain open harbors". It seems to have stood for a restful voyage into the past for an over-worked servant of the present whose life was to end before the war did. The last words of the narrative and the dedication to a fellow officer were written aboard a British transport in the North Atlantic in 1917. The dedication, like the "overture" to "The Mask", is a sort of warning:

> This is not a love-story; that is, it contains no sexual affection, only the love that a man may have for a man, or for a ship. My narrative concerns itself entirely with the sea, men, ships and the things and actions thereof.... Is nothing more than the record of a crew of individualities (as all crews are at their hearts, no matter how colourless they may seem to be), and of a passage that was, up to some ten years ago, much frequented, and will always be famous in the annals of deep-water sailing craft; but which is now practically a thing of the past.

It is the passage round the Horn from Frisco to the home port of the British barque "Sappho".

The tale is told fragmentarily, a little after Conrad's fashion, in part by the mate of the "Sappho", in part by one Lionel, the son of an "owner", who has been roughing it about the world and is now by whim of chance and choice a hand before the mast, homeward bound, on his father's ship. At once in the first chapter we step aboard the "Sappho", as she lies at Clancy's wharf, waiting for the last odds and ends, a hand or two, a favoring tide. A fine, fast vessel under a well-seasoned skipper. Unluckily, what with age and other matters, Captain Sennett is at the breaking point from the outset of the voyage. Like the hapless Harry of "The Secret Battle", he has "the wind-up", is obsessed by fear of unknown disasters. As Conrad would handle this situation, we should experience it all, as it were, in the person of the skipper himself, and the other persons aboard the "Sappho" would have a purely secondary or com-

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plementary function. Here, you may say, the person we have to deal with is the "Sappho" herself; and not as a mystical entity apart from and perhaps antagonistic to the human beings she has in her hands, but as a tiny State to which all her citizens are of equally genuine if not equally intense moment.

Therefore we find ourselves from the beginning committed to the study of each member of the "Sappho's" crew. A mixed lot indeed, and thrown together at apparent haphazard; yet to the effect of a quite intelligible joint personality. There is cheap stuff here, and evil stuff, but somehow it is taken care of, kept under or sloughed off, by the better and stronger elements in the body politic; so that the barque, the little ship of state, as we see it, contrives to come through her desperate adventures without absolute disaster—and so lives to adventure again. There is no suggesting the quality of the narrative by analysis, nor would quotation help much. Its effect grows slowly by increment of the least obvious sort. Inch by inch we make our way into intimacy with all aboard from the ill-fated skipper to the impish cabin-boy. And when, with their escape from the Sargasso Sea, the real perils of the voyage are over, there is little we do not know about them that may be known about neighbors who live with their walls down—as they do in fiction and do not in "real life". The style of the story, in so far as it may be detached from its substance, is (but for certain passages of description) homely enough, lacking in the ordinary "literary" graces; but this in the end appears to be a part of virtue. Beside Conrad and Bullen my copy shall take its place with confidence.

"The Shepherd of the Sea" is a tale of more popular robustiousness. The publishers cannot be blamed for drawing the patent analogy between this story-teller and the unforgotten Jack London. But the comparison doesn't go very deep. There is less of the professional teller of tales here than we felt in London's later work, at least. The initial situation is conventional enough. "Buck" Traherne of Seattle is a rich man's son who has just ceased to be a college athlete and "sport" and seems in no hurry to settle down to being anything else. A dramatic (or melodramatic) chance casts him aboard the big schooner of an eccentric sea missionary, bound for Arctic seas. There they have a busy time running down rum-traders among the natives of the Siberian coast, and otherwise playing a lone hand against the Devil and his works in the far North. On a quixotic expedition in search of a missing explorer, the "Wing and Wing" is pinched in the ice and has to be abandoned. Follows a perilous winter of semi-starvation in wild company on a wild shore; with, of course (for this is undisguisedly a romance), the eventual elimination of the inconvenient characters and the rescue of the elect. Traherne is to return to civilization a hardier and better man, bringing his bride with him. There we have a point of contrast with London, whose "heart-interest" was always a pretty lame affair. For in this sea story there is a heroine strange and far-fetched, yet with enough interest and charm to establish her right on the scene. We rather wonder what Traherne did with her in Seattle!

Among current sea yarns place must be given also to "The Sea Bride" of Ben Ames Williams, whose "All the

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Brothers Were Valiant" not long since proved his quality as a salt-water romancer. He also has been compared to Jack London, and it must be owned that he is not beyond suspicion of pursuing consciously the cult which worships red blood as something to be seen and smelt. To this school, for all their pretensions, a barrel of red blood in the veins is not worth a drop in the bucket. However, like Mr. Leverage, this writer is a very fair hand at the lady business, when he thinks of it.... In the case of Captain Noll Wing, we have another old skipper who has reached the breaking point. Yet you have only to think of comparing his portrait with that of Captain Sennett of the "Sappho" in order to realize that any serious comparison is impossible. There would be as much sense in comparing Dick Deadeye and Lord Jim.

And with this, let us get ashore and have a square land meal in the company of Mr. Swinnerton. I won't pretend that "September" has anything in common with these other books but its exceptional quality. It is a study of the human heart in its phase of revolt against approaching age. Twenty years ago, when G. B. S. was doing the most brilliant and creative work of his life as a dramatic critic, he made no end of fun, in a certain article headed "On Turning Forty", of Messrs. Jones and Pinero, for undertaking, in "The Physician" and "The Princess and the Butterfly", to sentimentalize middle age. He is particularly rough on his brother Pinero, for he declares:

"The Princess and the Butterfly" is a play in five acts—two and a half of them hideously superfluous—all about being over forty. The heroine is forty, and can talk about nothing else. The hero is forty, and is blind to every other fact in the universe. Having this topic of conversation in common, they get engaged in order that they may save one another from being seduced by the attraction of youth into foolish marriages. They then fall in love, she with a fiery youth of twenty-eight, he with a meteoric girl of eighteen. Up to the last moment I confess I had sufficient confidence in Mr. Pinero's saving sense of humour to believe that he would give the verdict against himself, and admit that the meteoric girl was too young for the hero (twenty-seven years' discrepancy) and the heroine too old for the fiery youth (thirteen years' discrepancy). But no: he gravely decided that the heart that loves never ages....

G. B. S.'s mockery was deserved; but it did not refute the fact that there is a piteous moment—and a normal moment for both men and women—when the impulse comes to snatch in some desperate fashion at the hurrying skirts of beautiful youth before it passes from us forever. It is easy to laugh at this impulse, and it is easy to make a really absurd thing of it, as Pinero did twenty years ago in "The Princess and the Butterfly", or a rather unclean thing, as Mr. Galsworthy did much later in "The Dark Flower". But there it is, to be dealt with in some fashion by the middle-aging sufferer and by his interpreters. Beside Pinero's sentimental solution, ignoring as it does the truism about youth and crabbed age, there is the other one, common in current fiction, which throws the married pair, reconciled and, as it were recharged for good, back into each other's impassioned arms. Mr. Swinnerton looks about him, and observes that nature often behaves herself more modestly, under these conditions. His fiery youth and meteoric maid (and the epithets do not fit badly) find the cure for

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The Mask. By John Cournos. George H. Doran Company.
The Secret Battle. By A. P. Herbert. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Passage of the Barque Sappho. By J. E. Patterson. E. P. Dutton and Co.
The Shepherd of the Sea. By Henry Leverage. Doubleday, Page and Co.
The Sea Bride. By Ben Ames Williams. The Macmillan Co.
September. By Frank Swinnerton. George H. Doran Company.

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their infantile infatuations for age, in each other's eyes; and the hapless married pair are left to make the best of each other, not altogether unhappily, but with the roses and raptures of love now definitely set behind them. And let us note that Mr. Swinnerton is not afraid to draw an old-fashioned moral from his tale. If the young pair have won the happiness, the treasure of youth, from their experience, the old pair have won for their part the treasure of age—character. Let young Nigel and young Cherry go their enraptured ways together; they have helped reveal poor, jaunty, philandering old Howard to himself, and they have taught Marian how to be herself without being young. "If Marian could have prayed for a gift, she would have demanded joy in her life. Instead, nature had given her as compensation the strength and courage to endure her own pain and the ability to imagine and soften the distress of others. If it is not the first of gifts it is among those most rarely bestowed upon poor mortals, and is without price." I for one listen with gratitude to this sort of simple confession of faith in human goodness, in character as opposed to temperament, on the part of one of the most brilliant and subtle of our modern novelists.

THE TERRORS OF TUSHERY

BY C. S. EVANS

IN those incredibly remote days before the war, there was a thing called Futurism. It was a "movement" (or whatever the horrid word is) in art, especially in pictorial art, and a great many worthy people took it very seriously indeed. They went to exhibitions of it, and read about it in their newspapers, and generally made friends with it, for it was new, and novel, and revolutionary; and the world was old and very tired, so that the accustomed traditions seemed stale and unprofitable, and there was a keen delight in the stimulation of jaded senses.

But nobody knew exactly what Futurism was. If you asked an art critic to explain it, he would murmur something about "subjective vision", or "mystic spiritual significance", or "synthetic representation". If you asked the artist himself what it all meant, he would look at you reprovingly, and tell you that his work carried its own message—which, in a way, was true.

I once heard an American lady talking to Jacob Epstein at an art gallery in London where his sculpture was being exhibited. She looked at everything approvingly. She looked at the nude figure of a kind of pithecanthropic lady; she looked at the busts of flat-headed women which seemed to have come straight out of the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's; she looked at the bit of shapeless rock

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which was labeled "Mother and Child", and last of all she looked at the famous Venus. And when she saw that, in all its studied and abominable ugliness, she turned to the artist and said: "Oh, Mr. Epstein, you surely don't expect me to like that!" And Mr. Epstein, in a cold, reproving voice, answered: "No, Madam, I expect you to try and understand it!"

The fact of it is that Futurism was a cult which only its devotees understood. If you pursued the matter, you learned that it was a sort of development of impressionism. The impressionist painter put down what he saw, or what he thought he saw, which was the same thing. Then came the neo-impressionist, who painted in little blobs of pure color set close together—a perfectly legitimate method by which he sometimes attained exceedingly beautiful results. After him came the cubist, who, by taking thought, had come to the conclusion that all form sprang from an arrangement of cubes, and in the attempt to render the beauty of form more completely, painted or drew in cubical masses. All of these methods, up to a point, were legitimate. They were simply variations in technique, and technique is always subordinate to the result. The Futurists, however, went one better. They decided, apparently, that the artist's job was not to interpret life, or to render the artist's vision of certain aspects of it, but, rather, to represent, by means of form and color, an analysis of the subjective experiences which make up perception.

Let us take a concrete instance. An artist who is called upon to represent, we will say, a night scene in a restaurant, will in the ordinary way choose one aspect of the scene he wishes to depict, and render it with what truth and with what symbolism he may. The Futurist, on the other hand, is interested in presenting not so much what is seen, as the sum total of the perceptions, emotions, and sensations arising in the mind of the artist.

He analyzes his sensations while sitting in a restaurant. He knows that while he is looking at his companion across the table many other sights and sounds are occupying his consciousness at the same time. There is the smell of cigarette smoke, the confused murmur of voices, the flutter of a white apron as a waiter flits by. Out of a corner of his eye he sees a bottle on the next table, a bouquet of flowers, the spangle of gilt on a balcony, the sheen of a woman's dress. His perceptions, at any one moment, are multitudinous, and in his picture he tries to render them all.

And this is how he does it. He divides his canvas into a number of triangular spaces, variously and brilliantly bordered. In one of these places he puts the crude representation of a human eye, generally with some aspect or another grotesquely exaggerated, according to the feature that has caught his fancy—it may, for instance, have enormous lashes, or an abnormally dilated pupil. In another triangle he paints the top of a champagne bottle, in others a bit of a silken frill, the top of a violin, a chair leg, a rainbow-like coruscation from a diamond stud, and so on. Still other triangles he fills with a sort of symbolistic tracery to represent the emotions which cannot be rendered by concrete images.

There are modifications of this idea. At a recent exhibition, for instance, I saw some pictures which purported to represent musical compositions, or,

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more precisely (for we must be just, even to Futurists), the emotions which those compositions were supposed to evoke. There was, for example, a picture entitled "Mendelssohn's Spring Song". It looked like a realistic painting of a worm-cast. There was another labeled "Beethoven's Fifth Symphony", which reminded me of nothing so much as the blotch which a printer makes when he is rubbing his inky roller on a strip of proof paper. They were very interesting pictures; but I cannot say they elucidated the musical compositions very much. I would much rather have those erudite expositions on orchestral concert programmes. When I am told that the "principal theme is given out by the wood-wind, accompanied by muted violins, which give expression to all the agony of hopeless longing, brought to a climax by the roll of drums at the end of the first movement", I may not be helped to appreciate the music very much, but I have at least a comprehensible idea to work upon.

The idea of Futurism, so far as it was informed by anything comprehensible enough to be called an idea, was also carried over into music and literature. I have listened, at the concert-hall, to a soul-deadening cacophony by a Futurist composer named Schonberg. It was called a symphony, but as a matter of fact, it was nothing but a beastly noise, and I wished I might have been a dog, so that I could relieve my feelings by howling at it. As it was, I went outside, and sat on some very uncomfortable hot-water pipes in the passage. In literature, the apostle of Futurism before the war was an Italian named Marinetti. He, so far as I know, is the only artist of them all who attempted to justify his creed. This he did in a manifesto which was even more futuristic than his poems. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the manifesto was a farrago of incoherent nonsense, which the physician would recognize instantly as the ravings of egomania. But I daresay it took a good many people in.

I don't know what has become of Marinetti, but Futurism in literature is still obscurely alive. A magazine has just come into my hands which is obviously inspired by the same claptrap. This magazine is called "The Little Review", and it is published both in London and New York. It is described on the cover, which is of a dirty red, as "A Magazine of the Arts, Making no Compromise with the Public Taste". Among its contributors, present, past, and future, are H. Gaudier-Brzeska (a sculptor of considerable powers), Ben Hecht, Ananda Coomaraswamy, and Else von Freytag von Loringhoven ("Furriners they be, Bill"), and others whose names one is rather surprised to find in such company—W. B. Yeats, Aldous Huxley, and Dorothy Richardson.

But let us look at the magazine itself. The first thing that attracts the attention is a long instalment, running to twenty-four pages, of a story (I suppose it is a story) by James Joyce, called "Ulysses". It begins:

Bronze by gold heard the hoofirons, steely ringing
Imperthnthn thnthnthn
Chips, picking chips off rocky thumbnail, chips,
Horrid! And gold flushed more.
A husky fifenote blew,
Blew, Blue bloom is on the
Gold pinnacled hair.

There are forty-eight more lines of this kind of stuff. Then this:

Big Benaben. Big Benben.
Last rose Castile of summer left bloom I feel so sad alone.
Pwee. Little wind piped wee,

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True men. Lid Ker Cow De and Doll.
Ay, ay, like you men
Will lift your tschink with tschunk
Fff! Oo!
Where bronze from anear? Where gold from afar? Where hoofs?
Rrrpr. Kraa. Kraandle!
Then, not till then. My eppripfftaph. Be pfwritt.
Done
Begin.

Now, James Joyce is a young Irish writer who has given evidence of considerable literary power. His novel called "Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man", written in the usual convention of grammatical and intelligible English, was by no means negligible as a work of art. I recognized its power when it was sent to me for review by a literary periodical at the time of its appearance; but it was so gratuitously nasty that I refused to write anything about it, preferring to keep silence rather than condemn a young artist whose promise was so apparent. When, therefore, I came across this example of his work in "The Little Review", I made up my mind to discover precisely what he was aiming at.

Well, I have found out. There are, as I have said, twenty-four pages of the kind of stuff I have quoted, and the aim of the author is simply to describe the bar in a Dublin public-house. Stirred by the impulse which I have already explained as inspiring Futurist art, he has endeavored to render all the elements which make up that complex sensation to be labeled "bar". There are the loafers in front,—vague impressions of them,—the gleam of gold and bronze in the two barmaids' hair, the smell of dinners, the flashing of bottles, the tinkling of glasses, snatches of disconnected conversation, impressions of vague, fleeting thoughts passing through the brains of all the people present, a hint of memories and emotions called up by the various concrete sights and sounds, the thud of hoofs on the road outside, darting of sunlight through the windows, a sudden glimpse of a man filling his pipe or picking his finger-nails, the hurried perception of little threads of tobacco on a polished counter—all these and a thousand impressions more, jumbled together incoherently, and connected, in the parts where they are connected, by an idea which I can only describe as obscurely obscene.

The fact of it is that the work of these Futurists, whether in painting, music, or literature, simply gives evidence of one of the first and strongest symptoms of insanity—the withdrawal of attention. Attention is the power of the mind to shut off all disturbing ideas, all that crowd of associations which forever batter at the doors of consciousness, and are kept back in sane minds during waking hours by the watchful sentry at the door. In madmen and Futurists this sentry — inhibition — is withdrawn, and pandemonium reigns.

That is the plain truth about Futurism, and it is so obvious that it would not be worth writing if it were not for the fact that the corrupt thing is again creeping into our art. A week or two ago I read an article in a reputable paper that has a large circulation among the idle rich, dealing with an exhibition of some of these "Modernists" (they are "Modernists" now). There were reproductions of some of the pictures, all of them marked by the same degraded and bestial ugliness. Yet the writer of these articles professed to find in them a certain spiritual significance and other tushery.

Let us avoid cant, and hold fast to sanity; for sanity is the soul of art.

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BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY ANNIE CARROLL MOORE

A discussion of old favorites and new ranging through a period of two hundred years, from "Robinson Crusoe" to "Jeremy".

WHEN one writes a novel about grown people he knows exactly where to stop; but when he writes of juveniles he must stop where best he can." So wrote Mark Twain in his conclusion to "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" in the year 1876.

Forty-four years have brought many changes to the novel about grown people. Authors are no longer as sure of where to stop or where to begin. The middle-aged heroine has come into her own. The hero has too often seen his best days. Technique has driven many a hard bargain with imagination. With a few notable exceptions novels of the twentieth century are being written for a sophisticated middle-aged audience.

"Is 'Jeremy' a book we can discuss at a club meeting?" (The club, we learn, is composed of more or less intellectual women whose children are grown up or non-existent.) "We have just discussed Galsworthy's 'Saint's Progress', but a child character would be too simple for discussion wouldn't it? There would be no problems. 'Jeremy' remains a child, doesn't he? We are tired of discussing Wells. We had thought about 'Mary Olivier'—she does grow up, I know; but we hesitate over May Sinclair. So you really think Booth Tarkington's books about boys are to be taken seriously? I can't imagine boys reading them. Girls too. Why 'Seventeen' especially? I have always thought of them as written merely for the entertainment of grown people. Has he written anything we could discuss or is everything from too youthful and romantic a standpoint?

"I had always supposed it much easier to write for boys and girls in their 'teens than for grown people or children—after the author got used to it. You think it isn't. Yes, I know boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen are very critical, but they are so capricious and they have no sound judgment of books. How can they with no experience of life?

"You think a vision of life and a passion for reading may carry them a long way? Who knows? Well, if you can't think of a recent book for our club discussion, won't you suggest a subject? 'Back to Youth With the Novel'? Why, yes, I believe that would be different from anything we've ever taken up and it might remind us of books we've forgotten. How far back? Would you begin with Defoe or Sir Walter Scott? With Mark Twain, really? I never think of Mark Twain as a novelist—just a humorist. So 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huckleberry Finn' are really histories of boy life in the eighteen-forties.

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Aldrich's 'Tom Bailey' always seemed to me so much *safer* for a boy to read. Not very popular with the boys of today? Why not, I wonder? After all you've said, I really think we should give serious consideration to 'Penrod' and 'Seventeen'.

"I don't know the girls' books so well. I can think of only two girl characters, Jo March in 'Little Women' and 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm'. But I'm afraid the club would seriously object to Miss Alcott's English. I am really surprised you don't object to it. I had supposed librarians were more particular about English than anything else. To be sure I never thought about it when I was reading 'Little Women', but the question has been raised by so many literary critics. Miss Alcott *is* dramatic and human, of course. *Russian* girls read her books? How singular!

"Why doesn't Kate Douglas Wiggin write another book for girls? She is so clever and original and has all the background from which to write for the girl of today.

"I'm surprised that you can suggest no other girl characters unless, as you say, we go back to Jane Eyre or Maggie Tulliver.

"Has there really never been a fine story of school life for girls in England or America—a story corresponding to 'Tom Brown's School Days'? I hadn't realized the significance of the lack of it. Even a book like 'Joan and Peter' can hardly make up for it. Will you promise to come to the final meeting and tell us what books—especially novels—from 'Robinson Crusoe' to 'Jeremy' are popular with boys and girls in their 'teens?"

I promised. For next to the children under ten years old who are forming their first intimate associations with books, I have always felt nearest to these older boys and girls who are unconsciously seeking in romance, in mystery, in poetry, in history, in philosophy, and in reality, substitutes for the fairy and folk tales, the legends, myths, and hero tales, the wild adventure, and the true or fictitious narratives belonging to early childhood.

I am inclined to place less stress on the choice of books made by boys and girls between the ages of ten and fourteen if they have been naturally and continuously exposed to a liberal selection of good literature in their earlier years. Between the ages of eleven and thirteen there frequently occurs a reading craze which is the despair of many parents and teachers, and full of opportunity for the librarian. It is a time of ranging over a great variety of subjects to see what they are like—pirates, smugglers, Indians, treasure-seekers, boys of unfailing courage and resource, girls in strange cities, girls at boarding-school, girls at home, are all on the near horizon. So, too, are, or may be, some of the great characters in fiction and in real life.

I shall have more to say of these "middle-aged children" and their multitudinous interests in reading in a future article. They were the dominant element in the children's libraries of the 1890's and early 1900's. It is largely on certain of their known tastes and preferences and on a tradition of what has been considered suitable for "youth" handed down from the old moral tales and the Sunday School libraries of the first half of the nineteenth century, that the present schemes for juvenile publications, designed to cover the period from eight to eighteen years old, have been based.

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These schemes betray their origin. They are built around the series idea with all its limitations for author, publisher, and reader. I shall not now discuss the series in relation to boys and girls under fourteen years of age. I do not fully share the prejudice against it that is sometimes expressed, provided the work is well sustained. But it is an affront to the intelligence of young people from fourteen to eighteen to allow the series idea to be the determining factor in the production of a literature designed for their reading. It is inevitable that it should result in just such a state of arrested development as we find today. It has been said that childhood and poverty emerged at the same time to claim their naturalization papers—in poetry at the hands of Wordsworth, in prose in the novels of Dickens.

The discovery of adolescence has not yet been declared in corresponding terms, but all clearly recollected experience concerning it indicates that it is a period of greater expansion, of livelier interests, of deeper emotions, of greater sensitiveness, of stronger appreciations, and of keener critical perceptions than any other period of life. Thomas Hughes, Louisa Alcott, Mark Twain, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Booth Tarkington, Rudyard Kipling, E. F. Benson, and May Sinclair have given varied and eloquent testimony concerning life at this period. Since the Brontës there has been no such unveiling of the inner life of a girl and woman as in "Mary Olivier". Writers of girls' books and mothers of girls who are still growing up may well look to it for the clarification of many hazy views respecting the character of girls and women. Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" is one of the books May Sinclair read as a child with much skipping, she says. That "Mary Olivier" was not written for children nor for girls in their 'teens we may feel confident. I think it would have interest only for a very unusual young girl, such as May Sinclair herself must have been, but I also think it may come to be considered one of the strongest forces for the liberation of truer girl characters in fiction for young people; it bears so clear a stamp that what a girl really *is*—not what she is made to seem to be—determines her destiny, whatever her inheritance or environment.

There have been very few liberated characters in fiction for young people in the forty odd years since the publication of "Tom Sawyer". Authors have stopped where they have been quite plainly told to stop rather than "where best they can". There has been too much tinkering of stories in offices. Old properties have been revamped by somebody who remembers what he liked at the age of twelve and "how mature" he, or his brother, was; and who decides the skeleton can be set up in a series designed for boys of fourteen to eighteen if the plot is up to date and scientific, or if mechanical information is accurate and abundant.

The school athletic story, whose most successful exponent is Ralph Henry Barbour, was a new type of story with considerable promise. It was overdone and lost its first distinction and originality of theme. Mr. Barbour's earlier stories, such as "The Half-Back" and "The Crimson Sweater", are the popular ones today. His versatility has led him into the field of the adventure story. It is perhaps too soon to predict the degree of success. It would be possible to mention

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a considerable number of competent writers who have either become martyrs to the series idea or have turned completely away from the juvenile field.

Books dealing with historical periods, if the material is ample, and the author capable of making dramatic use of it, suffer less from the projection into a series than do characters supposed to be living their own lives. This is notably true of the work of Joseph Altsheler. Mr. Altsheler wrote out of interest in his subject, never with a definite age in mind. His books are read by many men as well as by boys of different ages.

Kirk Munro's best work was in his individual books rather than in his series.

The absurdity of expecting an author or a group of authors to produce six, or eight, or a dozen books of a defined species for the reading of young people between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, has long been apparent to the young people themselves. The series interest is at its height between eleven and thirteen, and by fourteen or fifteen has been replaced by a very persistent desire for romance, detective stories, historical novels, stories of the sea, authentic books of exploration and discovery, etc., so written as to absorb the reader.

This desire has been met in the children's libraries with which I have been connected for many years by a liberal selection of novels written for adults—placed upon the shelves of the children's rooms. I have always believed in educating such parents as may be unthinking, or even unwilling, to allow their daughters to take their first impressions of love from novels which seem to follow naturally the old fairy tales, the mediæval legends and the classical tales. Fortunate the girl who passes, in her own good time, from "The Sleeping Beauty" to the stories of Atalanta, Brunhilde, Guinevere, and "Aucassin and Nicolette"; and from these to "The Scarlet Letter", "The Mill on the Floss", "Pride and Prejudice", or "Cranford"—as Anne Thackeray conceived of it, "a kind of visionary country home"; "The Brushwood Boy", "Monsieur Beaucaire", and her own free choice of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and other authors.

The made-to-order series with its girl bride and its up-to-date boy hero seems very insipid after any such vision and foreshadowing of what love is going to be.

What is true of the love story is true also of the mystery, the detective story, and the tale of pure adventure for both boys and girls. When the interest is strongest they should be able to put their hands on the books written by masters of the art. Poe is better known since the boys discovered Conan Doyle's tribute to him as master of the mystery story. Wilkie Collins, Quiller-Couch, Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights", "Island Nights Entertainments", and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" are all much read. Dumas is without doubt the most popular of the novelists read by the older boys.

No one who has watched two generations pass into their 'teens and has held any large and continuous observation of life at earlier and later periods, feels like minimizing the value of impressions which may then be taken from books. But it is a time, not for prohibitions and restrictions hedged about with sentimentality and cheap optimism; it is a time for throwing wide the gates if any have

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been set up. Literature—great literature—can be trusted to do its own work, and one who hopes for large returns should make no unsought recommendations. Too many books have been killed for young readers by overzealous recommendation.

It is plain that neither an age limit, or a series limit, will ever command the service of writers who have the imagination, the wisdom, the sincerity, the charm, and the distinction of style which are essential qualifications of the successful writer of books for young people. One, if not both, of two things is sure to happen. The novel will recover its sense of youth, —it is written in the history of the novel that it must,—or the writer for young people must enlarge the boundaries by escaping from the series and the age limit when entering the competition to write the "real thing" for the 'teens. In "High Benton", William Heyliger has taken a long step forward in this direction. There may be a sequel to "High Benton" but the book is clearly not one of a series. It bears all the marks of sincerity and intimate continuous knowledge of boy nature. Moreover, it is a school story of a new type dealing with the everyday life of a boy at High School who is tempted to leave school and go to work before finishing his course. Never has the village loafer, full of superstition and unbelief in education, been better drawn than in the character of old Todd, the jitney man, in his relation to a group of boys. One feels an integrity of background in the book. The author knows the environment he has re-created and deals with actual problems of boy life with uncommon freedom and naturalness. Mr. Heyliger's earlier books, school stories and scout stories, have been very popular with boys and are characterized by their emphatic presentation of "fair play". From a second reading of "High Benton" I went back to "Tom Brown's School Days"—beginning where so many boys do, with chapter five, and reading the first chapters after I had finished the story. It would be difficult to picture a sharper contrast than is presented by the life of an English boy at Rugby in the 1830's and an American boy in a New Jersey public school in 1919, but I think I have never read "Tom Brown" with so strong a sense of his kinship to the boy life of all time. "Tom Brown's School Days" often requires introduction and a judicious amount of skipping, but I have never known a boy who really read it not to like it. I often read it in conjunction with "Huckleberry Finn"—another sharp contrast provocative of many questions concerning the nature of boys who lived in the same era, for Mark Twain places Huck on the Mississippi at about the same period that Thomas Hughes entered Rugby.

From "Tom Brown" I came back to "David Blaize" and what a fascinating, moving story of English school life it is, carrying David from the age of eleven to seventeen. The book is perhaps too subjective for the American boy even in his later 'teens, but it is a revealing book to all who know much or little about boys. The chapter descriptive of David "changing his skin" under the yew tree in the garden, with his sister Margery standing by, is I think the best account of boy and girl adolescence I have ever read. The mysterious attics and the gurgling cistern, the dark corners and the frightening games belong to my own childhood with a brother whose imagination was very like David's. The

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visit of David's father—the Archdeacon—to the school is a perfect bit out of English family life. David at seventeen, and in love for the first time, is free from the self-consciousness of William Sylvanus Baxter at seventeen, but remember how differently he was situated. I turned to "Seventeen" to refresh my own memory and also to contrast the story of Willie Baxter with "Betty Bell". "Betty Bell" is very well written, but the incident is too circumscribed and the characters too restricted to invite a second reading. "Betty Bell is a regular little flirt, and that's all she does do," commented a girl of fifteen who read the book recently. Rereading "Seventeen" in the light of its growing popularity with girls of fifteen and sixteen, I am struck by its peculiar value for girls of that age and older. Life is touched by perspective as well as tinged with humor. Where is there such another mother in a book as Mrs. Baxter, yet how well one seems to know her! While "Penrod" is the more popular book in the children's rooms of the libraries,—and contrary to all prediction it is very popular,—"Seventeen" is being read more and more by both boys and girls.

Those who have read "Master Simon's Garden" know that Cornelia Meigs writes with charm and knowledge of "the long sea road" from New England to China. In "The Pool of Stars" she has told the story of a girl who gives up a trip to Bermuda with a rich aunt in order to get ready for college. She spends an interesting summer and makes a charming friendship with a boy of her own age, and an older woman who is the daughter of a dreamy old inventor. There is a mystery and a most successful story within a story. A chapter to which boys would listen with delight since it gives color and life to that period of our history following the war with the Barbary pirates, "The Tree of Jade", is so well told as to completely reconcile the reader to the interruption of the main narrative.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. By Mark Twain. Harper and Bros.

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. By Mark Twain. Harper and Bros.

The Story of a Bad Boy. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Penrod. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Seventeen. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Little Women. By Louisa M. Alcott. Little, Brown and Co.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Jane Eyre. By Charlotte Brontë. Harper and Bros.

The Mill on the Floss. By George Eliot. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Tom Brown's School Days. By Thomas Hughes. The Macmillan Co.

David Blaize. By E. F. Benson. George H. Doran Company.

*Mary Olivier. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Co.

The Life of Charlotte Brontë. By Mrs. Gaskell. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Half-Back. By Ralph Henry Barbour. D. Appleton and Co.

The Sleeping Beauty and other Fairy Tales. Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. George H. Doran Company.

Children of the Dawn. By E. F. Buckley. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Stories from Old French Romance. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Scarlet Letter. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Pride and Prejudice. By Jane Austen. The Macmillan Co.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. The Macmillan Co.

The Brushwood Boy. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Monsieur Beaucaire. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Tales. By Edgar Allan Poe. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Sherlock Holmes. By Conan Doyle. Smith, Elder and Co.

The Moonstone. By Wilkie Collins. Harper and Bros.

The Wandering Heath. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The New Arabian Nights. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Island Nights Entertainments. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Count of Monte Cristo. By Alexander Dumas. The Walter Scott Publishing Co.

High Benton. By William Heyliger. D. Appleton and Co.

The Pool of Stars. By Cornelia Meigs. The Macmillan Co.

Doctor Danny. By Ruth Sawyer. Harper and Bros.

Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe. Harper and Bros.

Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott. J. B. Lippincott Co.

*For the adult reader.

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Ruth Sawyer ought to be writing for the girls who enjoyed "The Primrose Ring". "Doctor Danny" is a partial answer to this appeal since it contains several stories which are very much liked by older girls, but they will not rest content with short stories.

The final meeting of the club at which the popular novels from "Robinson Crusoe" to "Jeremy" are to be enumerated has not yet come off, but I am going to anticipate it in so far as to remind the readers of THE BOOKMAN that "Robinson Crusoe", after two hundred years, is more read than ever it was. Older boys are deeply impressed when told that it is the first humanized adventure story. Many of them have read it when they were younger as if it were history or biography.

Between "Robinson Crusoe" and "Treasure Island" lie one hundred and sixty-four years, and the increasing popularity of "Treasure Island" testifies to fresh delight in adventure for its own sake in a second generation of boy readers. There has been no more striking growth of the popularity of an author not accounted a juvenile than is evidenced by the circulation of Stevenson from the children's rooms of the libraries during the past twelve years. Between Defoe and Stevenson stands Sir Walter Scott. "Ivanhoe" is one hundred years old this very year, and wherever the schoolboy reads it in advance of assignment he is still held captive.

"I am, I own", wrote Sir Walter, "no great believer in the moral utility to be derived from fictitious composition." When we remember that he lived in an age of moralists, we may take heart for the writers of our own time. It is clear that those who would write for young people in the 1920's must come to the task with more first-hand knowledge of their readers and the books they are actually reading; nor is it far to seek. I know of no more inspiring or inspiriting pageant than that unconsciously set by hundreds and thousands of new readers of fine books, whose authors have passed on, but whose work remains—a light to the men and women who strike out new paths or who follow in old ways.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

A RILEY BIOGRAPHY

By Margaret Emerson Bailey

IT seems a pity that a man who cares so deeply for his subject and who is so intent on giving to the public a detailed and intimate account of the man he knew and loved, should have been so mistaken in his manner of portrayal as was Mr. Dickey in "The Youth of James Whitcomb Riley". It is indeed as though awed by his task, a false modesty and wrong estimate of values had led him to adopt a language not his own,—certainly not the one in which the two men must have conversed together,—and then to con a dictionary of quotations until he had one pat for every text. What, after all, we want and what he wants to give us—for there is sincerity beneath the verbiage—is quite simply Riley himself, the circumstances of his life, the influences that went to make him a poet of the people, as John McCormack has become their singer—a national poet in a sense in which no American poet is today.

Some such contribution is made by Mr. Dickey, who was not merely the intimate friend but the manager and secretary of the poet, though it is a contribution made rather with our help and with his hindrance. For in the biography there are pictures, sudden glimpses when we break through the undergrowth, that reward us for the trouble that it takes. There is, for example, the pioneer village, undisturbed by the great migrations that moved through it to the westward; the log cabin whose cracks had to be chinked in winter; the district school with its informal rewards and punishments; the swimming hole and mulberry tree—all of which were to figure later in Riley's works. But it is in dealing with this simple period that the writer uses least restraint. Imaginative Riley surely was and filled with a quickening instinct for music and for poetry; but there is too much talk of the "Fairy Heart". Most often he appears as a normal little boy, towheaded and freckled-faced, with a normal instinct for truancy and freedom —not a wistful Peter Pan.

Otherwise there would never have followed what are the most romantic chapters of the book, those which deal with his wanderings as sign-painter for an itinerant doctor of patent medicines; and which later deal with the youths of the Graphic Company, an irresponsible lot who made their vagrant business a happy kind of skylarking. It is to these chapters that the memory returns: to the doctor with his "breezy sidewhiskers" and tolerant view of life; to the nights spent at chance farmhouses; to the sideshows by which they drew the folk together, Riley playing the guitar or acting the buffoon; or to the day when, trade at a low ebb, Riley played the blind sign-painter, and imposed at a large profit on the forgiving crowd. There is, too, a communicable humor in the prankishness that prompted the dripping paint-brush to his first jingle. It is from such ex-

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periences, undoubtedly, that Riley gained his knowledge of simple people and their language, and the most deft method of approach.

It was later that he was urged by his father to the least profitable of his ventures, a study of the law. Try as he would he could not find Blackstone less irksome than he had found McGuffey's Reader; and much in the same manner that he had taken furtive peeks at story-books concealed by sober covers, he began, while apparently more seriously engaged, to exercise his gift at verse. There follows, once his decision had been made, his long struggle toward recognition as a poet—a struggle faced with more than ordinary pluck and surely more than ordinary humor in the face of poverty, misunderstanding, and scanty praise. Most interesting are the chapters which present him as editor for local papers; scouring the countryside for news, endearing himself to the people by his interpretation of their simple lives, writing—not very well perhaps, but always with sympathy and drollery—while he laid by the store of memories which he was later so much more skilfully to use. The book closes with the famous hoax of the poem, "Leonainie", supposedly an unpublished poem of Edgar Allan Poe's, and printed with the connivance of the editor of the Kokomo paper. The trick was conceived and executed by Riley with much the same boyish instinct that led him into mischief in earlier days; and it was with consternation and dismay that he discovered that there were many who believed him guilty of an intentional fraud. From the dark period which followed, one in which he struggled not only with loneliness and misinterpretation, but with his besetting weakness, there came the first of his best lyrics.

The biography has no pretension to literary distinction by reason of its grandiloquence; but those who love Riley, will find pleasure in the scattered poems placed with the scenes by which they were suggested, and still more in the drollery, the humanity, and individual character of its subject.

The Youth of James Whitcomb Riley. By Marcus Dickey. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE POEMS OF HERBERT TRENCH

By Benjamin De Casseres

Rarely comest thou,
Spirit of Delight....

wrote Shelley in the long ago. Did he mean that no great new poems were being fabricated? Probably not. But it is true today—rarely comest thou, Spirit of Delight; the Spirit of Delight being to me a book of fine poems.

Of versifiers there is never an end. The humorist and the sobbing sentimentalist are always with us. Every "poet", no matter how commonplace, believes that he is unique, just as every pair of lovers believe they are unique and that no one has ever loved in just that manner before. But great poets are rare—those that spring throstle-throated and frenzy-smitten straight from the forehead of Dionysus. Swinburne and Hugo and Whitman and Poe have had no successors. Thomas Hardy is sublimely metaphysical at his best—never a singer. Only Gabriele D'Annunzio today carries out the legend of the traditional poet. He is a demigod, a superman, the Red Vision, a spiritual Bolshevist, a passionate chanter of movement and revolution. Just now he is mixed up

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with the international traffic cops, but that is a poet's birthright—to keep in trouble.

But speaking of the Spirit of Delight. It came to me when I picked up for review "Poems" by Herbert Trench. As in the case of Murray Marks, I had never heard of Herbert Trench, so my delight was doubled—something of that feeling that an astronomer has when he catches certain jolts and jostlings along the chalk-line of old Neptune that tell him there is another planet in the sidereal system lying beyond and out-there somewhere.

The poetry of Herbert Trench is done impeccably. It is not world-shaking verse or visions that will jolt Blake or Swinburne or Leconte de Lisle out of their heavens. They are intellectual products (we have too little intellectual poetry in the world today), marmoreal, of a poised and studied sensuousness, done by a man who is absolute master of his vision and his voice.

They are dedicated to the "memory of the two well-beloved masters, Ivan Turgenev and George Meredith", and, indeed, the influence of both these great writers is seen in Mr. Trench's work. There is the impersonal attitude and intellectual pessimism of the great Russian, but tempered by the inescapable faith that all's well that ends in the slumber of God. Meredith would have liked many of these poems, so would Robert Browning—and Francis Thompson. The latter is recalled in Mr. Trench's magnificent "Requiem of the Archangels for the World", also done in Latin by E. Iliff Robson. To me, it is the finest poem, by far, in the book, although "Deidre Wedded", a long narrative poem, should, like the "Requiem", be bound in gold and jasper and printed separately.

The theme of the "Requiem" is sublime. The star that has borne us all is dead. The streams are dumb. The human heart had faded into dust. The battle flags of our wars against Nature and Evil and our poor enemies are furled. The spouting craters of ideas—the skull—are silent. The oceans are mud. Gods and flowers and little children have passed like a morphinated dream.

> Make ready thou, tremendous Night,
> Stoop to the Earth and shroud her scars,
> And bid with chanting to the rite
> The torches of thy train of stars.

It is not the vision of a pessimist or a Schopenhauerian Nay-sayer. Our legend has been a glorious one. We lie bleeding on the altar of Moloch, but we are not tired or fatigued. It was a sublime adventure of a spark of God in matter.

> Fount of the time-embranching fire
> O waneless One, that art the core
> Of every heart's unknown desire,
> Take back the hearts that beat no more.

"Apollo and the Seaman" is a beautiful series of studied images—a poet's poem. "The Rock of Cloud" is Shelleyan—ethereal and wingèd. "The Battle of the Marne" and "Stanzas to Tolstoi in His Old Age" are majestic and have the beat of the heart in every line. "An Ode to Beauty" is unforgettable in its matchless house of words. Mr. Trench's Hound of Heaven is the immortal Helena, mother of the sons of song.

Nothing in these poems reveals to us what manner of man Herbert Trench is. There are no excursions into the waking world. He is not of this day or hour, or any particular day or hour. I imagine him to be seated in a tower in some lost English town where, care-free, he carves his visions into words.

Poems. By Herbert Trench. Two volumes. E. P. Dutton and Co.

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THE MARTYRED TOWNS OF FRANCE

By Margaret Pinckney Allen

"IN one sense all the towns of France were martyred in the Great War." But the towns whose personality is so vividly painted in Miss Clara E. Laughlin's book, "The Martyred Towns of France", suffered the very extremity of martyrdom,—all the horrors which the diseased imagination of man has borne to the god of war. Most of these places are heaps of dust and rubble, and might conceivably never rise again from their desolation. Yet the significance and the value of the book lies in its attempt—a successful one—to picture not the present tormented waste in which they lie, but the enduring, indestructible vitality of the spirit which for so many hundreds of years slowly built them into what they were. Of each of them it might be said, as it is said of Arras the Proud:

> For more than two thousand years men and women struggled to maintain a city in that place—to build and beautify and carry on commerce and manufactures, to rear churches and cultivate the arts and multiply hospitals and asylums for the sick and the aged, to provide excellent education for youth. And in a few months, the brutish rage of frustrated savages was able to reduce the visible result of all those centuries to dust.

Miss Laughlin wisely does not dwell upon the heartbreaking, all too familiar pictures of ruin which the names of Noyon, Reims, Verdun, Soissons, Amiens revive in memory. Instead, in each vivid chronicle, the spirit of each place seems to assure us that there are qualities which the most horrible destruction cannot even touch. Time and again, over these towns of hill and plain and river-side has swept the mad rage of the invader. They have been pawns in the hands of terrible bishops, dowers for duchesses, playthings for princesses, bargains for butchers of men. Tortured on that rack of history which has been made out of the curious and infinite cruelty of man to man, they have seemed, again and again, to yield up their bodies to dissolution. Yet the spirit has lived on.

Miss Laughlin writes out of a deep, intimate knowledge of French history and long familiarity with the actual countryside. All these gorgeous figures, so much more pleasant to read about than to live under, take their way vividly through these pages, bright with banners and the gleam of armor. Bishops, weighted down with the glory of their very earthly pomp, saints or rascals as the case might be, strive with dukes and kings for personal and churchly ends. And through it all one feels, like the irresistible surge beneath a turbulent sea, that struggle of the people, the everyday people of these wonderful towns, to gain for themselves the fruits of their patriotism, their skill, their love of beauty. For it was they who made Noyon, with its "mother of French cathedrals"; proud, ancient Laon, with its quaint claim that it was founded six hundred and eighty years after the flood; Arras, with its splendors of palace and abbey, its libraries, its museums, its sinuous, picturesque streets, its gorgeous Hotel de Ville, its belfry built in the fifteenth century to express to posterity the joy of its citizens in their city,—that belfry which soared two hundred and forty-five feet "with the grace of a flame and like a cry of joy and liberty in the sky. (I quote not from a poem but from a report of a commissioner of public works!)"; Amiens, with its cathedral, one of the most beautiful buildings in the world; Verdun, all its

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former glory linked now with its immortal phrase for more than mortal endurance; the small towns of the Marne Valley, especially that ancient Château-Thierry which has its special place in American hearts. Names, these, that are like a trumpet-call, "reviving the immortal spirits of old victories".

But more than these triumphs of war is the remembrance that these small cities and towns of France gave their citizens a remarkably complete life with their libraries, their museums of art, their theatres, cafés, and public gardens, their fine promenades, and beautiful boulevards. Gone are these, apparently forever, in half a hundred towns, another enormous sacrifice on the altar of Vandal lust and hate. But through all these vital pages, the spirit of France breathes its promise of triumph and renewal.

The Martyred Towns of France. By Clara E. Laughlin. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

TWO OLD LADIES SHOW THEIR MEDALS

By John Bunker

THERE are, as every wise man's son doth know, just two kinds of books: those that are readable—and the other kind. And for sheer readability commend us to a good volume of biography, of memoirs, of reminiscence. These are eminently the fireside books, the companionable affairs, so heartily approved of by Johnson—throwing as they do a direct and personal light on that forever fascinating subject, human nature.

Of such a sort are the two books before us: "The Life and Letters of Lady Dorothy Nevill" by her son Ralph Nevill, and "Mid-Victorian Memories" by Matilda Betham-Edwards. There are certain resemblances between them. In time the long lives of these two women practically coincided, the first living from 1826 to 1913, and the second from 1837 to 1919. Each was on a footing of intimacy with many of the great personages of their period, and each possessed an alert intelligence, lively and undimmed even after the passage of eighty years. This being said, the rest is a matter of contrasts.

Lady Dorothy Nevill was of the inmost circle of the great world of rank and fashion, a descendant of Lady Dorothy Townshend, sister of Sir Robert Walpole. Partly from this circumstance and even more from her native charm and gaiety and unfailing zest for life, she acquired in the course of her eighty-seven years a series of friends and acquaintances which for number and variety was really astounding. The list of statesmen and politicians alone is in itself memorable, running from Lord Palmerston (that tough-minded old aristocrat with his "I have known only one woman who refused gold, and she took diamonds"), Gladstone, Disraeli, Chamberlain, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and a host of minor figures, down to John Burns, Asquith, and Winston Churchill—"that fretted soul who cannot make up his mind as to whether he is Nelson or Napoleon." In addition to these she knew military leaders of the standing of Lord Wolseley and Sir John French, poets and littérateurs like Tennyson and John Morley and Edmund Gosse, philosophers like Frederic Harrison, artists like Whistler, scientists like Darwin, to say nothing of earls and dukes and personages of even more

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exalted rank. And most of these she not only knew but knew intimately, seeing them frequently or carrying on a close correspondence with them.

Naturally in such a book the requisite number of *mots* are recorded, and there is a wealth of amusing stories. One of these concerns Tennyson, present at a country-house party when a well-known singer sang a poem of his which she had set to music.

> She sang it beautifully, but when it was over the poet with asperity expressed his intense annoyance that his beautiful lines should have been set to what he called "horrible third-class music"! The result was general consternation—everyone called for candles and went to bed.

But perhaps the cleverest story, in view of recent occurrences, has to do with an American named Silsbee, noted for his collection of Shelley relics, who was once asked to address a temperance meeting:

> He duly appeared upon the platform amid a crowd of rigid abstainers. The audience were much moved by speech after speech depicting the horrors produced by alcohol, but Mr. Silsbee's oration produced a far greater sensation. Rising to his feet he said: "I have searched the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelations, and I have found that there was only one man who called for water and he was in hell as he deserved to be."

Turning to the second of these octogenarian memoirists we find that Miss Betham-Edwards was a writer who at twenty succeeded as a novelist with her first work of fiction "The White House by the Sea"; and at seventy, at the request of her publisher, she wrote a novel "Hearts of Alsace" to celebrate the jubilee of her working life. Frederic Harrison mentions "Kitty", "Dr. Jacob", and "John and I" as among her best novels, but considers that " 'A Suffolk Courtship', 'The Lord of the Harvest', and 'Mock Beggars' Hall' have a special value, even as historic records of 'Old England' in Corn Law days, and they are worthy to stand beside those of Maria Edgeworth and Mary Mitford."

Herself a literary woman, most of Miss Betham-Edwards's friendships were with literary people or those connected with literature, and her book is put together on an entirely different plan from that of Lady Dorothy—the plan, namely, of devoting separate chapters to the person under discussion. The first and (religious prejudice apart) the best chapter in the book has to do with "my neighbor and intimate friend, Coventry Patmore...far and away the most original figure in these memorabilia." That Miss Betham-Edwards knew how to strike off a graphic portrait the following account of Patmore as a talker will show:

> As the blue tobacco fumes curled upwards, and the strange, lank, sardonic figure of the speaker became partly obscured, his listener would forget the man in the potency of the voice—a voice mysterious, penetrating, Dantesque, belonging not to one of ourselves, but to the olden time, an echo of the grand old days, "the days that are no more".... He had known Carlyle well, and was fond of talking about him. "Why", I asked one evening, "should Carlyle have written his 'French Revolution' in the chaotic, parenthetic style of Jean Paul Richter, every sentence being a Chinese puzzle?" "Why?" he replied; "because to put all that he had to say in clear, matter-of-fact prose would have required twenty pages instead of one. His book suited the theme; it is in itself a revolution!"

Speaking of her introduction to George Eliot, Miss Betham-Edwards writes:

> ...and there I was in the presence of a tall, prematurely old lady wearing black, with a majestic but appealing and wholly unforgettable face. A subdued yet penetrating light—I am tempted to say luminosity—shone from large dark eyes that looked all the darker on account of the white, marble-like complexion. She might have sat for a Santa Teresa.

Other chapters deal with Frederic Harrison, Madame Bodichon, and

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Herbert Spencer, Baron Tauchnitz, Lord John Russell, Henry James, Amelia Blandford Edwards, Miss Braddon, Lord Kitchener, John Morley, "Mark Rutherford", Mudie, John Murray; and "a trio of pioneers"—Rose Davenport-Hill, Frances Power Cobbe, and Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D.

The Life and Letters of Lady Dorothy Nevill. By her son Ralph Nevill. E. P. Dutton and Co.
Mid-Victorian Memories. By Matilda Betham-Edwards. With a personal sketch by Mrs. Sarah Grand. The Macmillan Co.

THE BEST FOR THE LOWEST

By Oscar L. Joseph

THERE are some lives which can be limned at full length on a small canvas, but other lives need a large canvas with a spacious background. Some men leap into fame at a bound, others must industriously work their way to the pinnacles of success. Barnett of Toynbee Hall, whose "Life", written by his wife, has just been given us, was of this latter class. He had neither the gifts nor the graces that popular standards esteem as of first consequence. But he had the glow which made him grow, and at fifty his talents were so prolific as to overwhelm those who regarded him, when twenty years of age, as a youth of mediocre parts. He was a constant surprise to those who knew him best, and he proved the truth of the saying that "appearances are deceptive". He had early formed his ideal, and through evil report and good report, he pursued the devious paths which enabled him to achieve, far beyond the expectations of even the most sanguine.

Barnett was often in ill health and oftener depressed, and frequently slandered, not so much by the ignorant as by the educated. He was also the recipient of those curious missiles of the black art, called anonymous letters, resorted to by cowards; but instead of consigning them to deserved oblivion, he preserved them. Here is one of them:

> You awful fraud. I wonder you are not struck down dead taking part in the service. The poor *hate* you like the bitterest poison. You are no good at all and not fit to be a clergyman. I hate you. I hope you will drop dead before long. Curse you.

He, however, showed unusual courage in sticking to his last, although he lived between the two fires of misunderstanding by the poor, and of misrepresentation by the rich whose zeal for calumny was only exceeded by their pharisaic self-complacency. He held that "it is only the passion of patience which effectually reforms abuses". For twenty years he lived in a tiny house in Whitechapel, East London, on a self-imposed limited income, and immersed himself in the life of this destitute neighborhood, determined to make religion a real force for spiritual and social uplift. He was splendidly supported by his wife, who shared all his humanitarian aspirations. The career of such a man, in the face of numerous odds, is a better argument for the immortality of life and influence than a whole library of philosophy and theology. When he died, Dean Ryle said from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey:

> He was no visionary, no fanatic, but from his early manhood he was moved with a genuine love for the people. He yearned to show that the Church of Christ belonged to the true heart of the nation—beating in sympathy with its sufferings and its needs, its aspirations and its hopes, with its struggle for fairer conditions and purer environment. He refused to be discouraged, and was hopeful, prudent, and fair-minded, a lover of truth, a man of intellectual humility and religious honesty. He insisted that if the Church of Christ preached religion and virtue to the toiling millions of our great cities, it must contend for the establishment of a Kingdom of God on earth, and pro-

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mote the removal of those conditions by which clean and virtuous living is rendered most difficult, and which too often are the fertile seedplots of vice.

Canon Barnett was a pioneer in many directions and it almost takes one's breath away to read about his endeavors for housing reform, popular education, pension relief, university changes, and other movements for human advancement. He showed an unusual facility in enlisting the personal services of eminent people for the enrichment of the work at Whitechapel. Many of them delivered lectures and taught classes, impressed by the guiding principle of Barnett, "The best for the lowest". A partial list of some of these activities is given in Volume I, page 370. The climax of his labors was the establishment of Toynbee Hall, which was destined to carry out an extensive program, to become a great university center, to open to the poor "the great avenues of art, literature and history down which come the thoughts and ideals of the ages". How this has been carried out may be gathered from the list of Toynbee societies, conducted not as mere classes but as discussion groups under the leadership of experts. One of the most interesting parts of these volumes is the correspondence of Barnett, which alone was exhaustive enough to engage all the energy of one man. As rector of St. Jude's Parish, Canon of Bristol, Canon of Westminster, and Warden of Toynbee Hall, this servant of God fulfilled a service which has given a new complexion to the militant mission of Christianity. Well did M. Clemenceau declare, after a visit to England in 1884: "I have met but three really great men in England, and one was a little pale clergyman in Whitechapel".

Canon Barnett. His Life, Work, and Friends. By His Wife. Two volumes. Houghton Mifflin Co.

TWO DECORATION BOOKS

By Richardson Wright

WRITERS on furniture history have hitherto been content to follow the antiquated system of periods and dates. In this volume, "The Practical Book of Interior Decoration", furniture history is set down in the new fashion, according to the four great tides of influence that have affected furniture design and use—the Renaissance, the Baroque, the Rococo, and the Neo-classic. This treatment is important because it shows the history of furniture as an international affair, which it was. The influences that changed a chair leg did not stop at frontiers. Interior architecture and equipment in France, England, Italy, Spain, and Portugal yielded to the same general influences at about the same time. Furniture was even more sensitive to stylistic changes than architecture.

The book is divided into three general sections. The first outlines the architectural background of the room in each era, beginning with the sixteenth century, and summarizes the changes in that background and in the mobiliary furniture and accessories as the four different influences moulded their contours. At the end of each chapter is a tabulation of all the articles used in the furnishing of these period rooms. The second division is devoted to the practical aspects of decoration, in which are considered such matters as color, furniture arrangement, window and door hangings, floors, walls, fixtures, etc. The third division contains a scheme for international, interperiod decoration by which the authors attempt to create a distinctive, livable style on the basis of scale and design rather than period—a sort of democracy of tables

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and chairs. This combination of the history, the practical application of decorative principles, and the suggestion for a new style makes a presentation of the subject far more comprehensive and useful than has been attempted in other volumes on the subject.

Among the especially commendable points are the concise summaries of the customs underlying furniture design and usages; the treatment of the architectural background of the room —a subject either ignored or avoided by many decorators; and the explanation of the use of color. The last is a difficult subject at best; here it is explained in simple terms aided by analogies that the amateur can readily grasp. The authors are not convinced of the livableness of modernist decoration—the unrestrained use of strong color and the tortuous contours of the Viennese School. Nor do they take seriously the ephemeral styles created by furniture manufacturers who, during the last few years, have attempted to make styles in American decoration change almost as often as styles in dress.

There are debatable points, however, on which the authors dogmatize. They also manage to use a great many words, an appalling number of words, and they have submitted to Englishisms so completely (although all three are Americans) that the book gets annoying. One doesn't mind color spelt with a *u*, but he does writhe when he reads that "the King *sate* upon the throne".

In this large volume of 450 pages, interspersed with several hundred plates of half-tone and line illustrations, the professional decorator and student will find an authoritative work. And to the amateur it should prove equally helpful because all the possible problems are touched on in a practical and sane fashion.

"Color Schemes For the Home and Model Interiors" is a portfolio that will prove of value to the beginning decorator in the selection of colors for a room and the placing of color accents. After stating the general rules of decoration, there follow twenty color plates of schemes for curtains, walls, upholstery, etc., with the photograph of the room to which they apply shown opposite. Together with these is a text explanation of the scheme. The idea is excellent, the colors are sane and practical but strangely lacking in vitality. One must protest, however, against the obvious faking of the photographs—the backgrounds of excellent rooms have been taken and groups of Grand Rapids pieces "bled" on them. Even the untrained eye can discern the mark of the retoucher.

The Practical Book of Interior Decoration. By Harold Donaldson Eberlein, Abbot McClure and Edward S. Holloway. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Color Schemes For the Home and Model Interiors. By Henry W. Frohne and Alice F. and Bettina Jackson. J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE LYRIC LINE

By Louis Untermeyer

IN 1911, before the poetry produced in America had reached the proportions of a "renaissance", there appeared one of the most remarkable "first" books that have ever roused my dogged enthusiasm. It was called "The Human Fantasy" and its author was an unknown by the name of John Hall Wheelock. What gave the volume its peculiar distinction was the way it fused the spirit of Whitman with the tone of Henley and the grace of Heine. But what gave it its authority was the musical overtone that

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rose from the strangely assembled chords; a singing buoyance, an athletic loveliness, a lyricism that was both tender and intense. On the first page of this arresting book one was confronted by a freshness not only of idiom but of vision. "The Human Fantasy" was one of the earliest contemporary contributions to our rapidly growing literature of exalted realism; it celebrated, with passionate vigor, "the glory of the commonplace". The two volumes that followed were a rude and rapid decrescendo; "The Belovèd Adventure" was a weakening of the first strain; in "Love and Liberation" Wheelock touched incredible depths of banality. And now comes "Dust and Light"—an apotheosis of the preceding trio; a summary and, in some ways, a spiritual synthesis.

In spite of the frequent passages of exaltation, one looks in vain for the early vitality; the rich, human stuff of such a poem as "Sunday Evening in the Common" is strikingly absent. It would be pleasant to write that what Wheelock has lost in a realistic magic he has gained in a lyric romanticism. But an examination of "Dust and Light" forbids any such agreeable conclusion. The singer who gave promise of being one of our most poetic interpreters of modern life has become a dispenser of musical platitudes, a determined (and often genuinely inspired) chronicler of the tidbits of poetry. He buries his best effects in what seems to be a mass of carefully-hoarded juvenilia; he blurs his clean images with a thick film of *clichés* like "dizzy draught", "rude buffet", "languid breath", "wanton waste", "fall like dew", "move like music", "sounding shore". In addition to these disappointments, the faults of his early work are intensified. He is uncritically repetitious; he thins out his themes till they seem the merest trickle of ideas; the continual and upper-case "Beauty" of "Love and Liberation" is replaced by an overcapitalized "All" varied by an equally imposing "Awe".

These defects mar but they cannot utterly destroy the power of Wheelock's convictions. If "Dust and Light" contains some of this poet's least distinctive efforts, it also includes some of his most successful ones. The two long poems at the end of the volume ("The Man to his Dead Poet" and "Toward the Bright Doom") are among the noblest verses Wheelock has achieved. "Thanks from Earth to Heaven" and "The Far Land" vibrate with his old certainties and a new restraint; "Earth" is a set of dazzling couplets that would delight Ralph Hodgson. I quote the first few lines:

> Grasshopper, your fairy song
> And my poem alike belong
> To the dark and silent earth
> From which all poetry has birth;
> All we say and all we sing
> Is but as the murmuring
> Of that drowsy heart of hers
> When from her deep dream she stirs:
> If we sorrow, or rejoice,
> You and I are but her voice.

The set lyrics are less notable. They waver between a rather lush mysticism and a too-insistent plucking of the amatory string. It is a somewhat cloying Love that Wheelock finds in all things—even in Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata and the opening bars of Wagner's "Ring"! The section "April Lightning" is a significant example. It describes passion but rarely evokes it; it is full of an emotionalism that flashes but seldom burns, that flickers but rarely flames. If Wheelock were a more ruthless self-appraiser, his volume would have been much smaller and far more remarkable. The elimi-

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nation of a score of songs that he seems to have sung for the tenth time would have given the fresh lyrics a firmer authority. "The Lonely Poet" is one of these arresting pieces. "Revelation" is another facet of loveliness, and in several of the sonnets he captures the delicate music that often evades him in the more avowedly musical stanzas:

Greatly, undauntedly, you did endure
With brave abandon and supreme consent
To render up, in the accomplishment
Of life, your holy body and being pure:
Great in surrender, in your giving sure
And weariless, still with magnificent
Ardor of love, when love's desire was spent,
Laughed in your eyes the everlasting lure.

And all that loveliness, the loud world's pride,
Mine in that moment, and how dear I know!
Yet dearer was an hour, when at my side
You clung with eyes all blinded, and cheeks of snow,—
And beauty broken,—and quivering lips that cried
Against my lips their piteous human woe.

Although by no means his best, "Dust and Light" is a decided improvement upon its immediate predecessor. It not only contains some of Wheelock's finest individual achievements, but gives evidence that the swing back to the spirit of "The Human Fantasy" will be a hearty one. With this promise, after the long lapse, the new collection is doubly welcome.

Dust and Light. By John Hall Wheelock. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A LOVER OF NATURE AND THE MOUNTAINS

By LeRoy Jeffers

LIKE John Muir of California, Enos Mills of Colorado lived for many years alone with nature and the mountains. In summer and winter he has roamed over hundreds of miles of mountainous country, climbing many peaks on the way. He formed intimate acquaintance with the flowers and trees, and he studied and loved the birds and animals until they realized his friendship. Neither Muir nor Mills ever carried a gun, preferring to win the confidence and companionship of wild life rather than to destroy it for profit or pleasure. Many have felt that a sympathetic friendship for nature leads to a deeper understanding of the Creator.

In his latest book, "The Adventures of a Nature Guide", Enos Mills has much to tell about the new profession of nature guiding. For many years enthusiastic groups of children have attended his Trail School, studying with him the beauties of the Rocky Mountain National Park. Banishing the foolish notion that altitude is harmful, he has taken them far above timber-line at 11,500 feet, and has frequently reached the summit of Long's Peak, which is 14,255 feet in height. In seven miles they passed through many zones of tree, plant, and animal life. A true nature guide is always discovering life histories, and he is always encouraging his companions to see and understand for themselves. He is a fascinating interpreter of the natural sciences. There is immeasurable difference between his art and the out-of-date method of text-book and indoor instruction. Instead of dry and uninteresting facts that are forced upon one, against which the mind rebels, the spirit is awakened by the voice of living things, and it reaches out in every direction to learn the meaning of life. We look for the day when this wiser method of education will develop men and women to be alive to deeper realities and to fuller

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and more satisfying human relationships. There is a decided need for leaders in our schools and colleges who will make possible these things to the young; and for adequate opportunities for teachers themselves to learn the art of assisting their pupils to develop, without repressing their divinely creative impulses.

An important movement has recently been inaugurated by the National Parks Association of Washington for the intelligent appreciation of natural scenery. Some of our leading colleges are cooperating, and are offering courses of study and summer excursions to our National Parks under the guidance of specialists in the interpretation of nature. Last summer in Yosemite Valley, the University of California commenced an annual series of popular scientific lectures descriptive of the scenery of the park. The rapidly increasing number of visitors to all our National Parks suggests an excellent opportunity for public education if trained nature guides can be provided by the government. It is certain that appreciative acquaintance with nature is more vital to the growth of true Americanism than is as yet realized.

Mr. Mills has long loved the courageous trees that live on the mountains at timber-line. Gnarled and stunted by winds and storms they crouch behind the boulders and grow thickly together for mutual protection. In a lifetime many grow to be only a foot or two in height, while their annual rings are hardly a hundredth of an inch in diameter. The author used one of these trees that was four hundred years old for a staff; while he found a tree twelve feet in height that had lived for 1,182 years. As these trees part with their life and warmth in the campfire's flickering glow, is it not easy to imagine they are telling us their age-long secrets?

Very early one season I ascended Long's Peak alone, finding much ice and snow, and delicate work on the final climb above the Narrows. Here the rocks were icy and the wind strong, threatening to sweep one instantly down the gulley and over the cliffs into Wild Basin. I can readily appreciate Mills's ascent of the peak one winter day when he literally crawled up to examine his air-metre in a gale that reached 170 miles an hour. He found the buffeting of the wind was like a journey through a dangerous rapid. Again and again he was picked up and hurled about by his invisible antagonist. In climbing the "Trough" he found it safest to lie with his head down the slope, while the terrific wind shot him up the steep incline feet foremost. Passing the unprotected "Narrows" in safety, he found the "Home Stretch" even more dangerous. The wind was so continuously strong that he trusted himself to its arms, and he was whirled up the precipitous gulley to the summit in the only way possible to have reached it. Unless one has encountered winds and storms at high altitude upon the mountains, it is possible to have but little idea of these conditions. Avalanches hundreds of thousands of tons in weight tear down the mountain sides, sweeping a pathway through the forest, and instantly killing the sheep and bears. For miles the flying mass of snow, trees, and boulders jumps the ravines, falls over cliffs, and comes at last to rest in some great canyon which it fills high with wreckage.

In summer, electrical storms of great intensity gather in the mountains. On the summits of the Rockies of Colorado and the high Sierras of Cali-

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fornia, one's hair often stands upright and his fingers crackle, while the rocks sing with electricity. On a high peak of the Canadian Rockies which I had ascended, I awaited the arrival of other climbers. A severe blizzard with electrical conditions hid all from view; but, just as the leader reached the summit, he was struck down by a blinding flash of lightning. It traveled along the ice-axes of the party, instantly throwing them over.

Under ordinary circumstances Enos Mills has the keenest of eyes, but on one of his winter trips across the divide he lost his snow glasses when a spruce tree shed its snow upon him. At 12,000 feet his eyes were blinded by the dazzling snow and he was finally unable to see at all. It was many miles over the mountains to any habitation and he was without provisions. With staff, snow shoes, matches, a hatchet, and his senses keenly awake, he felt his way for hours down to timber-line. Here he stood upon the brink of a cliff with the chill of night upon him. He shouted and the echoes spoke of canyon walls. He felt of the trees and rocks for mosses and lichens to learn his direction. Finally the snow gave way and he fell to a ledge from which he escaped by climbing down a dead tree. Farther down the canyon he heard the roar of a great avalanche sweeping toward him. Unable to tell in what direction to move, he was thrown down by the force of its wind and smothered by its snow dust. In attempting to climb over its debris, he fell into the icy stream and narrowly escaped drowning. He was nearly frozen in searching for a missing snow shoe, but he providentially stumbled against the warm body of a mountain sheep that had been killed by the avalanche. Pressing on he was tortured all night long by the pain in his eyes. With daylight the suffering became more acute, but he struggled along until evening, when he found an abandoned cabin. Here he made a fire and stayed until the following day. Although he was unable to see, he refused to become excited, and toward the end of the third day he found food and shelter with human beings.

The Adventures of a Nature Guide. By Enos A. Mills. Doubleday, Page and Co.

TWO GENIAL GENTLEMEN BEFORE US

By Tom Daly

THE scribbler of this sketch confesses to a constitutional weakness which makes it utterly impossible for him ever to become a perfect critic. He—or let's switch to the easier form and say we ourself—can never quite lose sight of an author's personality when we come to consider his published work. It is this self-knowledge which makes us sometimes doubt the justice of our estimate of Walt Whitman. Several times we have donned hip-boots and waded through the muck of "Leaves of Grass" looking for four-leaf clovers, but we've found mighty few. We have ended by deciding that Walt, as a poet, is a monumental false alarm. Yet we are conscious that this judgment may be biased by reason of the fact that we have had a "close-up" of the man, whom Lincoln is alleged to have admired (at a distance), and that we set him down as a vainglorious old blatherskite.

Conversely, we are, perhaps, one of the last men THE BOOKMAN should permit to undertake this present little task, if the result is expected to be an

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unprejudiced appraisal of the two genial gentlemen before us. Take Christopher Morley to begin with; there's a fine Elizabethan monniker to conjure with, and the long given name is steadily dwindling, day by day, into the hearty bigness of the diminutive which he wears as jauntily and as rightfully as that earlier "Kit", of the similar sounding surname, with whom Will Shakespeare and Ben Jonson frequently hobnobbed within the walls of the Mermaid Tavern. What but good could we say of this wholesome "camerado"?

If you were a late bird lingering upon the lower slopes of Parnassus; or, to make the figure plainer, let us say, if you were an ancient minstrel doddering by the roadside and fumbling a tarnished harp, and to you suddenly should appear a fresh new singer, chubby but nimble, who, pausing in his eager journey to the heights above, should slip a friendly arm around you and urge you on and up, what would you be likely to say of that youth whenever an opportunity offered? Damn these senile tears! If you had any music left in you, you'd burst the last string of your harp in praise of him.

We fear, and at the same time hope, that we will never be able to find fault with anything to which Kit Morley is willing to sign his name. We can't imagine him capable of an unworthy piece of workmanship, though he almost succeeded in achieving that dubious distinction with "In the Sweet Dry and Dry". But we have nothing to do with that now. We have before us for discussion "Mince Pie". It is a wholly delectable dish. For architectonic toothsomeness, plumpness of filling, variety of ingredients, and spiciness of seasoning, there never was another quite like it. The only raisin seeds or bits of grit in it are a few annoying typographical errors, chargeable entirely to those graceless striking printers who all but kept it from reaching the Christmas table.

In this space it is impossible to discuss with proper gusto all the several savors of this rare treat. The thing is compact of humor, poetry, divine foolery, sound and true sentiment, and high thinking. It is the work of a man of wide reading and wider sympathies, who can write, and who is gifted not only with fancy but with imagination. He touches upon more than fifty subjects and he adorns all that he touches. These essays, sketches and poems were done—many of them—in the feverish press of daily journalism, much the same sort of thing that he is running now, each day, upon the editorial page of the New York "Evening Post". Yet they are literature.

We would not say that he doesn't strain occasionally, for he does—in one instance at least. Speaking of "Christmas Cards" he makes a plea "for an honest romanticism...that will express something of the entrancing color and circumstance that surround us today", and he asks us to believe that "a trolley car jammed with parcel-laden passengers is just as satisfying a spectacle as any stage coach". Nonsense! he knows better, and so do we. Kit Morley is built to fill a chair in a friendly inn, that throne of human felicity that old Dr. Johnson so loved; the rich, sweet spirit of the old romanticism permeates every page of his book. Why, else, was Walter Jack Duncan selected, to furnish the quaint, old-fashioned thumb-nail sketches which so becomingly ornament the delightful volume?

And, speaking of pictures, we come at once to the end of our tether and

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to the name of this other man whom we confess ourself unable to criticize because of a personal prejudice. We know nothing of art "but we know what we like". Bruce Bairnsfather's sketches have always got to us strong. We believe them to be technically perfect, but if they're not we don't care. They suit us to a *t*. In his new book, "From Mud to Mufti", he gives us more glimpses of Old Bill and his pals, and the text he has written around them is mighty good stuff. We'd tell the world it was, even if it wasn't, perhaps, for besides the work Bruce Bairnsfather has done with his pen and pencil, we honor him for the fine, cheerful spirit he showed and for the things he suffered when so many of us were taking our ease at home.

This may not be the sort of thing authors and artists like to have said of them when they have new books to the fore, but we can't help it.

Mince Pie. By Christopher Morley. George H. Doran Company.
From Mud to Mufti. By Bruce Bairnsfather. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN PRAISE OF NATURE FAKING

BY WALTER A. DYER

WHEN Rudyard Kipling invented a psychology for a ship and a locomotive, people differed as to the success of his imaginative venture; but no one, so far as I know, accused him of insincerity. Indeed, I have been told that sailors and engineers responded with gratitude because he had interpreted something that they loved. But when a man draws a little on his imagination in order to interpret the lives of animals, if he has the hardihood to impute to them motives and processes of thought that cannot be scientifically demonstrated, he is branded as a nature faker by the naturalists. Even Ernest Thompson Seton, whose story of a silver fox will long remain in my memory, has not gone unscathed, though as a rule he has watched his scientific step most assiduously.

Scientific accuracy, of course, must be reverenced; but when it comes to literary criticism, I am inclined to think that the naturalists should give precedence to the sailors and the engineers—for what writer of fiction was ever held to strict accountability for the psychology with which he endowed his characters? His job is to write a convincing story. A lifetime spent in a laboratory of human psychology would probably never justify a d'Artagnan or a Pickwick. Human characters are permitted to be *sui generis*. But when an author essays to make his leading character a dog or a horse or a gnu or an ornithorhynchus, the shocked professors of natural history arise and call him faker. If they had their way they would burn most of our animal stories and so make our literature poorer to an incalculable degree. They would, no doubt, promptly put a spoke in the wheel of James Oliver Curwood, and

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I for one am glad that they have not yet gained that privilege.

In "Nomads of the North" Mr. Curwood has written an entertaining, convincing, amusing, and sometimes thrilling tale, not lacking in vividness and beauty of style. The atmosphere of the great north wilderness pervades it. There is villainy in it, and high-hearted fighting, and touches of genuine tenderness. There is action, there is humor, there is sufficient plot, and there is a satisfying finish that fulfils all the artistic requirements. What more could the reader ask?

But Mr. Curwood is a nature faker. There are humans in his book, but they are chiefly for purposes of background. The protagonists of his wilderness drama are a cross-bred pup and a brown bear cub. They do things that no bear and no dog have ever been known to do in the records of the natural history societies. The scientists will tell you that it is contrary to nature for a bear and a dog to become pals and stick together through thick and thin far from the haunts of man. But that is what Miki and Neewa did. If they hadn't there would have been no story, and it's a good story. The scientist will gasp at many things in the book—that Miki, for instance, had a strange premonition of the fact that it was time for Neewa to awaken from his long winter sleep. Such things rather strain the credulity, but what healthy person has ever seriously objected to having his credulity strained since the news went forth that a whale had swallowed Jonah? Such is the province of fiction. The fact that Miki and Neewa did things that no other dog and bear have ever been recorded as doing is not enough, in my mind, to stamp the book as criminal. Sherlock Holmes did things beyond the powers of any man of my personal acquaintance, and yet I have always believed in him.

Let it not be supposed that Mr. Curwood has essayed to write a story about creatures of which he knows little. His setting and his characters are notably authentic. He knows his animals as well as most novelists know men and women,—perhaps better,—and if he has chosen to turn their feet into somewhat unusual paths, that is no more than the novelists do, if they have any gift of imagination. To be consistent and convincing—that is the fiction-writer's job, however fanciful his characters or his theme. That Mr. Curwood has succeeded in this, that he has succeeded in arousing our fullest sympathy and interest in his four-footed heroes and their doings, that he has, in short, spun a good yarn out of it—a yarn which I shall not spoil by recapitulation—is surely a sufficient justification for any liberties he may have taken with the sacred findings of science. And the story leaves me, at least, with the feeling that Mr. Curwood may be as good a naturalist as any of them.

Go to it, friend Curwood, and give us some more. Let wise men puzzle their highly convoluted brains over the way of a serpent on a rock or an eagle in the air, and study their habits through thick lenses; it is for such as you to make living literature of them, and that is worth more to most of us. Let the naturalists rage and gnash their teeth; do you go blithely on your delightful way, nature faking whenever it suits your laudable purpose, so that you give us more stories as good as "Nomads of the North".

Major Charles G. D. Roberts is another nature faker of deepest dye. He

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also is the more culpable in that he really knows something about wild animals. Him also have I known through the medium of his books ever since I spent happy hours with "The Heart of the Ancient Wood". With an unregenerate grin in the faces of the professors, a toast to Major Roberts.

Of his latest book, "Jim: the Story of a Backwoods Police Dog", I regret that I cannot write in words of highest praise. Remembering a hundred better tales of the folk of the wilderness, I must confess to a slight feeling of disappointment in this— a feeling that Major Roberts can make better fiction out of a lone panther than a domesticated dog. Jim, trained by Tug Blackstock to help him in his duties as deputy sheriff in a backwoods community, is a bit overworked in the effort to make him the hero of enough tales to fill a book. And, fortunately, they don't quite fill the book, for following the series of six stories of Jim come three that are rather more in the author's old-time vein—stories of an eagle, an army mule, and a skunk. Indeed, I am inclined to think that "The Mule" amply redeems the shortcomings of the Jim series, for here we get a genuine thrill, something of real feeling. This mule, transformed from a vicious brute by shell-shock, is not like other mules. He is an individual transcending his type. Nature faking again. But Major Roberts has woven a real story around him, a story of permanent merit. Again, it seems to me, the artistic result more than justifies scientific elasticity.

Albert Payson Terhune is such a prolific writer that I suppose it is my own fault that I have not before encountered him in the rôle of a nature faker. He is a very mild nature faker at that, for the stories in this book are all about thoroughbred dogs, and dog stories have been generally immune against the condemnation of the naturalists. These stories are all based on episodes and adventures in the life of Mr. Terhune's own collie. I have read better dog stories, and worse ones. These are good enough to strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of thousands of dog lovers. They are of uneven merit, and one cannot long remain unconscious of an exasperating habit on the part of the author to repeat phrases—a fault that would be overlooked in magazine publication but that might easily have been edited out of the book. On the whole, they are well written, spirited, and sincere. The nature faking crops out here and there in imputing extraordinary virtues and too human thought processes to the hero. And one hesitates to accept unquestioningly the "heart interest" injected in the form of a rather uncanine love affair between Lad and Lady. But the lover of dog stories will forgive it all, especially after enjoying the genuine thrill that resides in "The Killer".

None of these three authors has bluffed his way through half-mastered material. They all know the animals of which they write. And being, first of all, artists, they have sinned with their eyes open. If this be nature faking, make the most of it.

In the old days I used to associate

Nomads of the North. By James Oliver Curwood. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Jim: the Story of a Backwoods Police Dog. By Major Charles G. D. Roberts. The Macmillan Co.

Lad: a Dog. By Albert Payson Terhune. E. P. Dutton and Co.

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Major Roberts's books with a unique and masterly type of illustration by Charles Livingston Bull. These illustrations were unquestionably a distinct addition to the stories. Some of Major Roberts's later books, including "Jim", have been offered without the embellishment of Mr. Bull's drawings, and I for one have missed them. But Mr. Bull has furnished pictures for "Nomads of the North", and they're good. As a nature faker with brush and pencil, Mr. Bull can make the illustrations in the standard zoologies look like the line cuts in the Unabridged Dictionary. How he would have enjoyed doing Major Roberts's eagle!

LOSING A LIFE

BY FREDERICK HARRIS

SIR JAMES BARRIE and H. G. Wells are now cleared of the heavy charges made against them. It has been proved conclusively that they did not take a vacation together and spend the time writing "The Young Visiters" and "The Journal of a Disappointed Man". Barrie was able to produce the author herself; we have been permitted the sight of a portrait of Daisy Ashford as she now appears; and we hear with interest that, having made the discovery that she is or was a writer, she now proposes to undertake that deceivingly simple-appearing task of editing a magazine. Mr. Wells has betrayed a very eloquent annoyance over his affair. And really he is justified. For if he had indeed written the "Journal", his introduction would have been an inexcusable piece of effrontery. His repeated denials were so slow in spreading over America that reviewers kept discovering internal evidence till a few weeks ago. Then came the complete information: Barbellion's real name was B. F. Cummings, and the general facts of his life are truly portrayed in the "Journal"—the only variation from truth being in the date of his death. In a manner all its own, this book carried the witness of its integrity; there is nothing just like it anywhere else. If Mr. Wells had not committed the original indiscretion of writing an introduction, probably nobody would ever have thought of raising a question.

The book is of absorbing interest. Every few pages the reader meets a passage of the clearest insight, or the most pleasing humor, or of passing beauty. The descriptive passages hold the essential wonder before our eyes, and the little caricatures are complete with just a few lines. The account of the pile-driving episode is about as perfect as a piece of writing can be made. The casual criticisms of books and authors are stimulating to a high degree. And the woman in the case —though we have not seen her, we must love her.

But it is a pitiful tragedy. Tennyson said that the "flight of Hetty in 'Adam Bede' and Thackeray's gradual breaking down of Colonel Newcome,

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were the two most pathetic things in modern prose fiction". But neither of these can match the pathos of a highly intelligent and sensitive young man, caught fast in the toils of enemies he cannot see or feel, sinking slowly toward the end. With a manly courage that commands our breathless admiration, he faces "the wild beasts" as they relentlessly close in around him.

Of course, to produce a really good diary a man must be a thoroughgoing egotist. Self-esteem must hold the whip over delicacy and be ready to lash back into the corner any insurgent sense of humor. And this is the one essential element: other considerations may heighten the effect, but they are adornments. There is the case of Samuel Pepys; he passes among notable people and participates in great events, but he sets it all down primarily because his supreme interest is in himself and his own goings forth and comings in. What a man he was—he who used to watch Charles II play tennis "must buttonhole posterity with the news that his periwig was once alive with nits". And another one, quite as great in his littleness—James Boswell: this man shadows Johnson day in, day out, and is willing to risk anything for an extra note or two in his daily jottings; but he works himself in even if he has to receive the negative end of a carefully-placed kick. These two were determined to shine even if only by reflected light; nature—blessed forevermore—graciously favored each one with "a place in the sun".

But nothing ever happened to the author of "The Journal of a Disappointed Man". He knew no great scholars, he met no restored kings on the rolling deep, he could not see the Great War when it came right upon him. No distinguished names adorn his pages except those of authors whose books he has read. There is a lady—and a wonderful one, surely—but hear the lover's rhapsody: "If I am to admit the facts, they are that I eagerly anticipate love, look everywhere for it, long for it, am unhappy without it. She fascinates me—admitted. I could, if I would, surrender myself. Her affection makes me long to do it". These transports continue through the exciting period of courtship. And the poor baby girl—"Parental affection comes to me only in spasms, and if they hurt, they are soon over".

The egotism is triple-distilled: Barbellion plays all the parts—he is author, subject, and to a large extent the whole audience. All the interest lies within the limits of a keenly disappointed self. The title is strictly accurate; the persistent motif of the book is frustration. It is worked out through the whole gamut from peevish complaining to passionate protest.

Barbellion was a born naturalist. The earliest entries in the diary show that he could almost forget himself under the spell of the sunlight, wide stretches of sand, or a still pool. With no adequate direction and comparatively little encouragement, he worked away at his reading and his dissecting till his "naturalizing" actually attracted the attention of experts. In spite of the hard necessities of the life of a hack reporter, he kept at it till he finally secured a position in the British Natural History Museum. We are told by Mr. Wells that Barbellion's final achievements in the field of natural science were of no mean order. But, as we pass on through the years, the reader's disappointment begins to take definite shape. For it does not

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appear that the author is worried primarily over his career as a naturalist. Though he defies ill-health and adversity, he issues his defiance not in the interest of the accomplishment of a "great work". A few months before his untimely death he does refer to his ill-success in science; but, though he must have known that the intermittent character of his attention to business would tie the hands of his superiors, his complaint is largely about his failure to secure preferment at the Museum.

Where then shall we look for his "disappointments"? The record is plain enough. The boy of fifteen asks: "What's the good of studying so hard? Where is it going to end? Will it lead anywhere?" Many passages betray an acute sensitiveness to lack of personal consideration, a pathetic desire for place and distinction. The man refers to his "vast capacities for envy". He groans inwardly over Gibbon's account of that complacent historian's own comfort, success, and prestige. He bewails his origin: "I started wrong from the very beginning. At the moment of my birth I was coming into the world at the wrong time in the wrong place." Physical distress elicits the plaint: "Instead of being Stevenson with tuberculosis, I've been only Jones with dyspepsia"; and the idea is so attractive that it is later elaborated into: "Everyone will concede that it must be a hard thing to be commonplace and vulgar even in misfortune, to discover that the tragedy of your own precious life has been dramatically bad, that your life even in its ruins is but a poor thing, and your miseries pathetic from their very insignificance; that you are only Jones with chronic indigestion rather than Guy de Maupassant mad, or Coleridge with a great intellect being slowly dismantled by opium".

This is the temper and language of the "daydreamer". Those little flights of fancy that we call "daydreams" are the pleasantest and perhaps the least harmful of the recreations of early youth; but when they are carried over into manhood and nursed with care, each petty conceit becomes a poison spot in the soul. One suspects from the early entries that Barbellion must have been accused of being conceited by the time he was fifteen. That is of no particular significance because every normal boy ought to have a strong grain of self-esteem at that time. But you will find Barbellion becoming increasingly self-conscious in his relations with others. He records carefully what he considers to be his clever conversation: some of it measures up, but some of it is just smart. He strove to perfect himself in the most delicate of all arts by highly questionable means: "Rehearsed one joke, one witticism from Oscar Wilde, and one personal anecdote (the latter for the most part false), none of which came off, tho' I succeeded in carrying off a nonchalant or even jaunty bearing". As he moves about in a crowd he is uncomfortable because he thinks this man is trying to patronize him and the other to pry into his secret heart. He is constantly beset by anxiety to know what other people think of him. As a part of his campaign to achieve distinction he tried his hand at every variety of general literature, and unsuccessful contributions were sent to "every conceivable kind of journal from 'Punch' to 'The Hibbert Journal'". Once an article of his in one of the quarterlies was noticed at considerable length in

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"Public Opinion". This was a morsel of success but it turned bitter in his mouth; his wife and his brother, the two people in the world who loved him best, thought it wise not to get excited over the event.

There is hardly a man of us but has a passing dream that some day people will whisper his name as he passes. And usually our little visions have no relation to our daily work; the engineer sees himself as a superhuman baseball player, and the banker thinks of the great musician standing in a shower of bouquets. For some reason or other distinction in literature has a peculiar charm. There is nothing out of the ordinary in a first-rate naturalist having dreams of distinction as a literary man with a charming though eccentric personality. But Barbellion took his fancies seriously. He yearned more and more for the mere accidentals of success. He failed to grasp the idea that character, influence, and happiness cannot be sought directly but are the byproducts of sound living for sound ideals. Such ambitions as his are doomed to frustration.

These morbid habits of mind were surely stimulated by the triple curse of poverty, a monotonous job, and ill-health in supremely annoying forms. Then, hardly had his marriage been consummated when there fell on him the final sentence of death. He protests that he had expected it, but it was a tremendous shock just the same. On the other side, there seems to have been no effective influence working against the morbid tendency. The healing influence of nature was lost when he went to live in unattractive quarters in London. During the period immediately preceding his marriage his future wife was herself suffering complete nervous prostration. The books that he read could not have helped him very much. He professed agnosticism and probably never dreamed that he might have learned much from the robuster believers. The war came, too. Shut out the world for the moment and it is possible to feel the pathos in a young man being greatly inconvenienced by this clash of races.

This man was no fool. He saw it all —fifty passages could be quoted to prove this. He knew well enough that Stevenson went through with his own work in spite of tuberculosis and that Jones could do the same in spite of indigestion. But the evil spirit had possession and mere words were no effective exorcism. He probably convinced himself that if he were a literary man,—Guy de Maupassant, Coleridge, or Robert Louis,—he could write and write in spite of dyspepsia. In his fading life, therefore, the "Journal" must have been his one solace. He was not content merely to set it down. He edited it all and rewrote passages here and there. Parts of it he shared with a friend and he read practically all of it to his wife. It was cold enough comfort, perhaps, this odd chance of posthumous fame, but it was the only outlet for his pent-up ambitions. For exhibit he had to offer only himself. By the nature of his trade he was skilled in preparing specimens for study. So he has left us his own soul, its wings spread out and pinned down, prepared as carefully as his skilful and remorseless hand could do it, for what purpose—God alone knows.

The Journal of a Disappointed Man. By W. N. P. Barbellion. George H. Doran Company.

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THE NEW EPICS

BY WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

THE war is over, the making of histories is begun. And if there is one thing more striking than all others as the result of the great conflict through which we have just passed, it is the increase in the number of "serious" books, to which it and the social revolution which threatens us have given rise. Especially as to Germany. Hardly was the last gun fired on the western front when there began to appear from many pens, but particularly from those of Englishmen, books about Germany. The continuation of Sir A. W. Ward's monumental monograph on Germany between 1815 and 1890 plowed its slow, ponderous, irresistible way through the entanglements of its subject like a literary tank. J. Ellis Barker's "Modern Germany" achieved its sixth edition. Mr. Robertson's admirable biography of Bismarck has delighted a world of readers. The English translation of "J'Accuse" has developed into another history of the war under the title of "The Crime", and reinforced the Allied attack on Prussianism by a diversion in the rear which is extraordinarily interesting and effective. And now comes Mr. Dawson's "German Empire, 1867-1914", to "mop up".

In earlier days we read Bernhardi and Naumann and the imperial utterances with, let us say, a grain of salt. Then we realized, with shocked surprise, that they meant what they said. Now we can read such books as Mr. Dawson's without that mental reservation which many felt before, that it might be a myth evolved in English minds. It now has a sense of great realities, this splendid, sordid saga of Prussia and her kings. Clear, readable, informed, intelligent, it is the best narrative of its subject in English or in any other tongue. And it has one other quality, so remarkable and so characteristic of the better English scholarship that it deserves notice as an intellectual phenomenon, by no means confined to contemporary English historians, but notable as well in present English fiction relating to the war. It is dispassionate.

That a people emerging from such a conflict with such losses and burdens as England has today, can, in these days when war is scarcely done, consider its bitterest enemies with such detachment, is proof—if proof were needed—of a greatness of spirit which all men may envy. For Mr. Dawson's book is not alone in this; and if it were, it would go far to prove the fundamental superiority of the English mind to detach itself from passion in a passionate age. With all of England's idealism—and that is no small thing—she proves by such books that, in a far deeper sense than that professed by the late school of German politics, she is, at bottom, a true realist.

And that is a great thing. No one can read the epic of Gallipoli as set down by Mr. Nevinson without a rec-

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ognition of this fact. That expedition failed—and his absorbing narrative, which is not likely to be excelled as a story of that great adventure, tells us why and how. But it ends on a note of the same quality of realism, mingled with faith and courage which may hearten us all. Gallipoli, he says, "will always remain as a memorial, recording, it is true, the disastrous and tragic disabilities of our race, but, on the other hand, its versatility, its fortitude, and its happy though silent welcome to any free sacrifice involving great issues for mankind." Beside it may well be set Mr. Trevelyan's brilliant narrative of "Scenes from Italy's War", that striking series of pictures of Rome, of the Isonzo front, of the Italian offensives, of the disaster of Caporetto, the Rally, and the Final Victory, which, as he says, "may be added to the long list of the 'decisive battles of the world' ".

Beside it, too, may well be set the chronicle of another tragedy, the virtual annihilation of the first British Expeditionary Force, the "contemptibles", as told by their commander, Field Marshal Viscount French, in his extraordinary volume "1914". This "apologia pro vita sua" is an amazing book, a record of blasted hopes, uncertain counsels, ill-concerted movements—and sheer dogged heroism—such as the literature of the war is not likely to produce again. It is too early to assess the German side—that will come soon, for we are now getting the material—but one thing emerges clearly from these books. It is a vast wonder that either side could win. And, as one reads, and reads again, and yet again, in the huge compilation of Mr. Halsey's comprehensive "History of the World War", another consideration forces itself upon our minds. It is the courage of these Englishmen, not only to admit, but to elaborate upon their own miscalculations and mistakes. And here, again, they are the realists. Will we have a like courage when it comes our turn to write of our exploits?

Yet, in a sense, these are dead, far-off things. Already they belong to the ages, for, as Dr. Holmes once said, "a calamity is as old as the trilobites an hour after it has happened". Take Mr. Fletcher's "The Problem of the Pacific"—a fascinating book; take Mr. Williams's glorification of Lenin, "the surgeon" of politics—a most amazing and far from convincing performance; take Mr. Bevan's "German Social Democracy during the War",—a most illuminating narrative,—or Kellogg and Gleason's "British Labor and the War", which is a still more remarkable story; take, above all, Herr Erzberger's complacent observations on the "League of Nations"—whose origin he, Teutonically, attributes to a Reichstag resolution of 1917—and the war seems almost a memory. So fast do we move in these convulsive times.

And what do we find? We find a

The German Empire, 1867-1914. By W. Harbutt Dawson. Two volumes. The Macmillan Co.

The Dardanelles Campaign. By H. W. Nevinson. Henry Holt and Co.

Scenes from Italy's War. By G. M. Trevelyan. Houghton Mifflin Co.

1914. By Field Marshal Viscount French. With a Preface by Marshal Foch. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Literary Digest History of the World War. Ten volumes. By F. W. Halsey. Funk and Wagnalls Co.

The Problem of the Pacific. By C. Brunsdon Fletcher. Henry Holt and Co.

Lenin. And the Impressions of Col. Raymond Robins and Arthur Ransome. By Albert Rhys Williams. Scott and Seltzer.

German Social Democracy During the War. By Edwyn Bevan. E. P. Dutton and Co.

British Labor and the War. By Paul U. Kellogg and Arthur Gleason. Boni and Liveright.

The League of Nations. By Mathias Erzberger. Trans. by Bernard Miall. Henry Holt and Co.

Prussianism and Pacificism. By Poultney Bigelow. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Strategy of the Great War. By William L. McPherson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

National Governments and the World War. By Frederick A. Ogg and Charles A. Beard. The Macmillian Co.

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world concerned with a complex of problems, so numerous, so various, that no man's mind can, for the moment, even sense them all. It is no wonder men read "serious" books; it is a serious world. They turn to the future from the past; and, until that future takes on a more substantial form, they will be the less concerned with the sad stories of the death of kings, and the collapse of states. Nations learn little save by experience—and not much by that, for men's political memories are short, and they repeat from generation to generation the same old errors in the same old way. But publishers are helping us—we hope to their advantage, as to our own! And from them, as from their multitude of books we may derive at least one lesson, which we must take to heart. Like the English, with all of our idealism, we must be realists.

TWILIGHT

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL

NO LONGER on the western field contends
The stricken sun, with leaguering clouds at bay,
And darkness like a silent rain descends
Upon the smouldering ruins of the day.

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in January in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
2.	The Strong Hours	*Maud Diver*	HOUGHTON
3.	Red and Black	*Grace S. Richmond*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	The Box with Broken Seals	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
5.	River's End	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
6.	Sir Harry	*Archibald Marshall*	DODD, MEAD

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
2.	The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
3.	Jeremy	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN
4.	Mare Nostrum	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
5.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
6.	Mrs. Marden	*Robert Hichens*	DORAN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
2.	The Young Visiters	*Daisy Ashford*	DORAN
3.	Mare Nostrum	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
4.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
5.	The Great Hunger	*Johan Bojer*	MOFFAT
6.	Red and Black	*Grace S. Richmond*	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
2.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
3.	Mare Nostrum	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
4.	The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
5.	The Moon and Sixpence	*W. Somerset Maugham*	DORAN
6.	The Young Visiters	*Daisy Ashford*	DORAN

WESTERN STATES

1.	The Young Visiters	*Daisy Ashford*	DORAN
2.	The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
3.	Mrs. Marden	*Robert Hichens*	DORAN
4.	Dangerous Days	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
5.	Mare Nostrum	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
6.	The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
2.	The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
3.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
4.	The Young Visiters	*Daisy Ashford*	DORAN
5.	Mare Nostrum	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
6.	River's End	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
2.	Theodore Roosevelt	*William Roscoe Thayer*	HOUGHTON
3.	A Labrador Doctor	*Wilfred T. Grenfell*	HOUGHTON
4.	Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON
5.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
6.	The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
2.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
3.	The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
4.	Analyzing Character	*Katherine M. Blackford*	ALDEN
5.	Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
6.	The Life of John Marshall	*Albert J. Beveridge*	HOUGHTON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	Theodore Roosevelt	*William Roscoe Thayer*	HOUGHTON
2.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
3.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
4.	Analyzing Character	*Katherine M. Blackford*	ALDEN
5.	Contact with the Other World	*James H. Hyslop*	CENTURY
6.	An American Idyll	*Cornelia S. Parker*	ATLANTIC

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
2.	The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
3.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
4.	Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
5.	Theodore Roosevelt	*William Roscoe Thayer*	HOUGHTON
6.	Bolshevism	*John Spargo*	HARPER

WESTERN STATES

1.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
2.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
3.	The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
4.	Abraham Lincoln	*John Drinkwater*	HOUGHTON
5.	Contact with the Other World	*James H. Hyslop*	CENTURY
6.	Theodore Roosevelt	*William Roscoe Thayer*	HOUGHTON

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
2.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
3.	The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
4.	Theodore Roosevelt	*William Roscoe Thayer*	HOUGHTON
5.	Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
6.	Abraham Lincoln	*John Drinkwater*	HOUGHTON

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

THERE is a man (we know him well) who is a poet—after a fashion. Brentano's bought six copies of his book. Put them in a pile on a table. The man used to go in day after day to count the copies in this pile to see if any had been sold. Day after day, week after week—still the same six copies always there. Then one day when the man went in he observed something queer looking about this pile. Counted the copies as usual. There were seven. Somebody, evidently, who had got a copy somewhere else, and finding he didn't want it, had slipped it onto the pile to get rid of it.

There is a woman (we know her well) who writes stories—after a fashion. She desired, for some reason or other (probably for use as material in her work), to gather a fairly complete collection of rejection slips. So she wrote a story, as bad a one as she could. And she started it off to the first magazine down on a long, long list of publications which she had made up. The third publication to which she sent this unfortunate story accepted it. Her work, poor child, was all for naught.

Modeling Vicente Blasco Ibáñez is described by the sculptor of a relief of the novelist, Leila Usher, in a letter which we have permission to print:

"Spending hours with Señor Ibáñez was like watching a movie. There was a steady stream of callers at his rooms in the hotel—men and women coming in to beg him to autograph their 'Four Horsemen', to invite him to this or that function, to ask him every conceivable question. Oh, the strenuous life of a distinguished foreigner visiting our country!

"But still more like a motion picture was it to watch his face with its kaleidoscopic changes. Even if his French and Italian were at times too rapid for me to catch every word, even when he lapsed excitedly into Spanish to his interpreter, it was always plain enough what he was thinking and feeling. It was like close-ups on the screen and no titles were needed.

"Up and down the scale, his face expressed every emotion from amusement to cynicism, while Boston reporters propounded Boston questions, deep and subtle, about his new book, about the feminist movement in Spain —'it does not exist as in your America, our women are ambitious not for themselves, but for their men!'—and why didn't he write for the stage—'artificial and inferior to literature', came his prompt answer, 'that is the real art'—and was modern literary Spain dependent on Paris—'what? imagine! a country that produced Cervantes!'

"A most interesting person to study and to model, this tall man, big all over, with graying hair. His head piles up in front in a wonderful dome, with well-marked planes. He has the penetrating, seeing eye of a wizard; and whatever use he may intend to make of it, he knows what he sees.

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Always he emanates vitality and power so that you are conscious of it.

"No photograph of recent years, since the shaving of his long beard, has pleased the Spanish novelist. But he seemed to like this portrait relief, done by an American woman, and gave it his hearty approval."

"I have seldom used tobacco to excess," says Henry Holt in the January-February number of "The Unpartizan Review". He continues: "I never smoked before I was six years old, and thence only at rare intervals until I was nearly eleven." Until "after seventeen" he smoked only in the vacations, though when he entered college, at about the end of that time, he found that in one vacation he was "running over twenty cigars a day". From that time until he was about sixty he "averaged perhaps four or five". And "about then I really did begin to smoke". Now he seldom smokes before dinner, but after dinner smokes all he wants to. He observes that he hasn't yet found any way to smoke while brushing his teeth. These confidences by the veteran publisher and editor of "The Unpartizan" appear in his paper entitled "Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor" in that number of his magazine. Mr. Holt leads us to hope that the papers are to continue in succeeding issues. And the pages he has given us promise about the most attractive reminiscences of our time.

The Philadelphia Booksellers' Association four years ago requested the Board of Education of the Philadelphia Public Schools to add to the curriculum of the evening schools a course in book selling. Almost immediately the success of the course was demonstrated. One hundred and ten girls registered for the course, most of whom were already booksellers, wishing to improve their efficiency. All of them were high school graduates or girls who were such "bookworms" that they were able to pass an entrance examination on books. Of this number, all afterward became successful saleswomen. Many of the students achieved good positions in the libraries of Philadelphia. Some became cataloguers for publishing firms or public and private libraries; others became the head librarians of camp libraries during the war.

Since its beginning the course has increased in popularity by leaps and bounds. Opportunity is given the class to hear practical talks from book buyers and salesmen, librarians, dealers in second-hand books, and from others in the trade. Recently Joseph Pennell addressed the students on "Better Typography in Books". Miss Bessie Graham is instructor.

Mrs. Thomas J. Preston, Jr., formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland, has entrusted to Professor Robert M. McElroy of Princeton the task of preparing the authorized "Life and Letters of President Cleveland". All of Mr. Cleveland's papers, personal as well as public, including the collection from the Library of Congress, the letters to Commodore Benedict, Mrs. Preston's own collection, and a vast assortment of letters from personal friends and political associates, have been placed in Professor McElroy's hands. He would, however, welcome contributions from readers who had correspondence with Mr. Cleveland, as Mr. Cleveland wrote most of his letters in longhand and kept no copies.

The public has long awaited the authorized life of President Cleveland, and Professor McElroy has already arranged for its publication by the

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house of Harper and Brothers, New York. Certain especially interesting portions of the Life and Letters will appear serially in "Harper's Magazine" before publication in book form. In a letter which has just been received by Professor McElroy, Mrs. Preston declares:

My dear Dr. McElroy:

I am delighted to hear that you have arranged with Harper and Brothers for the publication of the authorized biography of Mr. Cleveland.

Your plan to use some of the material in Harper's Magazine before publishing the book seems to me very wise. Although you are writing a biography from original and hitherto unused sources, your aim, I know, is to reach the people as well as the special student of history, and I fully sympathize with that desire. Mr. Cleveland's heart was always with "the people"; his thought was always for "the people"; and it is to them that any true picture of his life will make the strongest appeal.

I have turned over to you all of his papers, without reservations and without conditions. I wish only a true picture of his life.

Very sincerely yours,
Frances F. Cleveland Preston.

Somebody who went into a well-known New York bookshop not long ago and asked for a copy of "After Thirty", by Julian Street, wrote F. P. A., conductor of "The Conning Tower" of the New York "Tribune", about it. He said: " 'We sell a lot of her books,' the clerk remarked pleasantly, then added, 'She's one of the most popular authors.' "

Edward P. Dutton, who celebrated early in January his eighty-ninth birthday, is just entering upon his sixty-ninth year of publishing activity and is still in active control of the business of the publishing house which he founded and of which he is the president—E. P. Dutton and Company—going to his office in their establishment on Fifth Avenue, New York City, every working day. For the first time in his life, he consented to be interviewed in celebration of that occasion and the New York "Times Book Review" published a long and interesting interview with him. It is one of Mr. Dutton's beliefs derived from his publishing experience that the public likes new things, enjoys being introduced to good authors hitherto unknown.

Meredith Nicholson, in a recent letter to the author of "Broome Street Straws", complains that in the essay in that book called "Hoosier Highlights" the author "encourages the idea" that he (Mr. Nicholson) is "a person of infinite leisure". Mr. Nicholson continues:

This is most unfortunate for my peace of mind. Nearly every one in Indiana has the idea that I have nothing on earth to do but write publicity stuff for charities and make speeches. Indeed this fallacy as to my infinite leisure seems to pervade the whole United States. As a result I have had to purchase an ediphone into which to dictate letters declining to do things of this kind. I have declined within the last year invitations to deliver orations in well nigh every state in the Union, including Texas, if that commonwealth is really a part of the United States. I know that you meant me no harm and you never lived around here long enough to know that there is an impression abroad that writing folk really do not belong to the laboring class.

In the latest number of "The London Mercury" to reach us, the new English magazine edited by J. C. Squire (called "the most influential man of letters in England"), "the editorial notes" are devoted to a survey of the literary productions, mainly in England, of the year just past. In its discussion of the novels of 1919 the magazine says: "The book which more than any other appeared to us to be notable, both for its workmanship and for its imaginative power, was Mr. Hergesheimer's 'Java Head'—and Mr. Hergesheimer is an American." In an article on the "books of the

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month" in the same issue of this magazine there is, in a review of "Gold and Iron", this statement: "In Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer discriminating English readers found over a year ago an American novelist whom, alone of his generation, they were able to admire and to consider seriously."

The editorial pages of the magazine rate Masefield's "Reynard the Fox" as "certainly his finest book".

The following note appears in the "literary intelligence" department of this number of "The Mercury":

Mr. Chesterton will shortly start for the Holy Land. He intends to write a book about it. The book may, and probably will, be his best, for obvious reasons. It is commonly remarked even by those who think him one of the greatest natural geniuses and, at bottom, one of the wisest men of our time that he has never yet written the books of which he is capable. His best books, such as "The Ballad of the White Horse" and "A Short History of England", are, for all their fine qualities, too slight to give his powers full room for display. As a rule, though he cannot be accused of a lack of energy, he has seemed never to put into a whole book that last effort which is necessary if a work is to be completely satisfactory; he has bothered too little, content to waste his imaginative largesse on hastily-written romances and polemical articles. How good "The Flying Inn" might have been had a little more trouble been taken with it! In Palestine, away from politics and journalism, with a new and romantic landscape around him, in the home of our religion and on the fields of the Crusades, he may provide the last answer to those who do not see an artist in him.

We have heard from professional (and hurried) reviewers the dictum that "the reviewer who reads the book is lost". On the other hand, there are, it seems, some disadvantages about not looking at the book at all. Thus, in a clipping recently received by the publishers of Sax Rohmer's novel, "Dope" is referred to as an "extremely thrilling series of tales". An equally complimentary review from another newspaper refers to "The New Decameron" (which is a collection of tales by different authors) as a "charming novel". And a southern critic writes of James Branch Cabell's new book, "The Face of the World", in the apparent belief that Johan Bojer is merely the pseudonym of the author of "Jurgen".

Mrs. Henry Mills Alden requests that anyone having letters of interest from Mr. Alden, for so many years editor of "Harper's Magazine", send them, or copies of them, to her in care of Harper and Brothers for use in the writing of his biography.

A London booklover writes:

"Both in the literary and social worlds of London the news that Mrs. Asquith is to receive £10,000 for her memoirs has created a great sensation. That sensation has been increased as regards the few who know the fact that this large sum is to be paid, not as might be supposed for the whole of her memoirs, but only for that portion of her recollections which end with the year 1901.

"Mrs. Asquith had, as most of us know, a very brilliant youth. Her father, a man of great wealth and high character, possessed a beautiful country place within a drive of Walter Scott's Abbotshire. This delightful house being called 'The Glen', Margot Tennant's father soon became known as 'the Monarch of the Glen', while the castle itself was christened by some wit 'Château Margot'.

"In the eighties and nineties of the the last century 'The Glen' was the scene of many notable gatherings. In fact it is not too much to say that all famous men and women of England of that day were entertained there. No account as yet has been written of these gatherings, if we except the very charming and moving chapter in Alfred Lyttelton's 'Life' dealing with

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his first marriage, for the first Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton was Laura Tennant, Mrs. Asquith's beloved sister.

"To English readers the portion of the memoirs dealing with the writer's youth will be full of interest, but I venture to think that to Americans the value of the work will greatly increase when they come to the chapters dealing with her life as a young married woman—as the wife, that is, of the brilliant statesman who was already Home Secretary at the time of their marriage.

"Mrs. Asquith has kept almost from childhood very full diaries, and no doubt she will draw copiously on these. She is also one of those people who keep almost all letters, and this again should be of great value to her. But it is a curious fact that in England the copyright of a letter remains with the person who has written it—not with its recipient. Thus the cautious writer of memoirs always obtains written permission before printing a scrap of anybody's handwriting. Certain people very rarely give such permission. Lord Rosebery, for instance, has a great dislike to his private letters being printed, and he is said to have once threatened a very famous lady with an injunction should she dare to print even an invitation to dinner from his pen."

"The most talked of book in literary circles is undoubtedly 'Legend', Clemence Dane's third novel. It is a brilliant piece of virtuosity, and as such is delightful to the author's fellow writers. As so often happens, however, the ordinary public are puzzled by the book, and one or two very clever people have asked me whether writers 'really talk like that?' The scheme of the book is very simple. A person bursts into a literary party with the news that a famous woman writer is dead. There follows a discussion on her personality and on her work. From this discussion the reader is supposed to build up the woman as she really was. To my mind by far the finest passage in the volume is that which describes the woman's ghost appearing for a moment at the end of the evening, and being seen only by a man who really loved her, and by the looker-on who tells the story."

"Apropos of women writers who are still happily with us in the flesh, I am pleased to hear that the world is to receive yet another novel from Rhoda Broughton. Miss Broughton is spending the winter in London, and all Americans visiting this country who care for either literature, or society in its finer aspect, should try and obtain an introduction to the still vigorous and brilliant woman who wrote 'Cometh Up as a Flower', 'Goodbye Sweetheart, Goodbye', in what seems to some of us a lifetime ago. Almost every day in the week there take place in the delightful house where she is now living—a house beautified by the presence for many years of Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie—gatherings of noted men and women, a reconstitution in fact of what was known in old days as a salon. Many distinguished Englishwomen have tried of late years to run a salon—Rhoda Broughton alone, during the few months she is in London each year, effortlessly succeeds in doing so."

A venture new to New York City is found in the Children's Book Shop recently opened at 2 East 31st Street. A librarian is in charge who has specialized in children's literature. In addition to attempting to find the right book for the right child, the shop

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purposes to be a center of study for anyone interested in children's reading the year round, and exhibits will be planned from time to time.

The article "An Editor's Morning Mail", which appeared anonymously in the January number of THE BOOKMAN, has brought to the office of the magazine so many letters in which it was assumed that the article was written by the Editor of THE BOOKMAN that it seems advisable to announce the authorship of the article. The paper was written by Charles Hanson Towne, who, perhaps it is quite unnecessary to say, has for a number of years been guiding the destinies of "McClure's Magazine". Because of the actual reminiscences in the article Mr. Towne preferred at the time of its publication that it be not signed. In order to relieve the Editor of THE BOOKMAN from the embarrassment of receiving basketfuls of undeserved compliments, he consents that we here publish his name in connection with his article.

Arnold Bennett and Frank Swinnerton, a recent letter from London tells us, left England arm in arm on January 20 for a trip to Portugal. It is probable that THE BOOKMAN will have an article from Mr. Swinnerton giving his literary adventure there.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice was in to see the Gossip Shop not long ago. He took from his pocket one of those huge diagrams of the various decks of an ocean liner that they have at steamship offices, and began to study it attentively. It was a plan of the good ship "Philadelphia", in which, it developed, he is soon to go to England for a stay of some considerable time. While there it is probable that he will write another volume similar in design to his two books, "The New York of the Novelists" and "The Paris of the Novelists", to be called "The England of the Novelists".

The home of Mark Twain, at Hartford, Connecticut, where "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" were written, was recently sold to a Hartford real estate firm. Until not long ago the building had been used as a private school. Built by Mark Twain in 1870, up to the time of his death the big house was a magnet that drew to Hartford the great of the land among statesmen and writers. Here Mark Twain held forth in his billiard-room until all hours of the night, smoking, talking, and playing; and here he read the chapters of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn" to his wife and children, gathered around the fireside at night.

Clement K. Shorter on his recent visit to America met with the proposal from a New York publishing house that he prepare for them editions de luxe of the works of Borrow and the Brontës. The sets are to be published similar in format to the American de luxe edition of Kipling's works. Mr. Shorter says in this work he will gratify the ambition of years. He says that his editing of these sets is under way. And he adds: "They will include much hitherto unpublished material, and still more which the authors printed that has never been collected. It was one of the ambitions of George Borrow's life to see his translations of Scandinavian Ballads in book form. This will now be done, and it is possible to revise his 'Bible in Spain' and 'Lavengro' from the original manuscripts in my possession."

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Some time ago the publishers of Booth Tarkington's books announced, through circulars sent to the principals of high schools and by a small item in the newspapers, a contest for the best essay on "the meaning of 'Ramsey Milholland'". The contest, which is open to students of high schools and preparatory schools, offers the distribution of one hundred dollars in prizes for the best essay under 2,000 words long. The judges are: Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale; Robert Cortes Holliday, Editor of THE BOOKMAN; Arthur Bartlett Maurice, critic, author, college mate of Tarkington, and former editor of THE BOOKMAN. The original idea was that the contest should close on February 12, Lincoln's Birthday, but owing to the widespread interest the closing date has been advanced to April 1. Therefore, if there is anyone who is interested in the contest and would like to have some of the circulars giving all the conditions, the editor of the Ramsey Milholland contest will be glad to forward them on application. Communications should be addressed: Editor, Ramsey Milholland Contest; Doubleday, Page and Company; Garden City, New York.

The chief feature of the annual meeting of the International Garden Club, held in New York, on January 14, 1920, was the lecture on the flowers and gardens of Shakespeare by Esther Singleton. This was a talk of about forty minutes, illustrated with lantern slides showing Tudor and Elizabethan gardens, some of the flowers mentioned by Shakespeare, and the plant lore and legend for which he is so famous.

Miss Singleton is writing a series of articles for the "Journal" of the International Garden Club, a quarterly horticultural periodical quite in a class by itself in this country. These papers are on Shakespearian gardens and flowers, and deal with the poetic and legendary history of them, more than their culture. The International Garden Club, consisting of nearly six hundred members, is active in the horticultural world, and at its annual meeting a vigorous after-the-war program was proposed. Besides publishing the "Journal" the club maintains gardens and a club house at Bartow Mansion, Pelham Bay Park, New York City, and has leased "Nevis" at Irvington-on-Hudson for further development.

The Reverend Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, Episcopalian minister and one of the most prolific and versatile of contemporary authors, died January 24 of pneumonia at his home in Yonkers, New York.

Dr. Brady was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, in 1861. His first ambition was for a naval career, but he gave up the idea soon after his graduation from Annapolis in 1883. For several years he worked for the Missouri Pacific and Union Pacific Railroads.

It was in 1898 that Dr. Brady first essayed to "supplement his clerical income" by writing, and from then during the ensuing twenty years he produced about forty books, including novels, boys' stories, biographies, and histories. Considering the high general average of these works, their quantity and variety, and the fact that the author was at the same time an active clergyman, this record has probably seldom been surpassed.

His first book was called "For Love of Country". Titles of other works, indicating their nature in most instances, were: "Stephen Decatur",

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"Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West", "When Blades Are Out and Love's Afield", "Richard the Brazen", "Gethsemane and After" (a religious book which he regarded as his best), "The Island of Regeneration", "As the Sparks Fly Upward", "By the World Forgot", "When the Sun Stood Still".

Recently he had entered the moving picture field, composing scenarios and altering his novels for the screen.

The standard of the poetry which appeared in "The Bellman", the Minneapolis magazine which ended its career late last year, was so high as to win the commendation of the best critics. Year after year it was accorded flattering mention by Mr. Braithwaite, of the Boston "Transcript", in his annual review of American verse, and, during the period of its existence, "The Bellman" in this respect took rank among the leading American periodicals.

In response to request, and believing that many readers will desire to possess such a volume, The Bellman Company has published "The Bellman Book of Verse" which contains selections, carefully chosen according to the judgment of its editorial staff, of the best poetry which has been printed in its pages. The book is typographically in "The Bellman's" best form.

Burton Rascoe, literary editor of the Chicago "Tribune", recently wrote his friend the author of "Broome Street Straws" and "Peeps at People" that the reason he had not written him before for such a long time was that he had "failed to enjoy" these two new books by this writer. "No laughs, no point, no nothing," declared Mr. Rascoe; "why, oh why, did you ever publish them?" The Gossip Shop is deeply sorry to have its confidence in the judgment of the literary page of the Chicago "Tribune" destroyed in this way.

A good deal of attention has recently been given to Professor Einstein's theory of the relativity of space and time, which has been called as epoch-making a discovery as Newton's theory of gravitation; and many will therefore welcome Edwin E. Slosson's simple and popular account of this new conquest of science, "Easy Lessons in Einstein", which will be published this spring. Dr. Slosson has been for many years literary editor of "The Independent".

Donn Byrne, author of "The Strangers' Banquet", was early associated with the great literary revival in Ireland, of which Yeats and Synge were the central figures. In this country he became a member of a group of young writers many of whom have since become famous. "The Strangers' Banquet" is the story of Derrith Keogh who inherited a shipyard from her father, an Irish master of the seas. It is a first novel, though Mr. Byrne is already well known as a short-story writer. Mr. Byrne's full name, according to "Who's Who in America", is Bryan Oswald Donn Byrne. The same authority states that he is a "patron of sport and former international athlete". His specialty seems to be boxing and wrestling.

We reprint the following from the "Sun Dial" column, conducted by the celebrated Don Marquis, in the New York "Sun". And then we'll tell you something.

A great many persons, from time to time, have asked us what Benjamin De Casseres

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looks like. We have never seen Mr. De Casseres; his contributions, always written on cream colored paper with violet ink, are brought to our office by one of his secretaries. But we find in the New York "Herald" of Sunday, January 4, this description of his physical appearance, which we are glad to make public:

"He is heavy set, very dark, has iron gray hair and a coal black goatee. He is a loud dresser...."

Mr. Christopher Morley, who will shortly make his New York debut as a column conductor on the "Evening Post", and concerning whose appearance we have also had many inquiries, is of a different physical type, more spirituelle and ethereal. Like Mr. Robert Cortes Holliday, the editor of THE BOOKMAN, Mr. Morley dresses with careful elegance, and like Mr. Holliday again, he does most of his writing while cruising about the open country in his limousine, having had a typewriter installed in the car. Mr. Morley ordinarily clicks off a column every forty miles; but it sometimes takes Mr. Holliday three or four days to write an issue of THE BOOKMAN, signing fictitious names to the articles. Once Mr. Holliday's car collided with Mr. Morley's car in New Jersey; they picked themselves up and the copy which they found strewn by the roadside, and returned to their respective offices, handing the copy to the printers. It was not until later that Mr. Morley discovered that he had written THE BOOKMAN for a certain month and Mr. Holliday found that he had composed the editorial page of the Philadelphia "Evening Ledger".

Very well. There is, then, no honor among thieves. Mr. Marquis has not hesitated to betray to the world the method by which in the sweat of our brow we get up THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Marquis's own "front", we have reason to know, has long been a matter of suspicion to many people. We have frequently been asked if he is the kind of a person he makes (or attempts to make) himself out to be in his column. He would have the public think that he is very robust. He affects a heartiness of mind, a large, free, carelessness of temperament. He thinks it is bright to appear to be a roarer among men. It makes us laugh. Mr. Marquis is decidedly small in stature. He is pale. Wears spectacles. Has a squeaky voice. Wears overshoes when the weather is the slightest damp. He talks (in his column) about kelly pool, stud poker, booze. Heaven help us! We have known Mr. Marquis since he was that high. Oh! well, let it go; doubtless he doesn't fool anybody.

The J. B. Pond Lyceum Bureau, New York, announces that it has broadened the scope of its activities to include the placing of manuscripts for authors, both in this country and abroad. This new service will be known as The J. B. Pond Bureau Literary Department and will be conducted on the same standards that have been maintained since the founding of the Lyceum Bureau by Major Pond in 1873. The Literary Department will be under the direct management of Edward Frank Allen, an editor and author of experience. Exceptional facilities, it is said, will be provided for handling publication rights for the British Empire through the Pond Bureau's affiliation with Christy and Moore, Ltd., of London, the literary department of The Lecture Agency, Ltd.

Oliver M. Sayler, author of the recently published book "The Russian Theatre Under the Revolution", is the dramatic critic of the Indianapolis "News". His book on the Russian Theatre was written after visiting Moscow and Petrograd during the Bolshevik revolution. Mr. Sayler is also the author of "Russia White or Red" published late last year, and has contributed a number of articles to THE BOOKMAN.

The recent death of Mrs. A. J. Cassatt recalls her possession of two little-known paintings by Whistler, said to be masterpieces. Reproductions of these paintings will appear in the new, sixth edition of Pennell's

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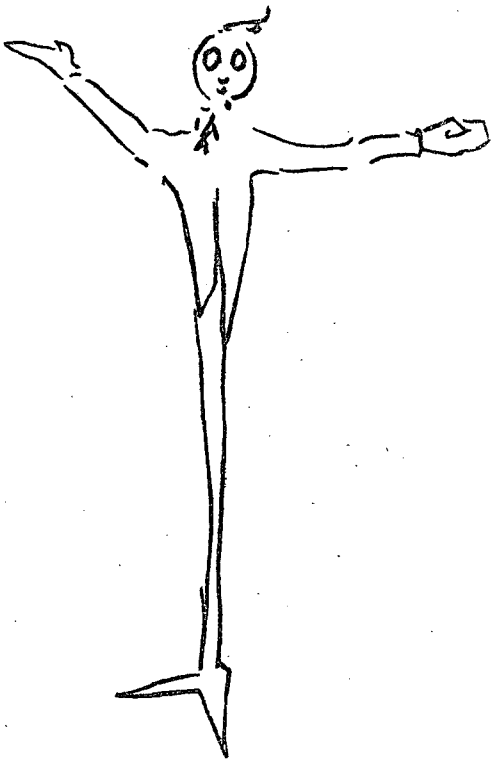
"Life of James McNeill Whistler", which will be brought out this year. One of these is a portrait of Mrs. Cassatt; and the fact of Whistler's authorship, assures for her a place in the gallery of great paintings.



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.
DRAWN BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Announcement is made of a new magazine, "The Psychical Review". It will be edited by Hereward Carrington, long well known as a writer and lecturer in the field of psychical research. The new publication, it is said, will have as contributors a number of men and women of international repute. Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, the publishers, will be glad to send a specimen copy of the first issue to any interested reader upon request.

Thomas Walsh, a contributor to THE BOOKMAN, whose new book of verse, "Don Folquet and Other Poems", was recently published, lately returned from Lithuania. He has been making official investigations of conditions there, under the auspices of the National Catholic War Council. Mr. Walsh reported to the Gossip Shop that there is no butter in Lithuania.

Said the author of "This Giddy Globe" to the author of "Broome Street Straws" and "Peeps at People": "You brag about publishing two books in one day, one in the forenoon and one shortly after lunch. Now it has been three days since I read those books, and you haven't brought out anything new for me to read."

In a review in an English newspaper of James Lane Allen's book "The Emblems of Fidelity", we find the author referred to as Mr. Lane Allen. We suppose, of course, he would be over there. It's that Mr. Surrey Sussex kind of thing. But in our simple, democratic way, we have always called him just Mr. Allen ourselves.

A reader of THE BOOKMAN declares that Mr. Chesterton in his new book "Irish Impressions" does gross injustice to the Shelbourne's stout. He says: "Now he could say whatever he wished to about the stuff they serve in Grafton Street, but as for the Shelbourne's—well, let us see that justice is done and the matter set right before the world."

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